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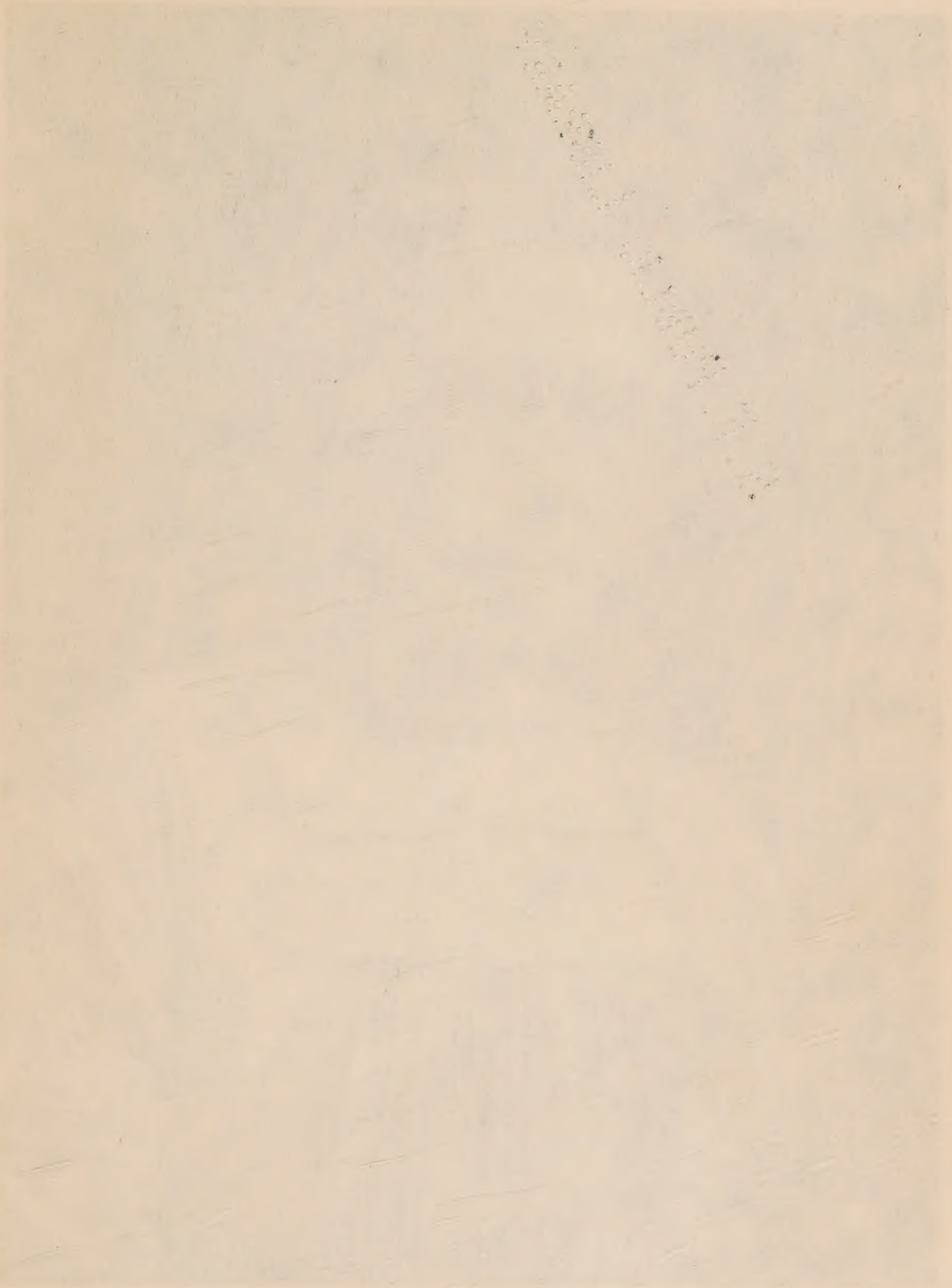

Ella Flagg Young

THE
Biographical Cyclopaedia
OF
American Women

VOLUME II

COMPILED UNDER THE SUPERVISION OF

ERMA CONKLING LEE

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Preface

History is in the making, here and now. Today and the yesterdays that have culminated in the todays are the material of which it is fashioned. If it is not put in imperishable form it will not be available to the historian who must wait a seventy years for a true perspective. A seventy years! Achievements that are the wonder-theme of our hour will have become the commonplace; books that delight our leisure will have been crowded off the library shelves; works of art will be obscured in some collector's private gallery. More than all, those subtler things, the social atmosphere, the industrial trend, the forces working for welfare and reform! Their results will be absorbed into the societal heritage; but of the struggles against inertia and prejudice, of the courage, the persistence, the devoted sacrifices, the vision, nothing but fleeting bits of publicity lost in the columns of old periodicals. If any one doubts that they are "lost" let him trail the work of a contemporary woman through the promising but illusive "Index." Never is it so possible to get the very spirit of the times as when the women are living and working, and the illuminating details are lively and poignant in our memories.

As history recognizes the greater importance of economic and industrial and ethical forces, the constructive achievements of women shall be given their large place. As an assurance we are offering these story-biographies. In the neglect of such effort in the usual statistical cyclopaedia do we read the apologia of our one-sided histories. Susan B. Anthony, the valiant, put the crux of the whole matter with her logical commonsense:

"To the criticism," writes her biographer, "of having her biography written while she was still alive, Miss Anthony answered, 'I have been misrepresented all my life and I want to see that I am correctly represented to posterity.' " That these successful women may be correctly represented to posterity, we have ventured forth to salvage the revealing incidents and anecdotes, the significant milestones along the way, before the lesson of their undertaking is lost in the melting pot of progress and becomes an impersonal gift to civilization.

Here are women of every profession and class of endeavor. Not only the "immortals" with a whole book's content to themselves, but others who have done splendid constructive things almost unobserved. A writer whose name was for two generations a household word replied to a critic's reproach that her books were not literature: "They may not be literature," she said, "but they are Influence." And so, in our pages, it is the increment of progress as well as artistic fame that counts.

A word or two of explanation for certain deviation from the old order of things cyclopaedic. We do not apologize for clearing away from the family name of a married woman the deprecatory parentheses, but call attention to the fact that we regard it as a "hang-over" of medievalism which surely has no place in these volumes. Again, the longer sketches make it expedient to arrange the contents of each volume by another standard than that of alphabetical order. A comprehensive index is appended.

Here, too, we take occasion to express to those who have aided and encouraged us with their valuable advice and their finished sketches our earnest acknowledgment and appreciation. To the women themselves who have helped us in our undertaking—some by their generous contributions of portraits, without which individual coöperation such added interest would have been impossible; all by their sympathetic understanding and response—we wish to offer our heart-felt gratitude. Almost without exception when once our ideals have been explained, we have met with cordial good-fellowship. For no one realizes better than they, these women who have arrived, the import and value of the message written herein: that success is not a gift thrown into the laps of a favored few, but is the reward of the struggle as well as the vision.

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Dedicated

TO

The Young Women of the Future

THE BIOGRAPHICAL CYCLOPAEDIA OF AMERICAN WOMEN

YOUNG, ELLA FLAGG (Mrs. William Young), educator, administrator, was born in Buffalo, New York, January 15, 1845, the daughter of Theodore and Jane Reed Flagg. Both parents were of Scotch descent. They were of a thrifty, hard-headed, industrious race, possessing the Scotch genius for abstract and philosophic thinking, but combining a remarkable tolerance and liberality that refused to accept the more rigid dogmas of their church.

"The leading educator of her time," Ella Flagg Young is identified with the history of Chicago, its social, civic and educational progress, during the fifty-three years from 1862 to 1915. Her influence reached far beyond state lines, beyond educational lines in the narrower sense, and became a national force. Starting in 1862 as a grade teacher, one year saw her head assistant; two years, and she became the first principal of the School of Practice, when it became a part of the Chicago Normal School. It was an important factor of her contribution that she recognized from the first the necessity of training teachers for the elementary grades. Elected, in 1876, the principal of a large grade school, she made it conspicuous as a well organized, coöperative educational group and as a social force in the community, a pattern of the new educational ideas developing through the country. District Superintendent from 1887–1899, she applied these ideas to a wider field; her work as administrator brought her national reputation as an educational expert. An interlude of six years in the University of Chicago as associate and then full professor in the Department of Education, and four years back in the public schools as principal of the Chicago Normal, and she had reached the zenith of her achievement and service. She was elected Superintendent of Chicago Public Schools, having tested, for forty-seven years, every step of the way. She literally made over a city school system. "Happy children and happy teachers" was her goal. She substituted recreation for drill, corrected bad physical conditions, freed the teachers to follow their own initiative, kept children in the schools by vocational training, recognized the individual by broadening the curriculum and making it constantly more flexible. She earned the title often applied to her of "educational statesman." She stands in the front ranks of the great public servants of a great transitional period of history.

In the late fifties of the last century a little girl of thirteen years walked half-curiously, half-eagerly, up to a school house in Chicago and entered its doors. It was a normal act, hundreds of children were doing just that. But in this case there was invading the public schools of Chicago a potential force that was to stamp an indelible impress on the educational system not only of her city but of the whole nation through the coming sixty years. It was Ella Flagg beginning her first day at school, bringing an equipment of intelligence and of character that was the foundation of her long years of constructive service.

The youngest of three children, with very delicate health, little Ella Flagg was not allowed to start to school when school age

came. She was nine or ten years old before she learned to read, teaching herself, and a year or two longer before she mastered penmanship. But the very home life itself was an education. Her parents had an unique respect for personality. They treated their children as individuals, discussed affairs with them in an open and frank way, and, as if they were adults, let them into their thought and actions in a rare fashion. This was bound to make for practical outlook and mature judgment.

These parents of Ella Flagg were of pure Scotch descent, endowed with its hard-headed common sense, its austerity of life. But the Calvinist severity was tempered by broad-minded tolerance, keen and sensitive minds, and a spirit of tenderness and freedom that refused to be bound by some of the rigid dogmas of Scotch Presbyterianism.

Mr. Flagg was a mechanic, who had had no schooling beyond the age of ten, but he was respected and sought by men in all lines of business for his knowledge of current affairs. He was well-read in history, kept apace with science, and was proficient in mathematics. He was known throughout the cities of the Great Lakes as the swiftest workman in sheet metals. Her mother was handsome and merry hearted, with an abundance of Scotch whimsy that lightened the moral and religious atmosphere of the little home. This delightful spirit of banter and humor she passed on to her daughter in good measure.

Both parents were given to abstract and philosophical thinking as their inherited right, being Scotch. Naturally, Ella's lessons were discussed in the family circle. Her father always insisted on her finding out the reason back of things. This, perhaps, was the beginning of her protest; so often there was no adequate reason back of anything.

It was quite expected that this girl of thirteen would find herself behind the girls of her age. On the contrary, her omniverous reading, when once she had found the delights locked up in books, her active memory, the habits of abstract reasoning absorbed from the wholesome home atmosphere, the lack of any feeling toward study as a task to be avoided if possible, more than compensated, and in two years she passed the teacher's examination.

This was a dilemma for the superintendent. He couldn't award a teacher's certificate to a fifteen-year old girl! At his wit's end, he suggested her entering the Normal School, and thus was Ella Flagg's attention turned toward teaching as a possible profession. This line was not approved by her family. Her mother especially opposed it on the grounds that "Ella was unused to children and would be inclined to deal harshly with them."

Disappointed, the "budding educator" realized that the best answer to this objection was to prove her fitness, a marked characteristic of the woman in after years that she did not seek to persuade by advocacy but by demonstration. She began to visit the primary schools to see what the teachers did. One of the teachers was attracted to the earnest girl. Little realizing how far-reaching was to be her sympathetic understanding, she gave her occasional opportunities to handle a class. At seventeen years Ella Flagg was appointed to a position in the Grade Schools. She was launched!

It was a propitious time for an ambitious young woman to enter the profession of teaching. This was in 1862, Civil War days! Plenty of places were left vacant by the men teachers who had enlisted. For the first time women were needed as teachers. Then too, it was a turning point in the development of the American public schools. Education was becoming a live factor in the making of citizens. History must be taught, and civics, to direct the patriotism running so high. Methods and the equipment of the teachers was inviting discussion. Heretofore, men were the teachers and any man could teach regardless of his preparation or fitness. Teaching in fact had not been a profession, it was a stepping stone.

But the Normal Schools, new and vaguely

understood, were disclosing their mission, in the light of the new viewpoint on education. Ella Flagg caught the gleam. Young as she was, she saw that women must take a larger responsibility in public affairs, and that the immediate need was to train them for teachers of the elementary grades. With her characteristic promptness she set about learning how to do the thing effectively by preparing herself to train them. Through her one year of grade teaching, her two years as Head Assistant, she studied the subject from every angle. At the age of twenty-two she was made the first principal of the "School of Practice" of the Chicago Normal.

Now came the period of reconstruction. Great forces were operating. Darwin's *Origin of Species* had set the world ablaze with controversy. Spencer's great book on education was breaking down walls of tradition, and democracy was demanding that the school take account of the resources of society, the needs of the community, the capacity of the individual. Academic culture—the classics, mathematics, philosophy, logic—for the few was giving way to the education that was useful in the activities of the masses. Industry, agriculture, and all the rest were demanding recognition in the educational scheme.

For six years, Miss Flagg kept apace with the most advanced ideas, testing, proving, producing lasting effect on Chicago schools, and building for her own future success.

In 1868, Miss Flagg married William Young, an old friend of the family, but she did not give up her teaching. Her husband's health was uncertain and he died in a few years.

After six years as principal of the School of Practice, unwilling to play politics, Mrs. Young asked to be transferred to a high school. She returned, however, after a year and a half to teach mathematics in the Normal, which in the meantime had been put on an independent basis. She was also interested in directing the work of training the teachers. The profession of teaching was in an almost unbelievably low state when Mrs. Young entered the school.

Early fixed in the character of Mrs. Young was the doctrine of the essential similiarity of human minds regardless of sex and she insisted that the demands and attainments set up for men be taken as the standards for women. Always consistent, she disapproved of women's receiving favors on account of their sex and her first act on being appointed, in 1876, principal of the Scammon School, was to put herself on record as being able to earn the honor offered her. At her first opportunity she went up for examination for principalship and passed it with a standing of first on the list of candidates. In 1879 a much larger school was offered her which after a long hesitation as to her ability to handle it, she accepted.

Here was her chance. In the years that followed—eleven of them—her school became noted for the best in current educational procedure. She had a masterful grasp on the questions of the day. Never a radical, she accepted and utilized the best ideals and practices as she found them, refining and humanizing them to individual needs. A mayor of Chicago referred to her school as the "most effective institution in the city." She followed up the children into their homes and sought to keep the pupils in school long enough to make them efficient members of society by various new expedients: reprints of the classics; a library, from money obtained by giving entertainments; new subjects introduced; singing, clay-modelling, gymnastics, and drawing; the youngest grades were taught to write from the beginning, using pen and ink.

She put new life into old subjects. Arithmetic especially aroused her enthusiasm. It is told of her "animated" methods that often she would step into a room, call attention, ask one or two questions pertaining to the grade, receive a quick answer, and vanish. A miniature House of Congress gave opportunity for instruction in the United States Constitution. She was paving the way toward the experimental and graphic. She was visioning the significance of the vocational aspect of education.

Furthermore, she studied into the details of ventilation, lighting, and heating until she was as competent as an engineer to run the machinery. She followed the suggestions of specialists for protecting the children's eyes. On the playground she encouraged coöperation and kept a close watch over the children and their activities.

One of the first to spare the rod, she was, however, a severe disciplinarian; just, permitting no laxity, yet encouraging freedom when used fairly. Noise never troubled her if it was a necessity of accomplishment. She showed her Scotch blood in her uncanny power of knowing what was going on in her school and where trouble was brewing.

Nor must it be forgotten, the prodigious effort she made for the teachers, stimulating them to greater enthusiasm for their work and for their own development and culture. "No one can work in another's harness," she would say and she allowed her teachers to use their own methods, coaxing out new ideas, always giving credit where it was due. She organized clubs to inspire her teachers with a love of study: English, Shakespeare, the Greek drama and other forms of great literature. Then as education became more scientific, she turned toward psychology and ethics and philosophy, into greater intellectual curiosity and a new sense of the significance of the intellectual life.

In 1887 she was made Assistant-Superintendent and through twelve years in that position continued to grow amazingly from the academic-bound outlook of her beginning years to the broad vision of a modern educator. In the educational world she was beginning to be recognized as a leader. For a quarter of a century the western world had been tending away from the old classical traditions and toward scientific and industrial culture, but it was very slow to filter through to the rank and file of teachers and superintendents throughout the United States. Mrs. Young was thoroughly in sympathy with the movement and her supreme effort was to bring her teachers to an appreciation of its purport and possibilities. An opportunity came to her when the Teachers' Training Class was organized in 1893 and she was made one of the lecturers on psychology and education. There had been a growing tendency to use specialists for those new subjects in which the academically trained teachers were not prepared. Art, music, physical culture, German, and a beginning of the scientific subjects were handled by experts in each line. Mrs. Young felt that this interfered with the influence and independence of the teachers in charge of the regular grades, that they must have better preparation and freedom for individual initiative. Through the Teachers' Training Class, and later through the Teachers' Institute, she taught and lectured on better preparation and a higher appreciation of the profession—continually urging them to get away from empty forms and hard-and-fast-methods, to bring out the thought and spirit of the subject, and to emphasize the individuality of the children. Of course this roused opposition and criticism, but even her enemies admitted her fitness and power, and in spite of her large demands for this constant growth, the great mass of teachers responded to her influence.

"Her lectures are largely attended," *The School Journal* of that time says of her, "not from duty, but from pleasure. She is a fascinating speaker, knows her subject thoroughly, and always gives us something to carry away." Another writer, in the same Journal, says of her sense of humor:

"That is one of the reasons we all flock to hear Mrs. Young, and sit on the steps of the hall for an hour to be sure to get a seat." The same writer says:

"Mrs. Young has been appointed supervisor of the domestic arts, and we are beginning to think she is being imposed upon. She is so capable, so willing, and everything she undertakes is so well done that it would surprise nobody if she were appointed head of manual training and gave a practical demon-

stration of the way to make a chair. She is an inspiration to the teachers who feel themselves incompetent to manage household affairs owing to their exclusive attention to intellectual work."

In 1889, she was appointed by the Governor of Illinois as a member of the State Board of Education. It was said of her that "she was the best man on the board." For twenty-five years she gave her services. While still Assistant-Superintendent her reputation among educators became national. She became a prominent figure in the National Educational Association, on the program of which she frequently appeared.

The time came when the autocratic regime, which reduced assistants to mere machines, and the everlasting playing of politics in the office of the Superintendent of Schools, became unbearable and she resigned.

In 1895, Mrs. Young had become interested in the work of the University of Chicago. At that time she had joined a seminar conducted by Professor John Dewey. She was fifty years of age when she entered upon the four years of logic, ethics, metaphysics, and Hegel's philosophy, using her schools for experimental exposition.

The very day her resignation was made public, Doctor Harper was at her door with an offer of full professorship in Education at the University of Chicago. Again she showed her consistent fidelity to ideals. She protested: "How could I go before my students and urge them on to higher education, with no degree myself?"

But a position was created that she could accept, Associate Professorial Lecturer in Pedagogy, with an opportunity to study for her degree. In 1900, she received her degree of Ph.D. and assumed the duties of the full professorship in the department of Doctor John Dewey. These two formed a wonderful combination. Her wide range of experience and her wonderful grasp of the details of school work complemented his philosophic insight into the underlying principles of the subject. Both were fundamentally democratic in thought and character, in ethics and logic.

Mrs. Young's success as a teacher in the University was due to her power to draw out her students and make them take a stand on questions at issue. This somewhat Socratic method took the place of formal lectures. While in the University, her heart was still in the problem of the elementary teacher. She became editor of a magazine planned directly for that class of readers, *The Elementary School Teacher*. Four essays published by the University were a product of her work: *Scientific Method in Education; Ethics in the School; Isolation in the School; and Some Types of Educational Theory*.

In 1905, Mrs. Young left for a year of travel and study abroad, her third trip to Europe. From this study into the practice of education in the principal cities of the world she gained an insight which became most valuable to use for the administration of schools. When she returned, she followed her first enthusiasm and accepted the principalship of the Normal School. Her ideal was that of efficiency in practical teaching. During her four years at the Normal she originated and edited another magazine, *The Educational Bi-Monthly*, written, edited and printed in the school.

In 1909, Mrs. Young was elected Superintendent of Chicago Schools. Later in the same year she was elected President of the State Teachers' Association, and the following summer saw her elected President of the National Education Association by an uprising of the mass of teachers against the machine that had been limiting its usefulness. Here, she was in the most prominent place in the Association, where in 1867 she had been, as a woman, only permitted to sit in the gallery and listen to the discussions. For the first time, a woman was elected to this high office, but it was a woman of international reputation, who had taught from primary to the university. There was bitter opposition from the enemies of progress but at the end of her year the organization underwent a revolution

in management and ideals, and officers were elected who could be trusted to carry on those principles of democracy so long fought for.

But these conditions in the National Education Association were less chaotic than in the affairs of the Chicago schools. Her election to superintendent had come as a fitting reward of her life service to them; there was no phase of the work she did not know, no development she had not had a part in. The election of a woman to be superintendent of schools in the second largest city in the United States was in violation of precedent. But the training, experience and administrative ability of Mrs. Young were strong points in her favor, and her selection a recognition of faithful service. It brought fresh inspiration and encouragement to women teachers all over the United States.

During her six years of office, the schools of Chicago grew rapidly in numbers and scope of work. There were many revolutionary changes fostered by her, which owed their success to her energy and foresight. She built up, as far as money and school board would permit, a really modern educational institution according to the latest world-wide standards and, best of all, she established a policy of open publicity on public school affairs.

But what she accomplished she did almost single-handed. Her greatness showed most clearly in her handling of the tremendous load of the financial, political, and educational sides of the administration. Politics were rife. Members of the board, elected to introduce books, to deal with organized teachers, to select and purchase building sites, and even religious issues were injected into the constantly growing controversy in the School Board. Her belief in the integrity of the public schools was so strong that Mrs. Young lamented the intrusion of sectarian and political and social issues and in 1913, weary of her fight for principle, refusing to trade with the board by political manoeuvre, she resigned. A storm of indignation from the new women voters, a dramatic uprising of men and women —never before was such a testimonial given a citizen as the mass meeting at the Auditorium on her behalf—reinstated Mrs. Young. But after two years of turmoil, of which she was the storm center, she, seeing the futility of the struggle, again resigned. Many testimonials were showered on her. It was suggested that she be made Superintendent Emeritus at a salary of $5,000 a year, which she refused to consider. The Board even voted a set of resolutions in humble acknowledgment of the unpayable debt owed by the city to the "wisest, the greatest, the most devoted teacher the schools of the city had ever known." Public receptions were given in her honor. It was evident that her efforts for the school children of Chicago had left a permanent impress.

Mrs. Young seemed to feel that there must be no half-way measures. She must withdraw completely from the city to give the new superintendent a free hand and fair chance to win the confidence of the people, the children and the teachers. She presented her books to the Public Library; her household goods to the Mary Thompson Hospital. Her farewell words in her message to the people were colored with good sense, courage, and hopefulness. It is said of her that the "tragedy of her immolation may never be known."

In spite of frustrations at the hands of self-seeking forces, she voiced no bitterness. So great was her love for Chicago, with the problems of its overgrown bulk, the fascination of its politics, the game of its embattled interests, that her yearning mother heart desired only what was happiest for the welfare of the city and its children. Mr. John T. McManis, in his remarkable book on *Ella Flagg Young and a Half Century of the Chicago Public Schools*, says:

"Mrs. Young is, above all, a democrat. Without a clear understanding of this democratic character one is not in a position to understand her power as a leader. Democracy, of course, is a word to be conjured with. It

undoubtedly involves freedom to act. But, to Mrs. Young, freedom to act is only an external manifestation of freedom of intellect and spirit. The democratic spirit of Chicago was the principal element in her love for the city. Here she found it possible to belong to a society that did not place an iron band about her head. . . . It was in this freedom that Mrs. Young placed her deepest faith. Education meant to her just such a plan for giving freedom to the minds of children that they might go forth aware of their power of mind and responsibility in life. From democracy as she found it in Chicago she projected a democracy of the spirit. To her this spirit was never a tame thing, but was full of fight and energy. She, herself, was a lover of fighting, providing the fighting was the 'give and take' that develops the spirit. . . As a matter of fact, she felt that democratic principles demand such opposition and foster this possibility for each to carry his ideas to the bar of public necessity and there fight for the issues he considers most essential to the well-being of the whole. Her philosophy of life, therefore, kept her sane in the face of most vicious attacks on her personal as well as professional integrity."

And so she went out of Chicago—her going a nation-wide affair. All the newspapers of the country contained editorials on the subject. A woman of the century, she stood out conspicuously in the annals of American education.

Mrs. Young lived only three years longer. The first four months of 1916 she spent in southern California busy in the preparation of a book, *The State and its Schools;* then to New York and Boston for the summer; the following winter in Washington, working in libraries for data for her book. She had many invitations to speak, and a number of them she accepted. When President Wilson was running for his second term, she was in Chicago for a couple of days and introduced him to a record-breaking audience as "the man who has kept us out of war."

In 1917, asked to be a member of the National Woman's Liberty Loan Committee, she went to Washington, where the Committee had its office in the Treasury Building. She was in Idaho working for the Fourth Liberty Loan when she was taken ill with influenza. She returned to Washington, where she died October 26, 1918. It was said of her that she died at the post of duty as bravely as any soldier of them all.

A guard of honor accompanied her body to Chicago, where it was met at the station by a squad of soldiers. On account of the influenza epidemic, no church services were allowed. There were only a few friends about the grave in the cemetery, where Doctor John Timothy Stone, pastor of her church, spoke a few words of eulogy and God-speed.

The story of her life is her best eulogy. As a teacher, as an administrator, as a lecturer, as a leader, she has left her impress not only on Chicago but on the nation and on the world. Her outstanding qualities were: the intensity of her intellectual life; the depth of her sympathies; the profound respect for individuality; an unswerving faith in democracy; her passionate conviction that society owes to its children such opportunity for development as their souls can receive.

And so as a God-speed into the Beyond, the children of these sixty years of her service, the children of the generations to come, add a "thank you" from full hearts for the service of her life, embodied in her own motto:

"Those who live on the mountain have a longer day than those who live in the valley. Sometimes all we need to brighten our day is to climb a little higher."

CANNON, ANNIE JUMP, astronomer, was born in Dover, Delaware, December 11, 1863, the daughter of Wilson Lee and Mary Elizabeth Jump Cannon. Her father was a man of wide influence and held many important offices in the state. On her mother's side, Miss Cannon is descended from Philip Barratt, who came from England about 1675

and settled in Bohemia Manor, Cecil County, Maryland. Her maternal ancestors include John Fisher, who came from England with William Penn, in 1682.

At the annual meeting of the League of Women Voters in 1922, the foreign visitors asked who were the most distinguished American women. In order to answer this question, a committee was appointed, twelve lines of endeavor were selected, and sub-committees of competent judges were asked to select the woman in their judgment most worthy to be named foremost in her chosen line.

In the realm of science, the choice justly fell on Miss Annie Jump Cannon, of the staff of the Harvard College Observatory.

Miss Cannon's official title is Curator of Astronomical Photographs at Harvard University. During her twenty-five years' connection with the Observatory, her work has been fundamental as well as extensive. Her first publication, *Classification of 1122 Bright Southern Stars*, was the stimulus that brought about that stupendous achievement, *The Henry Draper Catalogue*, which contains the class of spectrum of 225,300 stars. Miss Cannon has added four new stars to the meager list of novae.

During the twenty-five years of her connection with the Observatory, her work has been not only extensive but fundamental. Professor Edward C. Pickering, Director of the Harvard Observatory in the nineties, who had already organized the first corps of women assistants in any observatory, possessed great confidence in woman's ability to do original work in modern astronomy. Miss Cannon was fortunate, at the outset, in selecting two lines of investigation which were to be of greatest importance among the newer problems, the variability of stars, and the classification of stars by means of their spectra. Her first published work, in Volume 28 of the *Annals* of the Observatory, was the *Classification of 1122 Bright Stars*, with supplementary lists in Volume 56. Thus, by a careful study of the position and intensity of the lines in star light split up by an objective prism, she arranged the stars in orderly groups, according to whether helium, hydrogen, or the various metals were most in evidence. Such a grouping has proved to give the key to the evolutionary development of the stars.

Most of the astronomers of the world are now engaged in researches which are related to this stellar revolutionary sequence, so that by 1911 the demand to know the physical nature of more and more stars was urgent. Because Miss Cannon had acquired the skill to classify rapidly and accurately, a great catalogue was started which should give the nature of all the stars bright enough to show spectra on the Harvard photographic plates, covering the whole sky from the north to the south pole. This catalogue is a colossal work. The observations, which were begun in 1911, were completed in 1915, but the publication was not finished until 1924. It fills nine quarto volumes of the *Annals*, each volume containing 250, or more, pages. A corps of from five to seven women assistants were needed for recording and checking the observations, for the determination of positions and magnitudes, and for proof-reading. Miss Cannon studied more than 15,000 photographic plates, taken in Cambridge or at Arequipa, Peru, where the Harvard Station for the photography of the southern stars is located.

This work, which is called *The Henry Draper Catalogue*, occupies Volumes 91 to 99 of the *Annals*, and contains 225,300 stars. It receives its name from the fact that its production was largely financed by a fund provided by Mrs. Henry Draper in memory of her husband, who was the first to obtain a good photograph of the spectrum of a star. There were also special gifts for this work from other donors. The whole cost of the catalogue is estimated at a quarter of a million dollars.

The need of this catalogue by astronomers

all over the world was so great that much time was spent in sending out information to research workers, in advance of publication.

Miss Cannon's work on variable stars has been both in cataloguing and discovery. In the middle of the nineteenth century, only eighteen stars whose light varied from time to time were known. Volume 55 of the Harvard *Annals* contains Miss Cannon's catalogue of two thousand variable stars, with copious formulae and facts concerning their periods and peculiarities. She herself has discovered three hundred variable stars on the photographic plates.

In 1900, a remarkable new star appeared in the constellation of Perseus. Miss Cannon's minute study of its spectrum was published in Volume 56. She has added four new stars to the meager list of novae already known.

Miss Cannon's preparation for this work is of interest. She is a daughter of the State of Delaware, in which her father, Wilson Lee Cannon, was a man of wide influence, who held many important offices. He is said to have cast the deciding vote in the State Senate which prevented Delaware from joining the Southern Confederacy in the time of the Civil War. Her mother, Mary Elizabeth Jump Cannon, was a woman of high culture. She was fascinated by the study of the stars as it was given in a Quaker finishing school near Philadelphia, and she taught her little daughter to know the constellations. This, doubtless, was the influence which turned her thought to astronomy when she decided on graduate study.

Annie Jump Cannon's home in Dover, Delaware, was so shut in by large trees that it was difficult to study the stars from the windows and porches, and thus the old-fashioned attic became her first observatory. Here she would go, night after night, open the trap-door and look over the tree-tops at the stars. She taught herself the constellations from crude charts in an old astronomical book, using a tallow candle for seeing the chart. She recalls now her great effort to make sure of the constellation Hercules. Her father was always relieved when he heard the slamming of the trap-door and knew that the evening vigil was over without a fire in the attic from the lighted candle.

Miss Cannon received her B.S. degree from Wellesley College in 1884. She recalls the Great Comet of 1882 as the chief astronomical event of her undergraduate days, when all the girls flocked to the east porch of old College Hall in the early morning hours to see its great tail flung over Wellesley's sky.

She also recalls a very vexatious experience in sky-gazing which happened during her undergraduate days. The "would-be" astronomer was seated one evening on the roof of a porch, prepared for a long series of naked eye observations. For occasional observation of a star chart, she had placed a Sun Dial lamp in the window of an absent girl, whose room happened to be directly opposite the roof on which the young astronomer sat. Absorbed in tracing the Ecliptic, Miss Cannon failed to notice the lamp was smoking like a small engine. When the fact gradually penetrated her consciousness she dashed into the room and was horrified to find everything covered with soot. Instead of star-gazing, the remainder of the evening had to be spent in wiping down walls and cleaning furniture and clothing. In the midst of all the work the friend returned from Boston. Suffice it to say, a part of the wall was so blackened that they themselves repapered it.

Miss Cannon spent the ten years after her graduation at home. She then returned to the college for graduate study in mathematics, physics, and astronomy, and prepared the first lists of laboratory and observing work to accompany the lectures in astronomy. As this was several years before the beautiful and complete Wellesley Observatory was founded by Mrs. Whitin, the only observatory was still a roof of a porch, on which the 5-inch telescope had to be set up each night for class work.

She next connected herself with Radcliffe

College, at Cambridge, for more advanced work, and became voluntary assistant in the research observatory. When asked the line of investigation she wished to undertake, she at once decided upon the study of stellar spectra. Thus, with the direction of Professor Pickering, at the Harvard Observatory, she started her investigation under the happiest auspices and gradually drifted into it deeper and deeper until it became her life work.

As the value of her work has been recognized, she has received many honors. She was elected an honorary member of the Royal Astronomical Society of London, in 1914. She received the doctor's degree from the University of Delaware, in 1918. A second doctorate of science was received in 1921 from the University of Groningen in Holland, of which the Department of Astronomy has a world-wide reputation. She was the first woman officer of the American Astronomical Society, and she is a member of the International Astronomical Union.

Her official title since 1911 has been Curator of Astronomical Photographs at the Harvard Observatory. This observatory is unique in the world as it contains on its 300,000 plates the history of the sky for thirty-five years, thus furnishing material for research for a long time to come.

In 1922, Miss Cannon spent half of the year at Arequipa, becoming acquainted with the southern stars, and photographing the spectra of faint objects in that clear Andean sky. Here she discovered her fourth nova and studied its peculiar spectrum. Her months at Arequipa gave her the curious sensation of seeing some of the familiar constellations in upside down positions—for instance, Orion, so dignified in the northern sky, seems to be standing on his head when viewed from south of the Equator.

In the late summer of 1923, she went to California with a large contingent of American astronomers to observe the total solar eclipse of September 10th, but heavy clouds prevented all view.

When she returned to her own state from these expeditions, she received a distinguished ovation and lectured before large audiences where she made a deep impression by reason of her remarkable personality, which is immediately felt by all who come in touch with her. Her ever fresh enthusiasm is shown in her sparkling descriptions of the starry sky.

Miss Cannon is no blue-stocking, but a most human sort of scientist, on the best of terms with all around her. None better than she can popularize Astronomy, as is shown by the part she plays in the receptions at the Harvard Observatory, and at the exhibition evenings of the American Astronomical Society."

The editors are indebted for the sketch of Miss Cannon to Sarah F. Whiting, Professor Emeritus of Physics and Astronomy, Wellesley College. Miss Whiting was a pioneer of women in science: the first woman admitted as a guest to the physical laboratories of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology; the first woman to develop in a college of major rank a department of Physics, in which she introduced the laboratory method, and a department of Astronomy, in which regular daytime observations were made. Miss Cannon says that she chose the subject of stellar spectra at Harvard because her study at Wellesley College under Professor Whiting had made her intensely interested in spectrum analysis.

A list of Miss Cannon's works include:

Harvard Observatory Annals.

Vol. 28. Part 2. *Spectra of Bright Southern Stars.*

A Classification of 1,122 Stars.

Vol. 48. No. 3. *A Provisional Catalogue of Variable Stars.*

Vol. 53. No. 7. *Supplement to Catalogue of Variable Stars.*

Vol. 55. Part I. *Second Catalogue of Variable Stars.*

Vol. 55. Part II. *Maxima and Minima of Variable Stars.*

Vol. 56. No. 3. *The Spectrum of Nova Persei. No. 2.*

Vol. 56. No. 4. *Classification of 1,477 Stars.*

Vol. 56. No. 5. *Classification of 1,688 Southern Stars.*

Vol. 56. No. 7. *Spectra of 745 Donlele Stars.*

Vol. 56. No. 8. *Comparison of Objective Prism and Slit Spectrograms.*

Vols. 91–99 (inclusive). *The Henry Draper Catalogue.*

Numerous circulars concerning new variables, or notes on spectra.

Several small papers, such as *The Henry Draper Memorial, Edward Pickering, Anna Palmer Draper.*

A list of Miss Cannon's clubs and societies include: Royal Astronomical Society (British); American Astronomical Society; American Association for Advancement of Science; The National Institute of Social Sciences; The College Club, Boston; The Boston Wellesley Club; Bond Astronomical Club.

OAKLEY, VIOLET, artist, daughter of Arthur Edmund and Cornelia Swain Oakley, was born near New York City. Her grandfathers, George Oakley of New York, and William Swain of Newburyport, Massachusetts, were both painters and members of the National Academy of Design. George Oakley came to New York from England about 1820. William Swain was a portrait painter of note, working both in New York and in Boston. He spent two years in travel and study abroad and later painted a number of very fine portraits of the residents of Nantucket, which won for him the title of "the Gainsborough of Nantucket."

Miss Oakley was the first woman to be elected a member of the National Society of Mural Painters, and is also the first, and up to date, the only woman ever awarded the Medal of Honor of the Architectural League of New York. She is one of the few Honorary Members of the American Institute of Architects. The League Medal was unanimously awarded for her work in the Capitol at Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, because of its "thoughtfulness, thoroughness of workmanship, and success in the decorative treatment of historical subjects." Titles of the separate panels, and historical notes, together with the reproductions of the paintings in full color and gold have been brought out in the Portfolio entitled: *The Holy Experiment—A Message to the World from Pennsylvania.* It has been called the "Most beautiful book ever published in America" and was published in 1922. *The Boston Transcript* (November 8, 1923) says of it: "The artist has woven the life of William Penn, the foundation of Pennsylvania, the establishment of American liberty and the preservation of the Union into a sublime epic, having for its theme the exaltation of the ideals of Liberty, Justice, and Union." The text has been translated into French, German, Italian, Spanish and Japanese.

Special exhibitions of Miss Oakley's work have been held at The Corcoran Gallery, Washington, and Carnegie Institute, Pittsburgh, afterwards touring the United States under the management of The American Federation of Arts. In June, 1923, a special exhibition was held in St. George's Gallery, London, and later in Balliol College, Oxford University. It was widely reviewed in the press. *The Daily Telegraph*, under the headline, *Courageous Art—Miss Oakley's Mural Designs*, said: "There is an exhibition at St. George's Gallery, George Street, Hanover Square, that should not be missed by any thoughtful student or lover of imaginative art prompted by a compelling theme. Not once does she lose the spiritual side of the story of Liberty and the sacrifice for it, and her pictures are uniformly inspired by poetic vision. If the exhibition succeeds in encouraging a few British painters to be of similarly high courage and to aspire to lift themselves from the prosaic, the drab, and the commonplace, Miss Violet Oakley's example will not be in vain." *The London Times* said: "Miss Oakley's studies show a great faculty for broad and dignified design. The work, judging by the

details, is big in conception and simple in expression; and the allegories are quite easy to read from the pictures. The exhibition includes a copy of the wonderful book, *The Holy Experiment*, written and illuminated by Miss Oakley."

Miss Oakley's school life was spent in Orange, New Jersey. She attended the South Orange Academy and the Dearborn-Morgan School in Orange. Her father was very musical and played both the piano and the organ. His small daughters regarded it as a supreme privilege to be allowed to work the bellows which supplied the power for the pipe organ, which was one of the beautiful objects in the house. The English grandfather, George Oakley, had collected many fine old engravings and mezzotints, and had also made copies of masterpieces in the galleries of Europe which were well calculated to arouse in his descendants an interest in art. Three of his daughters showed unusual talent for painting and were taken abroad to study. It was the custom at that time for painters to learn much by copying the work of great men, and Violet Oakley's childhood home was filled with really good copies of Rembrandt, Reynolds, Gainsborough, Van Dyck and Veronese, which were made by her grandfathers and aunts. There were also porcelains, furniture, and other decorative objects selected by these trained artistic minds, which aided her early perception of form and color. Octavius Oakley, brother of George Oakley, remained in England, where he made a name for himself as a miniature painter, and water-colorist. He was a member of the Royal Society of Water-Colorists. His son-in-law, Paul Naftel, and his granddaughter, Maud Naftel also attained eminence in this branch of art.

Violet Oakley's mother, Cornelia Swain, had been a professional painter before her marriage, studying first with her father, and later with William Morris Hunt of Boston, and William Rimmer, the anatomist. She maintained a portrait studio in Boston, and was also in San Francisco for three years. It is evident that Violet Oakley was surrounded with artistic influences from the first, and she began to draw as soon as she could hold a pencil. She always enjoyed rainy and stormy days, because then she was allowed to spend as much time as she liked in the attic studio with her beloved paints. Her first attempts, made at the age of three, are naïvely amusing, and her early work displays no great precocity of talent, but she formed the habit of expressing her thoughts graphically with rapidity and ease.

At nineteen Miss Oakley, began her serious education in art, going with her elder sister, Hester Caldwell Oakley, a graduate of Vassar College, to the Art Students' League of New York, where she studied under Carroll Beckwith and Irving R. Wiles for one year. Then the Oakley family decided to go to Paris for a time, and the two girls continued their studies in the ateliers of Edmond Aman-Jean, and Raphael Collin, at the Academie Montparnasse. Their cousin, Michel de Tarnowsky the sculptor, who had lived all his life in France, added greatly to the value of this period of study in Paris.

Miss Oakley believes that travel and study in Europe are of inestimable value in the formation of the mind of the artist, chiefly because, there, architecture, paintings, sculpture, and other works of the first rank are constantly presented to view. Thoughtful contemplation of great achievements cannot fail to raise individual standard. She does not believe that it is necessary in these times to go to Europe for preliminary technical training which may be obtained in American art schools as advantageously. Artists with a decorative bent should not fail to visit Italy, where supreme examples are to be found.

Work in Charles Lazar's summer sketch class in the beautiful old city of Rye, in Sussex, England, made a pleasant variety before the return to America. This time the Oakleys made their home in Philadelphia,

and the sisters studied portraiture and composition at the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts under Cecilia Beaux, Joseph de Camp, and Henry Thouron. Later they went to a class in illustration conducted by Howard Pyle at Drexel Institute. From him they received the greatest practical help in methods and composition. He was an original and forceful teacher, full of energy and enthusiasm, and had the ability to make his students stand on their own feet. In this class the two Oakley sisters formed lasting friendships with Jessie Willcox Smith and Elizabeth Shippen Green. The four young artists secured adjoining studios in Philadelphia, and began work as illustrators for books and magazines. Hester Oakley also devoted much time to writing. She published a novel entitled *As Having Nothing*, and many short stories and poems, some of which she illustrated herself, and others were illustrated by Violet Oakley. Notable among these was the story *Love in a Fog* which appeared in *McClure's Magazine.*

August Vincent Tack was the first to suggest to Violet that the line quality in her work had possibilities for stained glass, and he gave her a letter to the Church Glass and Decorating Company of New York, of which Caryl Coleman was President. This led to several commissions for windows and the scheme of decoration in the chancel of All Angels' Church, New York, consisting of a mosaic altarpiece, *The Ascension* and two large mural decorations representing *The Heavenly Host*, besides five small lancet windows, rich and deep in color. The successful carrying out of this project drew wide attention to the young artist's abilities.

Hester Oakley married Stanley Ward of New York, in 1898, and died in 1905. Mr. Oakley died in 1900. These breaks in the family circle caused Violet and her mother to join with Miss Smith, Miss Green, and Miss Henrietta Cozens in taking a country house, "The Red Rose," at Villa Nova, Pennsylvania. The large stables were made into commodious studios, and the beautiful English garden afforded them great inspiration in their work.

In 1902, Miss Oakley was commissioned by the State of Pennsylvania to decorate the Governor's reception room in the new State Capitol at Harrisburg. She and her mother went abroad for a period of study in Italy and England. In Italy she devoted herself to an analysis of the great wall paintings, in England she pursued the historical research necessary to her theme. Returning to America, she painted the eighteen subjects which form the frieze, entitled *The Founding of the State of Liberty Spiritual.* The keynote of this series is the idea of liberty of conscience and complete freedom in religious matters. It depicts the rise of the Quakers in England, the life of William Penn, and the founding of the State of Pennsylvania. In 1906 when the panels were put in place, Doctor Talcott Williams said in the *Philadelphia Press:* "This great achievement will grow with every year that it is seen and studied. In it there has been depicted what is unquestionably rare in modern art—a genuine spiritual conviction."

In 1905, the group of friends moved to another house, "Cogslea" in Chestnut Hill, Philadelphia, which is Miss Oakley's present home. As the work increased larger studios were needed, and now Miss Smith and Miss Cozens have a neighboring house and studio, "Cogshill," while Miss Green who married Huger Elliott, Principal of the School of Industrial Art of Philadelphia, lives not far away at "Littlegarth."

It was Edwin Austin Abbey who painted the great mural decorations in the House of Representatives and the Rotunda of the Capitol Building at Harrisburg, and had he lived, he would have executed also the panels in the Senate Chamber and Supreme Court Room. After his death, the problem of choosing a successor devolved upon the State officials, and because of the great success of her work in the Governor's Room, Violet Oakley was commissioned, in 1911, to paint

the panels for the Senate and the Supreme Court Room. Mr. Abbey left no record of his intentions regarding them, and she was therefore free to choose her own theme and work it out independently. She again went abroad for a refreshing period of study, and devoted some time to the reading of law at Oxford University.

The nine panels of the Senate Chamber series are of colossal size. The largest of all, *International Understanding and Unity* stretches above the others to a length of forty-five feet. Miss Oakley chose for her theme in this series, *The Creation and Preservation of the Union*. It represents the development of American Federalism, founded on the Quaker principles of love to God and man, and points prophetically to world-union as a logical conclusion. The great figures of Washington and Lincoln are symbolically placed as pillars in the structure of Unity, leading to the fulfillment of William Penn's prophecy of Peace, upheld by a Parliament of all civilized nations. To quote from the review by Warwick James Price in the *Philadelphia Public Ledger* of March 10, 1923,—"Miss Oakley does not take merely a national viewpoint, but one in truest sense international. The history of this Commonwealth in its founding and superstructure becomes to her a type, a standard, and a prophecy. It is a thought as uplifting as mighty." The work in the Senate Chamber was completed in 1920.

In addition to these mural paintings, Miss Oakley has others to her credit, among which may be mentioned, *The Story of Vashti*, a series of five paintings in water color, owned by John F. Braun, of Philadelphia; triple panel in the Library of Chestnut Hill Academy, Philadelphia; a series of mural decorations entitled *The Building of the House of Wisdom* in the house of Charlton Yarnall, of Philadelphia; and a very large panel, *The Constitutional Convention* in the Cuyahoga County Court House, Cleveland, Ohio.

Among her best-known stained glass windows are *Hamlet* and *The Tempest*, two Shakespearean windows owned by Miss Mary K. Gibson of Philadelphia; *The Wise Virgins*, a double window memorial in St. Peter's Church, Germantown; and *The Divine Comedy of Dante Alighieri*, a triple window owned by Mrs. Robert J. Collier of New York, which received the Gold Medal of Honor at the Panama-Pacific Exposition in San Francisco.

Miss Oakley conducted a class in Mural Decoration at the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts from 1913 to 1917.

She designed the Gold Medal of "The Philadelphia Award" founded by Edward W. Bok in 1921, together with the ivory casket and illuminated scroll that accompanied it.

Miss Oakley has recently completed a triptych, entitled *The Great Wonder—A Vision of the Apocalypse*, which has been placed in the Alumnae House of Vassar College, Poughkeepsie, New York, as a memorial to Hester Caldwell Oakley Ward, Class of 1891. Other decorative work by Miss Oakley in the same room includes the painted wood ceiling; a four-fold screen with designs symbolic of Music, which is a memorial to Katherine Maloney Cook; and an illuminated Book of the Apocalypse on vellum. She is responsible for the arrangement of the living-room as a whole, and its collection of antique furniture. The *Vassar Quarterly*, November, 1924, says: "It would be difficult to discover a picture in which panels and frame have been so thoughtfully brought together by the use of color. Nor does this unity cease with the picture itself for its golden frame makes an easy transition to the golden fawn color of the walls of the splendid hall it decorates."

At present Miss Oakley is engaged upon a series of panels for the Supreme Court Room at Harrisburg, to be entitled, *The Opening of the Book of the Law*.

Miss Oakley has painted many portraits, among them those of Mr. and Mrs. William V. Lawrence, Mr. and Mrs. Ferris J. Meigs and children, Mrs. Samuel Spackman, Miss

Mary S. Nixon, Mr. and Mrs. William Browning Pollock, and Miss Mary Pollock, John Paul Hitchcock, Mme. Amelita Galli-Curci, and the following Philadelphians, Mrs. James Crosby Brown and her son, Mrs. Clarence Clark, Mrs. Edward Hornor Coates, Frank Miles Day, Horatio Gates Lloyd, Junior, and Richard W. Lloyd, A. Edward Newton, Thomas Robins, Junior, Doctor and Mrs. George Woodward and children, Lieutenant H. H. Houston Woodward of the Lafayette Flying Corps, and a self-portrait for the National Academy of Design in New York. The portraits of Mrs. Coates and Lieutenant Woodward are now in the permanent collection of the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts.

AWARDS: At the St. Louis Exposition, 1904, the Gold Medal for Illustration, and Silver Medal for Mural Decoration. From the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts in 1905, the Gold Medal of Honor, the highest award ever given by the Academy, which has been bestowed on only three women, the other two being Cecilia Beaux and Mary Cassatt. At the Panama-Pacific Exposition, San Francisco, 1915, a Gold Medal of Honor. Gold Medal of Honor for Painting of the Architectural League of New York, 1916, and the Philadelphia Prize, Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts, 1922.

Miss Oakley is an Associate of the National Academy of Design, New York (A. N. A.), an honorary member of the American Institute of Architects (A. I. A.), a member of the National Society of Mural Painters, the American Federation of Arts, the New York and Philadelphia Water Color Clubs, the Fellowship of the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts, the Historical Society of Pennsylvania, the Transatlantic Society of America, the League of Nations Non-Partisan Association, the Dante League of America, and is a Director of the Philadelphia Art Alliance. In 1923 she was elected an Honorary Member of the Circulo de Bellas Artes, Madrid, Spain.

BARRINGER, EMILY DUNNING (Mrs. Benjamin Stockwell Barringer), physician and surgeon, was born in Scarsdale, New York, September 27, 1876, the daughter of Edwin James and Frances Gore Lang Dunning. The first American Dunning came from England, in about 1642, and settled in Salem, Massachusetts. On her mother's side, Doctor Barringer is descended from Thomas Hinckley, who came from England, in 1633, and settled in Barnstable, Massachusetts, later becoming Governor of Massachusetts.

Emily Barringer is a distinguished physician and surgeon. She was the first woman to win, in a competitive examination, the interneship in a general New York City hospital, which carried with it a heavy ambulance service, and was awarded and allowed opportunity to fulfill it, graduating to chief-of-staff as house physician and surgeon. She has the first diploma awarded by Bellevue and Allied Hospitals to a woman physician. In the war, Doctor Barringer was vice-chairman of the American Women's Hospitals, which was the war service committee of the Medical Women's National Association. She was also Surgeon on the Staff of the Women's Army General Hospital of New York. She was appointed attending physician, by the New York Board of Health, to the Venereal Divisions Service Bureau of Hospital, a war-time emergency that has been continued.

It is hard to realize, when one sees the present built up Scarsdale, one more fashionable suburb of New York, that in the late seventies of the last century it was a peculiarly charming rural district, where probably ten or twelve families had large estates with sufficient farmer and retainer quarters to give the landscape the feeling of the beautiful old manor houses of rural England. These families were all close neighbors and worshipped in the quaint little stone church under the pine trees, a little gem you might also chance to see in England.

It was at the old family home that Emily Dunning spent the first years of her life, one

of a happy band of six brothers and sisters. The home, which had been designed by her old English grandfather, was one of rare beauty and charm, with many art treasures picked up on travels in France and England. There was a room which was especially fascinating, the "Cluny Room," well-known throughout the countyside, which was an exact reproduction in measurements of one of the rooms in the Palais Cluny in Paris. Here a great set of armor dating back to the days of Henry VIII stood in one corner. There was a fireplace where several children could romp and look up and see the blue sky, a chimney big enough to allow the fattest Santa Claus to descend on Christmas night. An old French crystal chandelier glistened out among the oaken beams of the ceiling, and on the walls hung paintings and old prints. Among these were the two oil paintings of George and Martha Washington, originals that were painted from life; and, in a position of honor was a quaint painting of *Caroline, Lady Scarsdale*, holding her baby son, the Honorable John Curzon. The portrait was given to Emily Dunning by her mother and is today a cherished family possession.

It was here in this old family home with its background of beauty that the little girl got all her first impressions of life: the happy days wandering in the garden along little paths marked with English boxwood; the hours spent with spirited riding horses and a spunky pony; the old workshop full of fascinating tools; the stolen visits to the green house, full of choicest grapes which her deft little fingers could pick with unfailing accuracy; then a turn into the green house devoted to roses. There, in a profusion of Marechal Niel roses she would find her beautiful young mother, cutting her flowers for the home. At five o'clock of a summer afternoon, Emily would be dressed and starched, with her curls in perfect order, waiting on the velvety lawn, with the family peacock strutting up and down, showing his proud feathers in the setting sun. Nor would she be alone, for the other brothers and sisters would be also ready and waiting until they heard the sound of hoofs, and off they would run in a wild scramble to see who would get there first to welcome father as he came back from his day in town. Then the children's hour reigned in earnest and continued into a summer's night.

These first years of happy, simple living in the country, in touch with nature at all times, gave Emily Dunning a rare background of health and strength. It also gave her a conviction, which she has carried throughout life, that it is the birthright of every child to live as close to nature as possible in the formative period of its life.

But by the time she was five years old the family had started to winter in New York and all her school life and mature achievements are linked up with the impetuous scramble of a big city.

Her first experience was in a French kindergarten, where she was to acquire an early facility in the French language. When the fruits of a year's effort resulted in a laborious sentence or two, the wise mother determined to sacrifice the ornamental for the solid and tried old methods, and was fortunately guided to Miss Anna C. Brackett's School. Doctor Barringer pays grateful tribute to Miss Brackett, that remarkable educator of the girls of the last generation; to her amazing qualities as a teacher, her vivid personal influence, her great-hearted helpfulness.

Under the inspiration of Miss Brackett, her scholarly ability and ambitions were aroused. A change in family fortunes emphasized the importance of being independent and self-supporting. So that by the age of twelve, all these factors combined to give the little girl a very definite and determined outlook on life.

She knew she had a yearning to care for the sick, to help those in suffering, and when one beautiful sunset evening she and her mother were discussing her future plans, Emily put

EMILY DUNNING BARRINGER

this feeling into concrete form by saying: "I want to be a nurse."

"Very well," said her mother, "we will seek the advice of Doctor Mary Putman Jacobi," a stranger to them then. Within a few days they called to see this extraordinary woman physician, who, at that time, was at the height of her brilliant career. Her home was that of a savant; everything within it bespoke erudition and accomplishment. When Doctor Jacobi, small of stature, entered the room her forceful presence was felt at once. She listened to the questions put by mother and daughter and then wheeled around in her abrupt but kind way and said:

"You are nothing but a child. You don't know what you want. Go to college first and I will predict that you will not take up nursing but medicine instead."

Within the next five minutes, Emily realized that medicine would be her goal and before she left Doctor Jacobi large plans were in the making, which included a medical preparatory course at Cornell with a general scientific course following, leading to a B.S. degree. Emily and her mother returned to Miss Brackett and laid all the possible plans before her. It was from that moment onward that these three wonderful women took hold of the girl together and worked out her future with her. Doctor Barringer looks back with loving appreciation to those two extraordinary friends, Anna C. Brackett and Mary Putman Jacobi, women of exceptional mental achievement. But to her own rare mother she accords first place as being the greatest inspiration of her girlhood.

When Emily Dunning definitely decided to go to Cornell it was Miss Brackett who saved her a year's delay by taking the ambitious girl to her summer home and tutoring her for entrance examinations. That she was well prepared is demonstrated by the fact that Emily Dunning entered Cornell University with the class of 1898 and was graduated with the class of 1897.

During her undergraduate days she took a vigorous part in college activities, especially athletics. She was a founder and first president of the Sports and Pastimes Association, the athletic association for the women of Cornell. This included various types of activities and lead to the formation of the first Cornell women's crew. Emily Dunning was in the first shell that went out on Cayuga Lake. The famous coach, Courtney himself, undertook to teach the women and put into their shell as instructor Freddie Colson, that phenomenal coxswain of Cornell who had led so many crews to victory. In a very short time the women's crew was an accepted part of the university athletics and ceased to be a curiosity.

Miss Dunning had a rounded and very rich experience in her years at Cornell. She enjoyed to the fullest the sense of mental and intellectual freedom which she felt in study with men and women alike. She had a further privilege of being a constant visitor at the beautiful home of her uncle, Henry W. Sage, the founder of co-education at Cornell. Here she met men and women who came from all directions to talk over all kinds of problems with Mr. Sage, or perchance simply to visit with him at his memorable Sunday evening suppers.

On graduating from Cornell, she immediately entered the Medical School of the New York Infirmary for Women and Children, taking her first two years there. But on the establishment of the Cornell Medical School in New York, she transferred back to her Alma Mater and received the degree of M.D., in 1901, graduating second in her class, a class of men and women, receiving the $100 scholarship prize.

Doctor Dunning, in a paper read before a medical society, within two years of her appointment, gives an illuminating account of her experiences at this time:

"A little more than two years ago, I suddenly found myself involved in a task as novel as it was difficult, as serious in its possible outcome for progress or retrograde in

medical education for women, as it was alluring and interesting to a young person in whom the spirit of adventure was strong; a many-sided task; namely, that of being the first woman to be made interne in one of our busiest city hospitals to which a heavy ambulance service is attached.

"It seems proper that some report of such an experience as this should be made, for it involves too large a subject to be considered the personal experience of any private individual.

"In order to better understand the situation, it will be perhaps of interest to describe in some detail the difficulties of the obstacles to be overcome before the appointment was finally made.

"Previous to my study of medicine, I had taken my bachelor degree in a great university where a woman has a free chance with a man. During my entire course there I worked side by side with the men of the class in the same laboratories, same lecture halls, same library; I had grown to feel that education was free and natural as to breathe the fresh air, and never questioned whether my brother student had any more right to this freedom than I.

"And so the time passed at College, and graduation took place, and I saw no difference between the men and women. When the final honors came, I found that the persons of merit ranked first, and it mattered not whether those persons were men or women.

"With this previous training I started my medical studies. The first three years were full of steady, hard application at mastering the theoretical part of the work. At the beginning of my senior year, I began to see somewhat beyond the mass of theory that I had been working over, and to wonder how all this was to be put into practical form. I then watched to see what the most promising young men were planning, and I found they were all preparing to take the 'hospital examinations.' It was then I discovered that none of the large hospitals where there was a general mixed medical and surgical service was open to women in this great city of New York. I thought of this day and night, as I worked hard for graduation. I looked around at the various men in my own class, and said to myself: 'Each man here has a right and a chance to compete for a hospital position when he graduates. He can get the broad practical training that a big city hospital can give, and I am barred. I cannot have this.' Graduation and future work suddenly seemed to become walled in. I kept reiterating to myself, 'How can I practice if I am not allowed to get any practical experience?'

"The disappointment of this limitation at the end of years of hard preparation became oppressive. I felt as I imagine a lover of music must feel, when he has worked hard and long over his technique on a clavier to be told at the end he cannot try his skill on the grand piano; that he can never strike the rich chords, and must be content to perfect his theory on his noiseless and souless instrument.

"Out of this disappointment grew a desire to understand why this privilege was barred to women, and I soon found that I was giving the subject my keenest attention. On further study I found that other women had repeatedly applied for admission, and in some isolated cases had been successful—in one case in a private hospital, and in several instances in infant or children's hospitals—under the city organization—but all these places had closed up again. And it was like the waters closing over a pebble—the situation was as impenetrable as ever.

"I then sought the advice and aid of Doctor Mary Putman Jacobi, who had directed my medical education from the start. We talked the whole matter over. She said: 'It is only by preparing themselves for the examinations, and being willing to go up again and again to be knocked down, that women will force the issue.' She urged me to prepare myself for examinations the following spring, and to make a thorough canvass of every hospital where I might be able to go up for the examination, and that she would help in

whatever way she could. This then was something tangible to start with, and I lost no time in finding out what preparations the men were making to fit themselves for the competitive examinations. I knew my preparation must be equal if I was to accomplish anything. I discovered that the hospital candidates had formed a special quiz to prepare themselves for the examinations, and this quiz was a private affair outside of the ordinary curriculum. I felt I must have this special training, and I applied for admission, only to meet my first obstacle: 'Why, women don't belong to that Quiz. Only men can take that.' I can well remember the look of surprise that came over the kind face of the quiz master and I said, 'But I wish to join it. Will you allow me to do so?' There was some hesitation, and finally, with an amused expression he said, 'But, Miss Dunning, I can't see why you want to do it. It will not be pleasant for you. The men are in for hard work. The quizzes are very informal; the men may resent your presence there, and you may hinder them in their progress.'

"But finally I extracted a promise that I might join the Quiz with the tacit understanding that I should withdraw if my presence proved a handicap to the men's work.

"It was in this Quiz that I learned my first lesson of the kind of work needed for a competitive examination—the regular, hard, vigorous training of rapidly answering questions; being able to express opinions tersely and above all, not objecting to complete annihilation if you did not do well.

"I next turned my attention to the problem of securing opportunities to try the examinations. I soon began to realize what a struggle this was going to be.

"I went over a list of all prominent hospitals in New York. Four of the most desirable ones were immediately dubbed as impossible; this information was elicited from the authorities in an indirect way. Further study of the list gave me some ground to work on, and I applied to several of the largest hospitals, to be met with this statement: 'This is an entirely new subject, and one that would not only have to meet with the approval of the Medical Board, but the Board of Trustees.' This opened a new vista! In order to have the gentlemen of these various boards vote favorably, it would be necessary to bring the matter to their personal attention, and convince them of the expediency of giving the matter a trial.

"Doctor Jacobi, at this juncture, helped me indefatigably, and with the help of other good friends, I finally obtained access to the members of the boards of the various hospitals. In this way I was able to discuss the subject with the leading medical men of the day; and very generous indeed did I find these gentlemen in being willing to give time and thought to it.

"The winter wore on, and many calls were made by myself and by several of the other women students of my class. We worked hard, and the hours spent on this subject left alarmingly little time for proper preparation should we obtain an opportunity."

Finally out of the maze of calls and discussions Emily Dunning succeeded in getting permission from the Medical Board and Board of Trustees at one of the finest hospitals in the city, Mt. Sinai, to try for the examination, but was assured that there was only a very faint possibility of being appointed. This was her first gleam of hope. She centered all her thought and will power on this. In addition to the hospital quiz she had two private tutors at home; one in surgery and anatomy, one in medicine and materia medica. She studied with the vigor which comes from hope of reaching the goal.

A few days before examinations, however, it was definitely made clear that she could not have the appointment, that she could not even have her marks published. What was she to do? Slowly the decision came to her. The words of Doctor Jacobi rang out in their full meaning: "Women must be willing to go up to be knocked down." She made up her

mind that she must take that examination though she knew well that she was playing a losing game. Doctor Dunning had a strong feeling that appearing and going through the examination—this very severe test might help in giving her self-confidence in another examination, and the fact of having a woman appear at a public examination would be establishing a precedent that women wish to appear. Doctor Barringer describes her experience:

"The day of the examination came, and I can well remember as we all sat down at the long table, the feeling that came over me. Temporarily all thought of failure and limitation was put aside, and I forgot my ineligibility in the exhilaration of the race. And a fine race it was—the desire an athlete must feel to give his comrades a close brush, came over me and I felt that as long as I could keep in the contest I would put up the pluckiest fight I knew how to. The first day was a written examination, and those who passed sufficiently high were allowed to return the second day for the oral examination, and from the candidates of the second day, the final successful ones would be chosen. I found that my name was on this list, and I had the privilege of competing to the last. Then the curtain fell and I knew I could expect no more. But I had the immense satisfaction some days later of being told informally by a member of the Examining Board that had I been a man I would have secured second place at Mt. Sinai."

At this point Doctor Dunning was confronted with a serious aspect of her career. Could she afford to lose definite opportunity in the women's hospitals for a possible training she might never obtain; equally urgent, "Will a woman ever enter the general hospitals if she does not risk all and work for it with such grim determination that she will finally convince some hospital of the justice of giving her a trial." She determined to stake all on the chance of getting a general hospital service.

In the lists of hospitals, one after another was checked off. Of the city institutions, Bellevue was the most desirable, in that the women students had had in junior and senior years a great deal of bedside work there. But "no quarters for women physicians" could not there be overcome. Finally the plucky young women found that Gouverneur Hospital, a down town branch of Bellevue, did have ample room. Although in one of the most densely populated districts of the city and with an ambulance service heavier than the average, the examination was the only one open to them. Doctor Dunning and a fellow student decided to take it. They were both called back for the oral examination and both won places in the finals.

Elated with their success, they were confronted with yet another obstacle. The appointments must be ratified by the Commissioner of Charities. It was upon the fact of "no precedent" that this hope was wrecked. The young women were forced to accept a "No," and forced to see their very hard earned places on the staff filled by men. It was a final blow when a man fellow student was pushed forward from the "list of alternatives" and became a full member of the house staff. Doctor Dunning says of this time:

"I had played for large stakes; I had risked all, and I had lost all, and I felt that the hospital question was for me a closed chapter.

"It was again at this turning point, when my plans seemed hopelessly negative, that Doctor Jacobi came forward and offered to make me her assistant, and eagerly indeed did I accept this opportunity.

"The winter that followed, spent in her office, is one of the most precious of all my student experiences, and, as I look back upon it, it was a peculiar and invaluable one in its preparation for a task that I little dreamed of."

During the next year much happened in regard to the opening of hospitals for women. In the Medical School the women seniors were taking up the matter in a masterly manner;

public opinion began to take notice; there was a chance of political power. The result of all these efforts was that the Board in control of appointments of Gouverneur Hospital announced that if a woman won a position in the competitive examinations she would be allowed to fill it on the same basis as a man. This good news spread rapidly. Doctor Dunning writes of it:

"But I felt it was for the women then in college, and that I was strangely detached from the whole situation.

"When I reported the news to Doctor Jacobi, she wheeled around with that wonderful light in her eyes, and said, 'Doctor, you must take that examination!' I explained that I had not been preparing myself all winter for a competitive test, and that there was only one month before the examination. 'Nevertheless, you must take it, and do the best you can!'

"So I dropped everything else, and again had my two special tutors, who took me over a rapid survey of a year's work in one fearful hectic month.

"I knew myself too well by this time not to realize my weak points, and I knew that on the theoretical part of my examination, I could not hope to compete with the well-trained applicants of that year—nor had I deceived myself. I was not called back the second day for the practical bedside test. This seemed too bitterly cruel, after all the struggle I had been through, and as I had lost all a third time, I tersely and bitterly expressed my opinions to the chief examiner. I said, 'You gentlemen of the Examining Board know that last year I won first place, and that through no fault of mine except my sex, I was not allowed to have what I had honestly earned. It seems to me a bit of moral justice not to take advantage of the fact that I could not keep up to a competitive pitch for a whole year, when I was devoting myself to practical work. I believe because of the extraordinary circumstances, that I should be allowed to try the practical test, as you must all know that I could probably bring up my average on the practical side of the work.'

"Having thus relieved myself, I rang off the 'phone. This was about 10 A. M. By about twelve noon, I had slumped into the oblivion that comes when the tension breaks after weeks of strain. I recall a vivid yellow telegram being handed me. It said: 'Report at 2 P. M. for the practical examination. Gouverneur Hospital.' A scant two hours to collect my scattered brains, garments, and make a trip to the lower end of the city. A strange savage mood, cold, relentless, had come over me; all nervousness had vanished by the time I reached the hospital, and never was I more completely in control of my thinking centers. My bedside work was nearly 100 per cent perfect. I received fourth place. It was fully awarded this time, and the morning papers confirmed it."

Thus Doctor Dunning was allowed to take the fruits of her victory and was formally appointed to Gouverneur Hospital. Not only did this young woman carry her own success on her slender shoulders, but the fate of other women physicians depended on her staunch self-control, her ability to meet the unlimited demands, her adequate endurance. It was a test case. There was pioneer blood there and the gift of rising to an emergency, nerve to take the sporting chance, a determination that refused to admit handicaps, a vision of a square deal for all her sister physicians.

Doctor Dunning was six months an interne before she was given her first call to the ambulance service. On her first day, by eleven o'clock she had responded to thirty cases in the dispensary and two ambulance calls. In the afternoon there were five more calls: a crazy woman, two drunken men, a crushed leg, and a heat prostration.

An interesting account is given of the crushed leg incident. It seems that a cart pedlar had been run over by a heavy delivery wagon. He lay on the pavement surrounded by spectators as the ambulance from Gouverneur raced up. The crowd stared in amaze-

ment as the charming but very business-like young woman swung down from the end steps. The policeman in charge looked bewilderedly at the surgeon's cap and bag before he could command his wits and push a way for her to the patient. Doctor Dunning was wholly intent on her case. She was proving to the world that given a necessary technical knowledge, a woman was eminently fitted to succor the wounded, because of her greater desire to conserve human life and her personal attitude. A periodical of the day gives a most interesting account of this first call of the first woman-ambulance doctor.

". . . . Doctor Dunning seemed entirely unconscious of the staring and the wonder, being deeply intent on her patient, whose boot and trouser had to be cut away and the injured leg bound in splints before he could be lifted to a stretcher and placed in the ambulance. The work was quickly and deftly done, then the doctor jumped back to her place and gave the order to start. Quite spontaneously, and as one man, the crowd cheered and for the first time the young doctor seemed aware that she had a large and interested audience—though she showed it only by a slight blush."

Of course the newspapers were immensely attracted by the novelty of a woman ambulance surgeon and the reporters flocked about her. She had had her instructions from headquarters to give no interviews and to allow no kodaks. The reporters united in a plot to get the woman surgeon in action and to write up the event. They staged a suicide. One of their number was to plunge into the river with dramatic sensationalism, the ambulance would be called, and the physician on duty expected to do the rescue work. The reporters took no notice of the fact that the same surgeon is not on duty endlessly. The play was arranged for five-thirty on a hot August night. But the little woman surgeon went off duty at five and a strapping six-foot piece of masculinity took her place. Some one gave the whole thing away and the newspapermen were arrested and reported at the police station. The stalwart doctor went into supper resembling a thunder cloud and vented his annoyance on the innocent cause.

Those days have gone. Reporters as well as street crowds have become used to women surgeons working in all lines, and many a funny episode has passed into forgotten periodicals or been buried in the memories of the participants.

Doctor Barringer was given very hard work in the hottest part of the summer weather. Perhaps it was hoped that she would tire out or give up. If so, they reckoned without their host.

Periodicals of the day tell us: "While at Gouverneur Hospital, Doctor Dunning's work in the poorer quarters of the city was most successful. The East Side has a lot of respect for Doctor Dunning. In spite of the prejudice against a woman hospital physician she made good after her appointment to Gouverneur, both as ambulance surgeon and Chief of Staff. When she retired from the hospital she received a testimonial signed by several hundred citizens of the East Side."

There is a significant part of this book of names. It was told Doctor Dunning that no one but "respectable" citizens were eligible signers. No man with a prison record was allowed to sign, nor any man who kept a disorderly house nor a corner saloon, nor were they allowed to contribute to the testimonial.

The resolutions were as follows: "Testimonial from the Citizens of New York, the Police of the Seventh, Twelfth and Thirteenth Precincts, and the Ambulance Drivers of Gouverneur Hospital to Doctor Emily Dunning, upon her retirement January 1, 1905, as Chief of Staff of Gouverneur Hospital, New York. Doctor Dunning for two years has served the hospital and the people of New York in a manner that has won the admiration and esteem of her fellow-workers and of all those with whom she has been brought in contact. Her wonderful skill, conscientious and untiring efforts, charm of manner, devo-

tion to her patients, extreme kindness and consideration for all who labored with her, have endeared her to all.

"As the only woman ambulance surgeon in the world she has won distinction that is world-wide and has brought honor, not only upon herself, but upon her sex, her profession, Gouverneur Hospital and the City of New York. We hope and pray that the future may hold happiness and additional honors in store for her, and our best wishes follow her in her new labors."

Upon Doctor Dunning's retirement from the hospital, she married Doctor Benjamin Stockwell Barringer, a New York surgeon. He is of old American stock. The name is from his French Huguenot ancestors. On his mother's side, the Stockwells were early Vermont pioneer settlers.

The two physicians spent the following winter in post-graduate study in Vienna and other foreign medical centers. Upon their return they went into private practice in New York City.

Doctor Emily Barringer has always emphasized the value of athletics for young women, both as a sport and for the physical benefits derived. It was a fitting appointment when she was made examining physician to Sage College, which gave her charge of the medical supervision of the athletics of the women in Cornell.

She held that position for three years, when she gave it up because of the necessary demands of her practice and hospital work, she being Visiting Surgeon to the New York Infirmary for Women and Children.

In 1909, Doctor Barringer was nominated as a candidate for trustee of Cornell University, a distinguished honor. Although defeated, her large vote was a significant compliment to her.

In addition to her private practice, Doctor Barringer was Visiting Surgeon to the New York Infirmary for Women and Children until 1916; Instructor of Gynecology in the New York Polyclinic Medical School and Hospital; Examining Surgeon of the Metropolitan Street Railway; Examining Surgeon for the Corporation Counsel of New York City; Examining Physician to the Hebrew Technical School for Girls, where she is still Director of the Medical Department though she has delegated the active work of the department to a Medical Staff. The development of this Medical Department was one of very great interest to Doctor Barringer as Mrs. Nathaniel Myers, a great philanthropist and a very keen educator, asked her to build a medical department to safeguard the health of the growing school girl and to be also a laboratory to work out special problems of school life from a medical standpoint. The outcome was a wonderful medical department on the roof of a model school building, with consulting and examining room, isolation rooms and a beautiful roof garden, which was a rest room where special lines of treatment could be followed up. This Medical Department was a pioneer of school possibilities and has been and is doing a big bit of work in preventive medicine among students.

When America entered the war, Doctor Barringer felt that it was her duty to remain on the home guard. She accordingly volunteered her services as surgeon on the Staff of the Women's Army General Hospital of New York, which hospital was organized under the able directorship of Doctor Josephine Walter and was accepted by the government at Washington.

The Medical Women's National Association called a war time meeting and considered how it would be possible to use the women physicians of America to the best advantage. Out of this meeting grew a War Service Committee which was called the American Women's Hospitals. Doctor Rosalie Morton was appointed Chairman of this Committee. Doctor Morton consented to serve if Doctor Barringer would act as Vice-Chairman. The two women proceeded to work with a rare comradeship and a wonderful National Committee grew up around them.

With the patriotic thrill that awoke everyone to fervid service, a complete national survey was made from coast to coast. There were classifications for home and foreign service, equipment, supplies, and finally a war chest to set the machinery in motion. It was amazing, their coöperation and determination, until, with money in hand, the women sent their woman physician units over to the stricken people of France and Serbia. A beautiful compliment to Doctor Barringer was paid by her life long friend, Mrs. August Lewis, who donated an ambulance to be known as the *Emily Dunning Barringer Ambulance*, in honor of New York's first woman ambulance surgeon. This ambulance was sent with that memorable first unit to France. Emily Dunning Barringer received a Decoration from the King of Serbia. History must honor the splendid war time achievement of the women physicians' work in France, Serbia, and later in the Near East.

During the war, as an emergency measure, legislative laws were enacted which gave the New York City Board of Health increased powers in the apprehension and isolation of those afflicted with venereal disease. This was done primarily to safeguard the thousands of troops pouring through New York en route to France. A special hospital was set aside for the treatment of women so afflicted, and the Board of Health appointed a staff to treat these cases. Doctor Barringer was named to take charge of the Gonorrhœa Division of this service and was designated, "Attending Physician to the Venereal Division Service Bureau of Hospitals of the New York Board of Health." It was an extremely encouraging sign of the progress of the times that since the war is over and the special emergency removed, the New York Board of Health has not relinquished the vantage point gained. Prostitution has been put on a new basis in New York, and women proven to be infected with venereal disease are officially held as contagious cases until safe for release.

Out of the war time service there has grown an extraordinary institution for the study and cure of venereal disease and Doctor Barringer has an opportunity in this large service to carry on her most mature works. Here, as in a laboratory, can be carried out extensive surveys and examinations of all the factors that combine to make venereal disease the scourge it is, and here again new and untried lines of treatment can be worked out, which are enormously influencing the curability of venereal disease.

Doctor Barringer has always been an ardent suffragist and at one time was a member of the Executive Board of the Equality League of Self-Supporting Women. She soon found that to be in active suffrage work it became necessary to give a great deal of time and that the more one gave, the bigger the demand to do so. As she was actively engrossed in a profession that demanded her supreme attention, it became necessary to withdraw from active suffrage work.

And perhaps it is well to touch for a moment on Doctor Barringer's private life, which is an especially happy one. She and her husband are blessed with two lovely children: a son, Benjamin Lang Barringer, born December 20, 1910, and a daughter, Emily Velona Barringer, born October 2, 1918. While she and her husband live in New York and practice there, they have a little farm in Connecticut, easy of access, where in short or longer visits they can get the change and rest and recreation which has helped them enormously in their strenuous professional life. Here every member of the family can carry out his or her hobby, be it garden, chickens, or bees. Here the children can enjoy all that is dear to the childish heart; animal pets, big and small, woods, fields, a "swimmin' hole" and plenty of blue, blue sky.

Doctor Barringer is a Fellow of the American College of Surgeons; Fellow of the American Medical Association; Member of The Medical Women's National Association, The Women's Medical Society of New York State, of which she has been president, and

The Women's Medical Association of New York City, of which she has been president; Fellow of the New York Academy of Medicine; The Women's University Club; the Cornell Alumnae Club; Kappa Kappa Gamma Fraternity; A. E. I. Fraternity. Doctor Barringer is Attending Gynecologist to the Kingston Avenue Hospital Department of Health, New York City, and is Director of the Medical Department Hebrew Technical School for Girls.

Genealogy

1. See the records of Hinckley family, Barnstable Notes. Vol. II, p. 43.

2. See records of Dunning family.

3. Edwin James Dunning, paternal grandfather of Emily Dunning, was nephew of Edwin James, well-known physician, botanist and writer (see James' records of *Major Lang's Expedition to the Rocky Mountains, 1821*. James was a member of this expedition and the first white man to climb Pike's Peak. Mount James was named for him.

4. Henry W. Sage was paternal great-uncle of Emily Dunning.

5. John Bailey, great-great-grandfather of Emily Dunning, was a sword maker and forged George Washington's campaign sword (see sword in National Museum, Washington).

GRISWOLD, EDITH JULIA, lawyer, patent expert, was born in Windsor, Connecticut, February 12, 1863, daughter of Thomas Newell and Cornelia Stanley Babcock Griswold. She is a descendant of Edward Griswold, who came from Kenilworth, County of Warwick, England, in 1635, and settled in Windsor, Connecticut. Through her mother, too, she traces a long line of New England ancestry.

Miss Griswold is a distinguished patent lawyer, whose reputation and success at the New York bar is of many years' standing. Although obliged to give up active office work in 1905, on account of ill health, she has continued, at her home, the "expert work," for which her knowledge and experience are in great demand. But she is more than a bright lawyer in that department of law still new to women. She has been for many years a deep student of philosophical thought, especially in the new psychology and metaphysics.

In the old town on the Connecticut River that her ancestors helped to found in 1635, Edith Griswold spent her early years. Her father was the owner of the first Windsor Hotel, a famous hostelry of the Civil War days. He was said to be a born hotel-keeper because of his wonderful disposition and genial manner. His little girls—there were two of them—began their school life in the old Windsor Academy for Young Ladies, which was also a famous institution. In 1869, the Windsor Hotel burned and the family moved to New York. Edith attended Public School No. 47, "Old Twelfth," from which she was graduated in 1879. Then followed four years at the New York Normal College. She was graduated with a license to teach in the New York Schools. But there was at that time a special course in electricity. She was fascinated by the subject and her father told her to go ahead. She gained a great deal from the course and considers that, although she grew into practice of law without any particular leaning that way, her best work was always and still is along electrical lines.

Especially appreciative of her father, who, she declares, was the best man in the world and who had made many sacrifices to give her the education, she did not think it right to allow him to support her further and went into business.

She began as a mechanical draughtsman, in 1884, and with the exception of work with D. J. Miller, one of the first cable railroad men, in whose office she had fine practice with working drawings and estimating costs for cable railroad, in 1885 and 1886, her work was patent-office drawing.

While Miss Griswold was working as a mechanical draughtsman, she also taught geometry and mathematics in a private

school. She found this a great pleasure. She had always favored mathematics and found it very easy and interesting. That it was something of a special gift, her subsequent career bears witness.

By this time, Miss Griswold had become very much interested in patent law, and, in 1887, she gave up her office work as a mechanical draughtsman (then at 234 Broadway, where the Woolworth Building now stands), to act as managing clerk in a patent law office in order to learn that profession—attracted to it by her work in patent office drawings. She also attended lectures at the New York University Law School. In speaking of her life, Miss Griswold declares that her success in her profession was not due to ambition or over-strenuous work; that she simply did her best in whatever line of work came her way. Her office hours were short and the work not hard, she confesses, since her health would not have permitted such work as many women lawyers do now. Slowly for her grew the conviction that if we do the best we can each day, we need never worry over results.

In 1897, Miss Griswold left the firm of patent lawyers to open her own office in the St. Paul Building, as a patent attorney. That she prospered from the beginning, without struggles or troubles, she felt was simply because she again did the best work of which she was capable regardless of the fees received.

Miss Griswold, in 1898, took the bar examinations and until 1908 kept her office in the St. Paul Building, although after 1905 her health compelled her to give up the too regular office work. However, the "expert work" was not given up, as she found that she could study better at home than in an office. She has continued in this line ever since, doing only what she believes necessary to maintain herself quietly in the home she made overlooking the Hudson River. She built the little house from her own plans, a most artistic cottage, where she prefers to live quietly, to drop out gradually from the active business world, and to escape thereby being pushed or pulled into many activities that she regards as time-wasters.

This pioneer woman expert in patent law has much to say on the subject of the advantages of being a patent lawyer. In *Case and Comment* she gives a very delightful little article expressing her views. No other field, she says, could possibly give such a splendid opportunity for watching the strides of civilization. Then, too, this field offers a wonderful chance for the sharpening of wits. Miss Griswold whimsically says that only by a person used to the intricacies of patent laws could the difference between "tweedledum" and "tweedledee" be understood.

Especially, does Miss Griswold advise women to go into the "expert work." This work, she declares, is most fascinating of all. The expert must, of course, be an authority on the line he represents. The testimony of these experts is of great service to judge and jurors. The joy of this line of work is that all the drudgery of details in filing cases is left to others. The expert simply gives his opinion—which of course is the result of much experience in the particular line under discussion—and then moves on to another case, with none of the responsibilities of the decision. Before 1912, up to which time the experts generally testified only in the lawyer's office, the work was particularly easy.

Miss Griswold says that another advantage of being an expert is the chance one gets of meeting real inventors—not just the haphazard inventor, but the true genius. She says:

"And to the women lawyers who are thinking of taking up patent law, I will say that it appears to take a real inventor to see that a woman's mind is fully capable of grasping new ideas; and she is likely to escape the bores who have fallen in love with their own grey matter, and think they are going to revolutionize the world with their inventions."

Miss Griswold tells many entertaining stories of her fellow lawyers of the male persuasion. "I remember the advice of one

lawyer, who told me not to answer promptly, even if I knew just what to say, for if I appeared to be deliberating, the lawyer on the other side would think it useless to try to trip me up with catch questions." Many minutes were spent in ceiling gazing, with looks of rapt concentration. A ceiling, says Miss Griswold, is really a necessary appendage of a patent lawyer, else how is the client to be impressed.

Along with her handling of much patent work from old clients Miss Griswold finds time for study along the lines of the meaning of life, which is to her the one big experiment, and this quiet study compensates for the loss of newspaper notoriety which was so freely given her and which she never made the mistake of thinking fame.

When Miss Griswold was in the Normal College, she began to study psychology and has kept it up ever since. She regards it as the most important factor in her life. She tells how it has influenced her work in a very interesting way.

"I found that much study and poring over text-books," she explains, "only served to benumb my brain, so with each case put in my hands I use certain methods I have learned from the writers in psychology who assume that mind influences the brain and not that the motion of the atoms of the brain make a by-product called thought. I gather material written on the subject of the case in hand and read it through restfully while paying strict attention to the subject. I then put everything out of my conscious mind. If I begin to puzzle over the matter I switch it off my mind by any means I can, studying French or Italian or playing on the piano or violin, and wait until the whole matter has somehow unconsciously organized itself, and then, when I feel the push, I take a pencil and paper and write what comes. This method has never failed me and it has made my work very easy."

Of late years Miss Griswold has taken up the study of Henri Bergson's philosophy with a group of friends. To furnish this group of students with text-books, Miss Griswold has written a series of booklets showing the trend of the new philosophy of this former professor of philosophy in the College of France. Also she has written articles to show what it means to be "one with the Father" and "led by the Spirit." After these articles were written, she resolved to print them herself. To a woman who had spent many years in unraveling intricate inventions this did not seem impossible. She bought a small printing press and type and learned the art all by herself. She has printed, and bound most artistically, four booklets, limiting the edition to the hundred copies numbered and autographed by herself. They are entitled *A Study of Life.* She has woven into the texture of these pamphlets the philosophy of Bergson and the psychology of William James, making her interpretations lucid as well as deeply analytical.

When it is stated that Edith Griswold is the only woman patent expert in the United States, it must be inferred that though there are scores of women in law, of the few in patent law none other has the necessary qualifications possessed by Miss Griswold. While her work has been along mechanical lines, including electrical apparatus, instruments of precision and other intricate devices requiring long and hard study, her expert work which comes from other patent lawyers has, with but one exception, been confined to patents relating to articles used or worn by women.

Miss Griswold thinks that this expert work was given her at the beginning of her career. In spite of the fact that she does not gain much advanced mechanical knowledge from this, the practice of having her wits sharpened by constant matches in thinking power with those of cross-examining lawyers who take great pride in tripping up expert witnesses has induced Miss Griswold to adhere to this particular line of practice.

Because of her superior qualifications, Miss Griswold was elected to be the woman juror

on the Jury of Awards in the Machinery Department of the St. Louis Exposition, in 1904. This jury was composed of men from each country whose citizens exhibited in the Machinery Department: England, France, Germany, Belgium, Sweden, and Norway, and one woman was called for each department. Miss Griswold was chosen for the Machinery Department. No appointment could have been more fitting than that of the woman who at the age of fourteen constructed a telephone in her home and who can take apart a clock or bicycle and put it together again, probably better than it was in the first place, and who is especially gifted along the electrical line.

The groups, she with the gentlemen of the jury passed judgment on, were five, as follows: steam engines, various motors, general machinery, machine tools, arsenal tools. Miss Griswold declares that in serving on this jury she learned more than she gave. The inspection and study of this machinery, says Miss Griswold, was a delight and a good part of her continuing "education." To continue education is her hobby. She is fulfilling the mission of the race, to be always learning.

With the systematic exactness of the mathematician she combines feminine graces and refined tastes. Miss Griswold is a dainty, charming woman with a soft, low voice and eyes that might be sharp but have only the kindliest expression.

Miss Griswold declares that she has never suffered from discourtesy on the part of the male lawyers. "No, on the whole," she says, "I have been treated with greatest kindness. Much depends on the bearing of the woman. Of course, now and then one meets with a man who acts in a childish manner, who sulks or tries to ignore the woman lawyer with whom he has business dealings. We always feel sorry for such a man because he's so awfully behind the times. He is usually ashamed of himself in the end."

In many instances she says that she was shown the utmost courtesy simply because she was a woman. In illustration of such an incident, she says:

"At the St. Louis Exposition, in 1904, I was the woman juror on the Jury of Awards in the Machinery Department. This jury was composed of men from each country whose citizens exhibited in the Machinery Department—England, France, Germany, Belgium, Sweden, and Norway, and one woman was called for each department. I was chosen for the Machinery Department.

"I had a client who was a pioneer in a certain line. He is a Frenchman and was misled as to the patent laws and did not apply for patent protection. He made a new form of water-meter, greatly simplifying the device, and as soon as his water-meter was put on the market, all the other water-meter companies applied the new idea to their own meters. The Frenchman was and is a genius and, in spite of this, made money.

"When the water-meter exhibits were under discussion, I told the jurors about this client who was the first to apply the mutating disc to meters. Nothing further was said to me on the subject until the last day, when the discussions were all over and the award of medals decided upon. I knew the award to all except one, and when this was announced all eyes were turned on me to see the pleasure they probably knew I would show.

"These men had gone to the trouble of making all the enquiries required, telegraphing where necessary, and learned that my statements were fully justified—and they awarded my client a medal for his pioneer work in that line. Was that not more than considerate to do this without my knowledge? For had they not been able to find the proof necessary for the award, I would have been put in an awkward position."

Miss Griswold thinks there is a great future for women lawyers. In the first place they have convinced men of their business ability and shrewdness. They are respected by men lawyers. Intellectual men seldom show prejudice. The woman attorney is honest and

the proverbially helpless widow and orphans need not fear to put their interests into her hands.

Miss Griswold was one of the founders of the *Woman Lawyer's Journal*, in 1911. She has been associate editor and writer for it, and has also written occasionally for other magazines. From 1912 to 1914, she was President of the Woman Lawyer's Association, of which she is still a member. The first meeting of this association was held in her office in 1899.

Miss Griswold's line of descent in America dates back to 1635, when Edward Griswold, born 1607, came from Kenilworth, Warwickshire, England, to Connecticut, with the first company to plant the flag on the shores of the Connecticut River. A history published in 1885, *A History of the United States*, by Emery E. Childs, says:

"A few emigrants from the Plymouth Colony made a settlement on the Connecticut River, at the place since called Windsor. Upon ascending the river their passage was unsuccessfully opposed by the Dutch, who had established a fort on the site of the present city of Hartford. At Windsor, the settlers immediately commenced the erection of a house from materials brought with them from Plymouth. This was the first house built in Connecticut."

This Edward Griswold was married in England and brought his wife with him. The grave of his wife, Margaret Griswold, who died, in 1670, at Killingworth, now Clinton, is the oldest in the Clinton Cemetery. Edward Griswold died in 1691.

Joseph, son of Edward and Margaret Griswold (1647–1716), married Mary Gaylord, born 1649. Their son, Joseph, Junior, was born in 1677. His son, George, born in 1709, died in 1749, married Zemiah Griswold (1703–1748), a cousin, or daughter, of Benjamin and Mary Holcombe Griswold. Their son, George, Junior, born in 1737 and died in 1823, was a lieutenant in the War for Independence. This George, Junior, married Mary Hayden (1739–1788). Their son, Levi (1769–1844), who married Azuba, had a son, Wareham (1792———). This Wareham, who married Sylvia Clark (whose mother was a Griswold), was Miss Griswold's grandfather. Their son, Thomas Newell Griswold (1831–1905) married Cornelia Stanley Babcock, in 1859. Their daughter was Edith Julia Griswold.

Miss Griswold had two sisters, one older, who is still living (Mrs. Carrie Griswold Sarles, a grandmother now, but a very successful business woman), and a younger sister who died at the age of three.

BASCOM, FLORENCE, geologist, was born in Williamstown, Massachusetts, the daughter of John and Emma Curtiss Bascom. The first American ancestor of the name, Thomas Bascom, came from "one of the border counties near the Clyde," in 1834, and settled in Dorchester, Massachusetts, later joining the Windsor Settlement, of Connecticut. Miss Bascom's mother is a direct descendant of Captain Miles Standish, through his son, Alex, through Ebenezer, Moses, John, Sophia, whose daughter, Caroline Owen, married Orrin Curtiss and was the grandmother of Miss Bascom. On the Curtiss side, there was also William Curtiss of Nazig, Essex County, England, who landed on Sunday, September 16, 1832, in Roxbury, Massachusetts.

Miss Bascom received her doctorate from the John Hopkins University. She is now head of the Department of Geology at Bryn Mawr College, and since 1896 has been engaged in research work under the United States Geological Survey. A series of folios on eastern Pennsylvania, of which three have already been published by the Survey and four are ready for the press, are the results of her labor. Her published papers have been largely on rocks. She was associate editor of the *American Geologist* until it merged with the *Economic Geologist.*

From the country of the Berkshire Hills of

Massachusetts, Florence Bascom was taken at an early age to the beautiful town of Madison, Wisconsin, where for thirteen years her father was President of the University of Wisconsin. Preparing for college in the public schools, she entered the University in the class of 1881, spent five years there, and took the degrees of B.A. and B.S.

Before taking up graduate work, she went to Hampton Institute in response to a strong impulse for social service. She taught there a year, and has always remained a devoted friend of that great school for the colored races.

She returned to Wisconsin University for graduate work in the Department of Geology and received, under Professor R. D. Irving, the training that determined the direction of her life-work. With an interval of two years of teaching at Rockford College, she entered the Graduate School of John Hopkins University, and received after two years the first degree of Doctor of Philosophy bestowed on a woman by that university.

At this time Miss Bascom became a member of the Phi Beta Kappa. From John Hopkins, she was called to the Ohio State University to assist Doctor Orton, State Geologist. Two years later, she became lecturer in Geology at Bryn Mawr College, where she has been, for several years, full professor with an associate in the department.

Miss Bascom has been connected with the United States Geological Survey since 1896. She has written, in collaboration with geologists of the Survey, a series of folios on eastern Pennsylvania, three of which have been published and four of which are ready for the press. On her own special subject, metamorphic rocks, she has written a bulletin and several papers. Miss Bascom was associate editor of the *American Geologist* until it was merged with the *Economic Geologist.*

Miss Bascom has attended scientific conferences in Russia, Sweden, Mexico, Canada and the United States, and has spent some time at one of the German universities. These conferences have opened opportunities for travel in many parts of the world: Russia, Sweden, Norway, Finland, Spitzbergen and the mountains of Germany, Switzerland, Mexico, Canada and the United States.

Miss Bascom, in commenting on the value of geological pursuits for young women, declares that she is convinced, even in the face of her accomplishment in this unusual field and the fair and friendly treatment she has received from geologists everywhere, that no girl should follow the science as a life-work, save as she has become, through an acquaintance with the subject itself, an ardent and unwavering devotee of this particular science; even so, she should think twice for there are more handicaps for women in this science than in any other. Miss Bascom emphasizes that there should be always the "independent appeal."

Miss Bascom's clubs and societies include: Fellowship in the American Association for the Advancement of Science; fellowship in the Geological Society of America; fellowship in the Geographical Society of New York; membership in the Academy of Natural Sciences of Philadelphia, Geographical Society of Philadelphia, Seismological Society of America, National Forestry Association, Academy of Natural Sciences of Washington, Institute of Mining and Metallurgical Engineers.

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SKINNER, BELLE, philanthropist, was born in Skinnerville, near Northampton, Massachusetts, the daughter of William Skinner, an Englishman, who came to America in 1843 and established a silk business in Northampton. After the Mill River Flood, in 1874, by which his property was destroyed, Miss Skinner's father rebuilt his mills in Holyoke, Massachusetts, and in that city is Miss Skinner's present home. Her mother was Sarah E. Allen Skinner, a descendant of Samuel Allen, who came from England, in 1636, and settled soon after that date in Boston. There have been noted patriots in the Allen family. Betty Allen, one of Miss Skinner's ancestors, sent six sons to the Revolutionary War.

Following her family tradition, Miss Skinner gives not only of her fortune but of her time and personal effort to varied benefactions. In her home town in Massachusetts she aids many causes and institutions; during the war, she organized the American Committee of the Villages Libérés and was its President; among the various acts of post-war service is her adoption of the French village of Hattonchâtel, in the Department of the Meuse, which she has restored to more than its former comfort. In recognition of her unselfish and well-directed efforts for the relief of suffering in France, the French Government bestowed upon Belle Skinner, in 1919, the Gold Medal of the Reconnaissance Française, and, in 1920, the Cross of the Légion d'Honneur.

Belle Skinner received her early education in the public schools of Holyoke, her formal education as it were. But about her in her home were unusual influences that shaped her character and her broad outlook. The atmosphere of her home life with its constant sympathetic consideration of others less favored, ingrained its lessons into her heart and has been the incentive to many acts of helpful service. Also there was the influence of a father who had a vision of the greater place women must take in world affairs. Long before it was a plausible cause, he heartily believed that all the rights and privileges of citizenship should be extended to women and he admired the pioneers of the suffrage cause, their courage and their intelligence. This was an unusual environment for a girl back in the eighties of the Victorian age when Miss Skinner was preparing for college. She carried this spirit to Vassar, where she entered

with the class of '87. Miss Skinner disclaims any superior scholarship; she declares that she led the life of a normal college girl. But her classmates attest to her popularity and leadership in the activities of the college, and she graduated the President of her class. Her interest in university life has continued. She is a member of the Women's University Club, of both New York and Paris, and is a Director of the International Federation of University Women.

After leaving college, Miss Skinner spent a year in France and then for several years she traveled widely with her family, visiting leisurely the Far East as well as the remote corners of Europe.

Miss Skinner came home to America to a full life of social activities but she always found time to give of her time and thought as well as money in a hundred different ways. Her benefactions in her own Holyoke are well-known.

When the World War began in August, 1914, Miss Skinner's sympathy was immediately drawn to France.

But it is Miss Skinner's adoption of the French village of Hattonchâtel and her help in the restoration that has crowned her vision and service to France and has marked her a woman of constructive thought and practical execution.

The ancient houses and church of Hattonchâtel attracted many visitors before the war, among them Belle Skinner, of Holyoke. This little village of Hattonchâtel has been famous as a chateau-fort for centuries. It was founded in 850 by Bishop Hatton of Verdun. Situated on a high hill rising abruptly out of the plain, for a thousand years it has dominated the valley of the Woevre. It made an indelible impression upon Miss Skinner by reason of its resemblance to her familiar New England scenery. The hill, Hattonchâtel, seemed to her almost a sister in appearance to Mount Tom, which overlooks the beautiful Connecticut Valley near Holyoke, Massachusetts, and the Meuse, even with its bristling forts, reminded her of the river that flows through the peaceful meadows of her native state.

During the dark days of 1918, she saw it again, this time through field glasses from within the French lines. It was in the hands of the Germans. They had taken the village without resistance and had held it for four years. At the approach of the invader, the priest had led his flock to safe quarters, leaving their homes and precious old landmarks to the ruthless hands of the Huns.

Miss Skinner declared to a French officer that this was to be her village to adopt. When he protested that there was nothing left but the hill, she replied with true American vision:

"Then I will rebuild what there is of it."

It was only a few months later, at the very foot of the little hill, that the two thrusts of the American Army met and drove the Germans out of the St. Mihiel sector, and many boys from Miss Skinner's own home town of Holyoke helped to pay the price with their lives.

Miss Skinner immediately arranged with the French Government to care for the scattered population until rebuilding could begin.

One day in 1919 she drove her car up the hill and viewed the scene of its utter wreckage. Hardly a house stood. The stately old church was roofless; even the bell, which for generation after generation had tolled from its tower, was gone. Of productive vegetation there was none. The little farms which they had cultivated for centuries were tortured bits of ground. Back to this scene of ruin and desolation had come the priest with the little flock which he had shepherded in their refugee life for four years.

"It takes brave hearts to come back to this and begin over again," thought Miss Skinner. "If ever a people deserve aid it is these French peasants." And she resolutely set out to help them restore the village without a thought of failure.

Miss Skinner accepts only a modest amount of praise for her adopted village.

HATTONCHÂTEL

"France rebuilds her own villages," she explains. "When one adopts a village you become responsible for improved living conditions. These are luxuries that France cannot afford."

Miss Skinner feels that besides restoring to the village its medieval beauty, her supreme gift to it was the gift of water—a complete water system—making possible better living conditions to the people. No longer do the women carry their family wash down the 600-foot hill to the little pond in the plain and toil up again with the wet clothes. No longer do they have to lug up those 600 feet every bit of their water. An American-made gas engine chugs away to hoist water from the purified spring to a beautiful new reservoir on top of the hill, whence it is piped to necessary terminals. A pretty, enclosed, Gothic lavoir, or community wash-house, makes blue Monday a light burden when the Hattonchâtel housewives gather to wash their clothes a few steps from their own doors in true community style, while the children frolic in the community playground. There are in addition seven pumps in the town. Most astonishing to the natives was the introduction of this new system. In speaking of it, Miss Skinner says:

"You should have seen the amazement on their faces when we first turned on the faucets and they saw the clear water flow into their tubs."

During the excavations there was brought to light an earthen pot containing 400 gold and silver coins, all buried there before Columbus discovered America.

She also built a model school house and Town Hall, containing a Cinema Hall and Library, and installed electricity in the village. A bronze medal of Miss Skinner has been placed in the entrance of the Town Hall by the Commune of Hattonchâtel, as a mark of gratitude to her.

At the bottom of the hill a dispensary was built—with a visiting French nurse who went about on a bicycle, serving the seven towns of the Commune. This dispensary was later incorporated into the English Hospital, where Miss Skinner donated the money for a wing.

There are cows and chickens and rabbits brought from Normandy in the field at the foot of Hattonchâtel. And the fields have assumed the geometrical outlines and are producing food. Scythes and flails are gone, replaced by modern farm machinery. A threshing machine and a reaper belong to the seven towns and are used in common.

And a bell again chimes out the angelus to the peasants in the valley field. It is a bronze bell manufactured especially to replace the one stolen by the enemy. On its side are embossed the words, "Je m'appelle Sarah Isabelle" (I am Sarah Isabelle) for so the bell is named.

"Sarah Isabelle" was christened at the general celebration of the completion of the work. September thirteenth was chosen for the day, the anniversary of the date on which French and American troops, coöperating, liberated the village.

It was the greatest day in the history of the village. Premier Poincaré was one of the twenty imposing guests. Among them also were the Bishop of Verdun and two priests in their brilliant robes; there were American and French officers and soldiers, officials of the French Government and American embassy; and there were pretty peasant girls as they all marched to the unveiling of "Sarah Isabelle." Dressed as a bride in appropriate lace, the bell was blessed and then stripped of her adornments, was hoisted to the belfry of the ancient church to ring out over the new and happier centuries to come.

Miss Skinner declares that when she watched the colorful parade she felt that it was the proudest moment of her life.

After the ceremony the entire assembly descended to the village of Vigneulles, where a memoir tablet commemorated the junction of the French and American troops, which wiped out the St. Mihiel salient. As the short service ended amid the stirring music of the

chasseurs-a-pied with their flashing trumpets, suddenly over their heads floated the peals of the Angelus. It was "Sarah Isabelle's" first summons to prayer.

Miss Skinner, in describing the scene declares that the effect was dramatic indeed:

"A thousand-odd people listened and breathed their prayers, and then sprang to their feet electrified. It was truly a spiritual rehabitation."

Unlike many reformers, Miss Skinner shows every indication of continuing her efforts on behalf of her "baby," as she calls her village. She intends to visit France every year to further the good of Hattonchâtel and Apremont, a sister town of Hattonchâtel which is also being reconstructed. Since the adoption, Miss Skinner has almost fed and clothed the village, even supplying medical care. The gratitude of the populace is profound. The town folk doff their hats and courtesy when this fairy godmother passes. One old woman of eighty-six always kneels and kisses her hand when she passes her in the street.

France, seeing the spirit of Miss Skinner, has asked her to be the President of an American branch of the French Committee for the "Villages Libérés." In this capacity she worked three years, speaking in public and private, asking America to adopt French villages and rebuild in the French way. Out of these have sprung whole villages or hospitals and luxuries of every sort, where before was desolation.

Miss Skinner is of the firm conviction that France will rebuild. The French spirit is found in its peasantry. She says:

"It is the French peasant who will rebuild France. For example, every available inch of ground in the rich Department of the Meuse will be under cultivation by spring. Even now the agricultural situation is superb. The peasants are, in some instances, subordinating actual home building to the tasks of making the soil give forth its maximum yield. Home building can come more gradually, for the spirit of the peasants and governmental aid where necessary are agencies which guarantee this. The vineyards and the crops come first, and the peasant is hard at work."

In speaking of the old French villages, Miss Skinner declares: "The dark corners which Americans found in French villages and which have characterized them for centuries before Joan of Arc are the only features that will be lost. Architects of the government are everywhere to advise in structural plans, from single houses to entire towns, and none of the picturesqueness will be sacrificed. There will be added sanitation of course."

Miss Skinner has not given all her time to charitable work. She has achieved distinction as a writer. Various of her stories, including articles on the French village of Hattonchâtel, have appeared in the *Atlantic Monthly*, *North American Review*, and other periodicals.

Always interested in music, Miss Skinner has gathered together a collection of musical instruments which is considered one of the finest collections in the world. There are keyboards dating from 1538, among which are examples, in beautifully decorated cases, of all the great makers of harpsichords and spinets. There is one that belonged to Nell Gwynne. One also that was Marie Antoinette's, probably the most beautiful.

Of string instruments she has an almost complete collection.

The instruments are kept always in playing condition and are a source of inspiration to students and artists alike. Thus music students of the New England colleges are always permitted to visit her music room for the purpose of study, and many of the greatest artists have come with keen interest to look over the array and have added their beautiful music to the memories that cluster about them.

A list of Miss Skinner's clubs and societies include: Vassar Club, New York; Women's University Club, New York; American Women's Club, Paris; Cercle Interallic, Paris; Women's University Club, Paris; Daughters of the American Revolution.

TERHUNE, ANICE MORRIS STOCKTON (Mrs. Albert Payson Terhune), composer, writer, was born in Hampton, Massachusetts, the daughter of John Potter and Elizabeth Morris Olmstead Stockton. Mrs. Terhune belongs to the family of Stocktons who number many illustrious names in their history.

Mrs. Terhune who was for several years concert pianist and organist in New York and Cleveland, is best known as a composer of children's songs. They have struck a responsive note from a world audience and are sung by child voices in a thousand class-rooms, in constantly increasing demand. The lyrics too come from her pen. As if that were not enough, Mrs. Terhune has written notable short stories, two novels that were well received, and the music of a comic opera, besides a hundred songs.

Albert Payson Terhune, in an account of his wife, says:

"The Springfield express stopped at a way station. Through the sudden cessation of noise a sweet and high voice was heard, singing an aria from one of the old Italian operas. People in the car turned to locate the singer. Two musicians,—members of the Boston Symphony orchestra,—were the first to find her. They stared unbelieving. Then one of them exclaimed:

"Why, it's that baby in front of us! It can't be. But—it *is!*"

Tucked away in a corner of the seat ahead sat a three-year old little girl; bronze-gold of hair and with great brown eyes two sizes too big for her tiny face. Oblivious of everyone around her, she was staring gravely out of the dusty window; and singing to herself. Her voice was flawlessly true and its soft tones had a carrying power. Her doll was seated on her lap. The child did not know she had any other audience. She was annoyed at the interruption when the musicians came to congratulate her on her strange exploit and to prophecy a Future for her.

This was Anice Terhune's first public performance. In those days, she was Anice Stockton; a very small child with a very illustrious pedigree. For her grandfather was Ambassador to Italy and later was United States Senator. Her great grandfather-was Commodore Stockton, head of the United States Navy and "Conqueror of California." Her great-great-great-grandfather was the Richard Stockton who signed the Declaration of Independence and who won further fame as Chief Justice.

Her mother died, and she was brought up by her great-aunt and great-uncle, Mr. and Mrs. James E. McIntire, of Springfield, Massachusetts. Mr. McIntire was a famous lawyer and was one of the most scholarly men of his day. From earliest childhood, he taught this great-niece of his to love the classics and to revel in a course of study that would daze the average girl. At sixteen, she passed the entrance examinations to Harvard;—not with any intent of going there; but for mental exercise.

By the time she was four years old, she was composing queer little melodies on the piano, improvising a bass, of her own; and singing to herself her compositions. As soon as her fingers were strong enough for the task, she studied the piano in earnest. Her chief teachers were Louis Coenen, of Rotterdam, and Franklin Bassett, both nationally known and both ideal instructors.

A shining career as a concert pianist was cut short by a physical breakdown, due to overpractice. A few years later, a similar breakdown brought to a halt her work as a church organist. Undeterred, she turned again to her ambition of winning renown as a pianist; only to be stopped again by ill-health. The spirit was not only willing but flamingly eager. But the fragile body could not stand the strain. Uncomplainingly, she turned her back on her life-ambition; and sought musical expression along less health-wrecking lines.

It was then that she put into practical use her inborn talent for composing. After setbacks that would have stopped the average

aspirant, she began to win recognition. The late Rudolph Schirmer was the first of the front-rank music publishers to recognize the worth of her compositions. For years, she wrote music that was brought forth by the G. Schirmer Company. After Mr. Schirmer's death, she no longer confined her work to any one publisher; but availed herself of such firms as Ditson, John Church, and Arthur Schmidt; composing music for the piano as well as for the voice.

During the first ten years after her marriage to Albert Payson Terhune, she composed more than 150 songs; some of them included in her famed series of children's songbooks; others published separately. These latter—notably *Faith, Syrian Woman's Lament* and *Easter Morn*—have been sung in every quarter of the world. One year her *Easter Morn* was on the music program of eleven churches in New York City, alone. *The Lights of Home* is another favorite. The music of the popular operetta *The Woodland Princess* is from her pen.

It is by her children's songs that Anice Terhune is best known. They struck a responsive note from a world-audience sorely tired of the drivel so often turned out for child-singers. Her songs were seized upon by children and teachers alike. There was a freshness, a wealth of simple melody, a charm, to them that won instant approval. In a thousand school class-rooms they have been sung and are sung and will be sung. They are in never-slackening demand.

"There is no mystery about their success," declared a critic. "They are full of the soul of childhood. Their composer has the soul of a child, behind the brain of a brilliant woman." In this dictum, he struck alike the keynote of Anice Terhune's own success and of her personality.

The music was the thing, so far as these children's songs went. But the lyrics were a factor which contributed almost as much to their success. The author of these lyrics was —Anice Terhune. The words, as fully as the music of the songs, proclaimed the truth of the great critic's description: "The soul of a child, behind the brain of a brilliant woman." Nowhere do these lyrics "talk down" to the children. But everywhere they breathe the genuine child-spirit. Children accept them as their own language; and love them and their author.

When first Anice Terhune ran up against the obstacle of gaining a verse-maker's permission to set his poems to music, she solved the problem characteristically by saying: "Then I'll write the words to my own songs!" And she did. Not only to *Dutch Ditties*, and *A Chinese Child's Day*, and *Colonial Carols*, and *Barnyard Ballads* and the rest of the books of children's songs, but to her sacred and secular songs for grown-ups as well. Here again she scored success.

Her husband was astonished to find his musician-wife had also literary ability. He had known her since she was four years old. Never had she spoken of her power to weave verse as well as melody. To his questions she answered:

"Why, I've always done it! I didn't know there was anything remarkable in being able to write."

Nor could she be made to believe that the gift of acceptable writing is not granted to one human in a thousand; and the dual gift of literature and music to one in a million. Nevertheless, she was persuaded to take up writing,—at first as a side-line; later more seriously. Her poems began to appear in such magazines as *The Ladies Home Journal*, etc.; whence they were copied, broadcast.

Next, she turned to prose literature. Her first venture along this line was a series of articles, of essay type, entitled *Superwomen*. These were written for *Ainslee's Magazine* and were planned to run through six issues of the periodical,—a half year in all. The editor refused to discontinue them until they had run for nearly four years. There were more than forty of them; and they ceased at last, only through their author's weariness of the theme.

Then came a flight into the sphere of fiction. Not content as a concert pianist and composer and essayist and poet, she tried her hand at short stories. From the first, she found ready market for these new wares. Her *Gray Dawn* series, her stories *The Mutt* and *The Guest of Honor*, won instant recognition; and were triple-starred by O'Brien, in his collections of *Best Stories of the Year*.

Encouraged by this, Anice Terhune attempted a higher flight. She wrote a novel, *The Eyes of the Village*, a narrative of the Berkshire village where much of her girlhood had been spent. "Some publisher may accept it in two years," said her husband. A publisher accepted it in two weeks. The novel had a decided success, both in this country and in England. It is still selling, in both countries. The reviewers gave it glowing praise. Her publishers demanded another.

"When I am ready," she replied, unstirred by the new success. "Not till then. I don't grind out my work to order."

Another two years passed, before she was "ready." Then she sent to her publishers her second novel, *The End of the Furrow;* another story of New England village life, stronger and better than the first; and destined to even higher popularity.

Perhaps, somewhere in the world, there is another woman who has scored a noted success as a concert pianist and as a composer and as a versifier and as an organist and as a short story writer and essayist and as a novelist. But her name is not yet known. Many can do smattering work at several successive arts. Few, thus far, have made a marked success of such a combination. Anice Terhune has made such a success. And she is by no means through her work.

A spirit of fire in a fragile body;—a sweetness and graciousness and gentleness and charm of manner, linked with a magnetic vivacity;—an unswerving courage and faith;—"the soul of a child behind the brain of a brilliant woman." That sums up, in a small degree, the character of Anice Terhune.

It is another of her multiform traits that she is what one guest has called "an inspired hostess." At "Sunnybank," on the edge of Pompton Lakes, New Jersey, her summer home, and at her winter apartment in New York, she has gathered around her such guests, as Viljhalmur Stefansson, Sinclair Lewis, ex-Attorney-General Palmer, Zona Gale, Sir John Gorst, Barton W. Currie, William C. deMille, Doctor Turner (King George's physician), and fifty-odd other notables whose names are on the lips of the public.

Anice Terhune is still in the heyday of her work. If her strength will permit, there is no reason for doubting she will add another half-dozen accomplishments to her list. If so, be assured she will be master of them; not a dabbler at any of them. The odd part of it is that she has not the remotest idea that she is remarkable or that she has done anything out of the ordinary. Though alive with temperament, she has no taint of the "temperamental." Despite her career—or careers—she finds time to be an ideal housekeeper and wife and mother. Perhaps these last three achievements deserve as high rank, in their way, as any of her others."

A list of her works include:

Songs:

Summer Noon, Heine Love Song and Burns' Lyrics.

Romance In G Major, 1906.

Serenade, 1907.

Gællic Lullabies, 1908.

Dutch Ditties, 1909.

Colonial Carols, 1910.

Faith (sacred), 1910.

Song at Dusk (chosen for male voices), 1910.

Syrian Woman's Lament.

The Woodland Princess (Operetta), 1911.

Suite of 6 pieces for Piano, 1911.

Music Spelling Book, 1912.

Country Sketches, 1914.

Easter Music, 1915.

Our Very Own Book, 1916.

When Summer Keeps the Vows of Spring.

In the Old Garden and The Hill (piano), 1917.

Author Home Musical Education for Children, 1903.

Ballad of Dead Ladies, 1917.

More Superwomen (Series in *Ainslee's*).

Sins of the Fathers, 1918.

Grey Dawn, 1919.

The Story of Canada, 1919.

The Eyes of the Village, a novel.

The End of the Furrow, a novel.

Her short stories, "The Mutt" and "The Guest of Honor" were triple-starred in the *O'Brien Collection of Short Stories.*

ROBERTSON, GRAZIELLA RIDGWAY (Mrs. Heaton Robertson), pianist and concert singer, was born April 16, 1852, at Mansfield, Massachusetts, the daughter of Professor Thomas Shinn Ridgway and Harriet Metcalf Fisher Ridgway. The Ridgway family is a very ancient one, descended from the first Earl of Londonderry, of the 12th Century. Mr. Ridgway's mother was a descendant of the Delaplaines, an ancient Huguenot family of Philadelphia. Mrs. Robertson's mother was of old Puritan stock, of Massachusetts.

Mrs. Robertson, as Graziella Ridgway, was known as America's youngest pianist and concert singer. At the age of fourteen and fifteen years she appeared at concerts in Music Hall and went on tour. When sixteen she traveled with Mme. Camilla Urso from Maine to Colorado. At seventeen, she sang in opera in San Francisco, singing the prima donna roles in *Faust*, *Lucia*, *Rigoletto*, and other favorite operas. The next year came a tour with Ole Bull. The public career of a talented and splendidly trained singer was ended in 1872, at the age of twenty, when most singers begin to study, by the command of her father, a Quaker of Philadelphia, who could not conscientiously sanction her appearance on the public stage.

Graziella Ridgway was taught at home by her father, Professor Ridgway, until twelve years old; she then entered the Winthrop Grammar School, Boston, in the higher classes, and studied piano and singing at the New England Conservatory of Music (then on School Street, Eben Tourjee, director) while Lillian Norton (afterwards Mme. Lillian Nordica) was also studying there. They played the piano, sang the same selections and vied with each other to excell in order to gain the most applause. Nordica was Miss Ridgway's inspiration.

Miss Ridgway was obliged to play classical compositions and exercises from memory until proficient enough to play at the class concerts given in Old Music Hall, which seated three thousand persons. As every lesson was memorized, Miss Ridgway was always prepared to play or sing in concerts at a moment's notice, even at that age. She played *Rondo Brillante* by Hummel and on the same program sang the *Grand Valze* by Venzano, a difficult composition and seldom sung. On another program in Boston, was *Waltz* from *Romeo e Juliette*, and from piano selections, Schumann's *Arabesque G minor concerto* by Mendelssohn; Carlyle Petersilea played second piano. Another program gives *Andante e Presto Agitato* by Mendelssohn, the *Polonaise opus 53* of Chopin, and she sang the aria *Tacea la Notte* from *Trovatore*. Another program gives Mendelssohn's *Variations Serieuses opus 54* that Paderewski played in 1923 at Carnegie Hall, New York. These programs were printed in 1867 when Miss Ridgway was fifteen years of age.

She was the soprano in the quartet choir as substitute at Old King's Chapel with B. J. Lang, the famous organist, and at concerts at Music Hall with the well-known Gilmore's Band; also with the Mendelssohn Quintette Club, Thomas Ryan, conductor. Then came a tour of two months throughout the eastern states with the fine Russian tenor, Slavianski (who taught her many songs in the Russian language.)

Miss Ridgway received valuable instruction on the voice from Adelaide Phillipps, the celebrated opera singer and great actress, who,

Graziella Wilgress Roberts

herself, had studied with Jenny Lind and Viardot-Garcia; from Carl Zerrahn, leader of Handel and Haydn Society, in German songs; John K. Paine, afterwards professor in harmony and thorough Bass at Harvard University; Franz and Carlyle Petersilea for piano concertos and concert work; Mrs. Minnie Little (the most cultivated oratorio singer in the eastern states), first lessons on piano, voice and English diction in oratorio. Her lessons were valuable throughout life. Afterward in New York, she studied with Gazzaniga, tone production, acting, correct French and Italian diction; and with Luciano Albites, Gazzaniga's husband, for two seasons, two lessons a day, arias, legato singing, roles in operas. In the meantime, she played accompaniments to pupils of Gazzaniga and taught all the English songs as Madame was not proficient in that language. Miss Ridgway sang the role of *Queen* in *Huguenots* with Gazzaniga, at the old Academy of Music in New York with Herr Wachtel, famous tenor, Sir Charles Santley, baritone from London, Adelaide Phillipps, contralto, Carl Formes (the elder), basso, Carl Rosa, conductor of the orchestra. This latter company always played to packed audiences and received tremendous applause, Miss Ridgway and Herr Wachtel having to repeat the duet *d'una tal conquista* three times and to take many curtain calls.

She was also taught Italian diction, acting, and roles in operas by Pietro Ferranti, with whom she also sang, as with Brignoli the silver-toned tenor, Cecchi, tenor (teacher in Australia of Nellie Melba), Orlandini, baritone, Susini, the veteran basso, Madame Agatha States, famous soprano of her own company for which Miss Ridgway acted as alternate prima donna.

When this young girl was sixteen, she was *en tour* throughout the United States for six months with Mme. Camilla Urso, the famous violinist and David Hall's orchestra. In the meantime, Mme. Urso, who was solo violinist and had traveled with Adelina Patti for many seasons, taught her arias as Patti sang them. At seventeen, Miss Ridgway sang in San Francisco two months with Agatha States Opera Company, singing the principal roles in *Faust* (also Siebel, when needed), *Lucia*, *Rigoletto*, *Crispino*, *Oscar* in *Un Balla in Maschera*, *Don Pasquale*, *Queen* in *Huguenots*, *Elisire d'Amore*, etc., the press testifying to crowded houses whenever she appeared.

Then came a tour of eight months throughout the United States from Maine to California with Ole Bull, the greatest violinist of that time.

While singing at the Church of the Holy Savior on East 25th Street, New York, as soprano in the well-known quartet choir, the vesper services at four o'clock drew crowded congregations who came to hear her beautiful voice and fine English diction. She sang at several concerts at old Steinway Hall with Wieniawski, another great violinist. The programs contained the names of Victor Capoul, tenor, Victor Maurel, baritone, Pietro Ferranti, baritone, and a large orchestra conducted by Carl Berghmann. Miss Ridgway sang *Polacca* from *Mignon* and *Variations on Thema* of Pacini for soprano and violin by Artot—with Wieniawski—who said, "No soprano has ever sung it before with me so perfectly at first rehearsal." Also, Christine Nilsson praised her for perfect intonation, roulades, trills, intervals and splendid emission of tone, waiting after the concert to give her this compliment.

This was the close of her musical career, for her father (a Quaker of Philadelphia), decided she was no longer to sing in opera. Thus the public career of a splendid pianist and singer of unusual ability and knowledge, taught by the greatest and most popular pianists and singers at that time in Boston and New York, was ended in 1872 when Miss Ridgway was twenty, the age when most singers are just beginning to study.

She was called to New Haven, Connecticut, to sing in the quartet choir of Trinity Church, which she did for many years. While there, she met and married A. Heaton Robertson,

lawyer and graduate of Yale, 1872, who later became Judge of the Probate Court. He had many political preferments and was Democratic nominee for Governor of Connecticut in 1905 and 1909. They had three children: Heaton Ridgway Robertson, born 1882, graduate from Yale Academic, 1904, Scientific School, 1906, and Mining Engineer, 1907; Graziella Ridgway Robertson, born 1884; Mable Joy Robertson, born 1888, who married James Inslee Coddington of New York and Newport.

Mrs. Robertson, after her marriage in New Haven, gave lessons for piano and voice, English, French and Italian diction, roles in operas, oratorios, and lessons in church singing, for thirty-five years. Her pupils were in demand for church choirs and filled positions in the largest churches for years. Mrs. Robertson had a genius for the teaching and singing of hymns, having had experience herself as a choir soprano in Boston, New York, San Francisco and New Haven for a period of twelve years. She was especially commended for her pure emission of tone and clear cut pronunciation of English.

She was a leading organizer of charities in New Haven, for many years, because of her executive ability in church work and in entertainments for charity. At one time, with one event, seven thousand dollars were cleared, and many thousands were made at other times to help place new organs in churches, new roofs, etc. She organized the St. Cecelia Society of one hundred women's voices, to give concerts for charity.

Mrs. Robertson was the only daughter of Thomas Shinn Ridgway, who was a graduate of the University of Virginia, professor of Geology, civil and mining engineer, lecturer in Boston several years, explorer and inventor of a transit theodolite for which he received the Scott Premium from Franklin Institute, Philadelphia in 1839. He was also the author of a geological book for schools. A letter for Professor Ridgway from Professor L. Agassiz to Osgood & Co., Boston, dated Cambridge, Massachusetts, June 22, 1871, recommending the book, is still in Mrs. Ridgway Robertson's possession. Also a letter from D. Appleton & Co., of New York says, "In our opinion it is one of the most admirable treatises on the subject of Geology which we have had the pleasure to examine." Professor Ridgway was on the staff of Major General John C. Fremont in Virginia, 1862, as Topographist and Geologist for the line of march of the army in the mountain department. His selection of the roads enabled the General to make his rapid march to Cross Keys, etc. Mrs. Robertson also has preserved the brochure *Memorial of Professor T. S. Ridgway*, which he presented to the general assembly in 1868 and which was printed and reprinted by order of the assembly at its January session, 1870, in relation to the valuable coal field in Rhode Island that he had explored and discovered in 1839. This report is now in the Public Library in Providence, Rhode Island.

Mrs. Robertson's father descended from the Delaplaines, an ancient Huguenot family and from the first Earl of Londonderry. The tombstone and life-size effigy and coat-of-arms are in old Torquay Church, England, which was built in 1100. The Ridgways are a very ancient family. (See letter of James I.)

One of the family, Doctor Edward Ridgway, an officer of the "Order of Runnymede," keeper of the rolls, was the eighteenth Baron of Magna Charta fame. The fifth Earl of Londonderry came to Philadelphia and dropped his title because of his interest in the Society of Friends. Mrs. Robertson's mother was Harriet Metcalf Fisher of old Puritan stock from Wrentham, Dedham, Franklin and Metcalf Station, Massachusetts.

One may readily understand why, under pressure from Quaker and Puritan relatives with strict ideas, Mrs. Robertson obeyed her father, gave up opera singing, came home from California and sang in church. Mrs. Robertson's artistic development at such an early age came from a brilliant mind, unusually retentive memory, and an extreme sensitive-

ness which depends upon great intelligence and upon keen and thorough analysis of the subjects to be studied.

When Mrs. Ridgway Robertson heard *Lucia* sung at the Metropolitan Opera House in 1923 by Mme. Galli-Curci, she recalled to memory almost the entire role, which she had learned in three days to sing at a "sold out" performance in San Francisco in 1871. Mrs. Robertson has written a book to be published shortly. She has gathered together data of the notable events and honors she won by faithful and intelligent study with the greatest teachers who were experienced singers of her time—a record of attainment in which any aspiring woman would naturally take pride.

ISAACS, LUCINDA FULTON (Mrs. Henry Perry Isaacs), writer, philanthropist, pioneer suffragist, was born near St. Joseph, Missouri, January 18, 1841, a daughter of James Fulton and Priscilla Wells Fulton. Of an interesting and varied American ancestry she traces back to one of the three brothers Fulton, Scotch-Irish Protestants, who came to Lancaster County, Pennsylvania, in 1755. Through the maternal line she is descended from the Wellses of Virginia, who came from Wales about 1760, from the Kuykendalls of Pennsylvania, originally from Holland, and from the Deans, who were natives of Denmark.

Mrs. Lucie Fulton Isaacs was a pioneer resident of the city of Walla Walla, Washington. She was a leader in civic improvements, making her activities intelligently practical.

An ardent worker for the suffrage cause when it was most unpopular, she was advanced in mind and heart in her philanthropic and welfare activities. Her devotion to the betterment of her own sex was a paramount endeavor, but she will be remembered longest, perhaps, for the very beautiful spirit of hospitality which pervaded "Brookside"; not only in the usual ways, but her kindliness to the lonely or discouraged, or unhappy was proverbial, and many a young man or woman was given new courage to persevere, through her friendship.

As a writer of essays and descriptive articles she was known to early readers of the *Overland* (now *Sunset*) and other western periodicals under various "nom de plume," for with all her energy of mind and pen, she was of a most retiring disposition, suffering from a sort of shyness that made her shrink from publicity.

It was during the early days of transcontinental settlement that Lucie Fulton "crossed the plains" in Doctor McBrides' party in 1847. It arrived in the Willamette Valley in September of that year. During the long, hot summer, as the covered wagons wound their slow way across the prairies, the little Lucie often rode with her father mounted on her mother's pet mare, "Zilpha." Many brought their saddle horses. One day they rode up with the horse-back party to the front, where the caravan had been halted by a long line of red men seated squarely across the path of the on-coming wagons. The captain of the "train" and some of his lieutenants were talking at a little distance with a tall chief, who was asking how many furs and horses he would have to pay in order to buy a white squaw, the captain's daughter. It took the interpreter some time to persuade his Royal Highness that all his wealth would be insufficient. The refusal was met with angry mutterings, and, seeking to pacify with gifts of food, one man said:

"Captain, I have some flour that is not very good. Suppose we give that to the red rascals."

But the captain drew himself up and exclaimed:

"No insults, Sir. We will give these Indians the best we have." And they did——

Lucie's father, James Fulton, "took up" his 640 acres in Yamhill County, Oregon. This form of holding was known as a "Donation claim," and was a gift from "Uncle Sam," as an inducement to settle the Oregon country, which at that time included not only the present state of Oregon but what are now the states of Washington, Idaho and a part of Montana.

It was in the traditional log-cabin schoolhouse of Yamhill that Lucie Fulton received the beginnings of her education, riding three miles through the woods each morning, with little brother Jamie up behind. On Sunday they went, in the family carryall, to church to the same log schoolhouse, where there was a sermon in the morning and another in the afternoon with a basket luncheon in between, and the children were expected to sit quietly through hours of the literal expounding of the scriptures. It is no wonder Lucie was a good Bible student, and was in after years a convenient "concordance" whom her children often found it easier to consult than the library shelves. A natural sequence was the broader religious views of later life, longing with the poet for "the freer step, the fuller breath, the wide horizon's grander view."

As a young woman, Lucie was a student at the Portland Academy, the first higher institution of learning in that place, where a roster of her classmates would contain many names of those who have gained distinction in national life and as benefactors of their own city. The town's first streets were as crooked as the proverbial cow paths of Boston, though in this instance it was the stumps of huge forest trees that had to be gone around, until they could be slowly burned out or blown up with dynamite. Ships came from South American ports, as well as from "The City," as San Francisco was called colloquially, to trade in Oregon, and Eastern fashions came along with Spanish dollars, that were used interchangeably with the sacred coin of the realm.

As a child, little Lucie Fulton showed a passionate fondness for poetry and began to treasure every scrap that she could lay her hands on. In those days of few books excepting the Bible, Shakespeare and Josephus' *History* and fewer magazines (*Godey's Lady's Book*, perhaps), and with just the beginnings of modern journalism on the Pacific Coast, she found little enough until she received the first copies of the *New Harpers Magazine*, late in the fifties. It opened a new world to her delighted senses and presented to her a higher idea for humanity than she had ever before visioned. Her father unfortunately was "not sure it was well for a woman to read too much." This was not from pure prejudice.

It was still generally believed that "strong mindedness" in women went along with short hair and moral abandon. Coming into the house her father would take the magazine gently from her hands with the admonition that she "would better be helping mother." There was, too, the usual embargo encountered by talent in those days of few books and "sparce leavening," nearly seventy-five years ago. So the aspiring young soul was severely handicapped in her endeavors to take the higher flight either of education or fancy. Like many another whom obtacles have only served to develop she gradually expanded her own innate talent and became known as a writer of essays and descriptive articles for such magazines as the old *Overland*, the pioneer of Western magazines, edited by Bret Harte and containing articles from the best talent of the Coast.

Miss Fulton was married at The Dalles, Oregon, May 16, 1860, to Henry Perry Isaacs, born in Philadelphia, March 17, 1822, a son of Joshua Isaacs, a native of England, and Elizabeth Stuart Perry, a Scotchwoman from Londonderry, Ireland. Mr. Isaacs opened wide for his wife the avenues of culture and self-improvement that had been denied her in her far Western home. His early business began in Philadelphia with wholesale stationery. In Walla Walla he was a merchant and manufacturer of flour. He had imported from Switzerland the first of the modern mill machinery used in his business. He planted experimental orchards and vineyards to test the best varieties for the climate and introduced the best and most productive wheat seed to the farmers of that section. He was exceedingly progressive and was among those who urged on the farmers the adoption

of upland-dry-farming long before it was considered practicable. Æsthetically he was something of a musician, playing the violin from the age of twelve until he was seventy-five. This diversity of interests and his firm intellect and broad sympathies in the new woman's cause made him a great encouragement to his wife in her aspirations.

As Mrs. Isaacs grew in years and grace she developed many new ideals—all clearly indicated by her early reading, her pronounced literary instincts and her devotion to the welfare and betterment of her own sex. In Walla Walla, she was a pronounced leader in civic improvement. With five women coadjutors she secured the institution and appointment of a woman probation officer for that city. She was active in securing the installation of the first street drinking fountains. She was prime mover in the city library and president of the Walla Walla Woman's Exchange. Her activities were always diversified and her interest intelligently applied by striking at the most acute of the city's needs at the proper time to bring them to prompt adoption.

She was a charter member of the first women's club in Walla Walla organized in 1886 and was a prominent worker in the Symphony Orchestra Club. She was also president of the Woman's Suffrage Club at a time when such clubs were not at all popular in general opinion. In these respects she was as advanced in mind and heart as in her philanthropic, artistic and civic activities. In her suffrage activities she was backed by her husband who, as a member of the state legislature, in 1886 introduced a woman's suffrage measure into the House.

As a mere child of five she was taught horseback riding, and became, as years rolled on, an accomplished equestrienne from pure love of a sport mainly indulged in by men. As a grandmother, she was never reconciled to the advent of the automobile nor willing to trust to its capriciousness. She had a great instinct for travel, especially to out of the way places; for example, she went to Cripple Creek, unaccompanied, when that mining center was in its early stage, for the purpose of studying at first hand its mineralogical formation. She was, from early girlhood, greatly interested in Geology and Mineralogy, although these were in those days also men's professions, and she one of the most modest and retiring of women.

Mrs. Isaacs was one of the organizers of the Unitarian Church in Walla Walla in 1877. Later she became a Christian Scientist, believing it a natural sequence for which Unitarianism had blazed a trail. She was the life long friend and great admirer of Abigail Scott Dunway (sister of Harvey Scott, editor of the *Portland Oregonian*), a pioneer newspaper woman, an author and a fighter for the franchise for women.

It was 40 years ago that Julia Ward Howe visited Walla Walla and was a guest in the Isaacs' house for several days. Her visit to the West was in the interest of Woman's Suffrage. When the men of Washington decided that the law giving the franchise to women was unconstitutional, Mrs. Isaacs said of this reactionary act, "Had a group of men been disenfranchised without cause it would have brought about a revolution." So unpopular was the suffrage question at the time that it was deemed unwise to ask Mrs. Howe to speak on the subject. People were invited to hear a lecture by the noted woman on "Is Polite Society Polite?" The lecturer prefaced this with an explanation, by request, of "Why I believe in Women's Suffrage." It was done so charmingly that many who had turned a deaf ear to the prophet in her own country were converted on the spot. Like most of the old pioneers, Mrs. Isaacs was not concerned with her own "honor" if only the cause was advanced. Mrs. Isaacs lived to see full suffrage given to her sex and voted before her death in Walla Walla, November 1916.

The children of this unusual couple are five, all with marked hereditary endowment

from both parents: Elizabeth Janet, Grace Greenwood, Charlotte Martha, Edwin Stanton and John Philip. The history of the ancestral claims of the family is interesting. It shows the varied and wide-spread antecedents typical of a representative family of the Northwest.

James Fulton (1816–1897), the father of Mrs. Isaacs, was born at Paoli, Indiana, the youngest child of Thomas and Katherine Lynch Fulton. He was Colonel in the Oregon militia, member of the legislature, and presidential elector. His father, Thomas Fulton, was born in Augusta County, Virginia. Educated at William and Mary College, he was a noted linguist, reading six languages, and was in many ways a distinguished man in his community. He was married to Katherine Lynch about 1797 and early in the 19th Century moved to Indiana Territory, settling and naming the town of Paoli. One of his brothers, Samuel, went to Louisiana, where at Point Coupé, near Baton Rouge, he had extensive land grants, both Spanish and French. This Samuel fought in France under Napoleon, married a relative of the last Spanish governor and having only one child, a daughter, Josephine, begged his brother to join him and share his huge holdings. Thomas Fulton died as he was building the flat-boats with which to transport his family. He left his widow with eleven children. She feared to undertake the trip and abandoned it. One son, an older brother of James, went down for a year. He returned vowing his preference for poverty and self-respect rather than to become a slave driver.

There were three brothers Fulton, who came to Lancaster, Pennsylvania, about 1755. One was the ancestor of Robert Fulton, the inventor. They were Scotch-Irish from Ulster, Ireland, and were noted for their intrepid spirit and independent thought. The maternal ancestry of James Fulton included Mary Souther, a Philadelphia widow, who conducted her husband's importing business so that he might join the Revolutionary Army. Meanwhile, her daughter, Katherine, married Thomas Lynch of Guilford, North Carolina. He was killed by his Loyalist neighbors as he conveyed supplies to the Continental forces, before the baby Katharine was born on the day of the battle of Guilford Court House in 1781.

James Fulton married Priscilla Wells (1816–1902). The Wellses came from Wales to Pennsylvania, thence to Virginia. Charles Franklin Wells was born in Virginia, 1783. He married Elizabeth Kuykendall, who was of Holland descent on her father's side. Her mother was a Dean, a native of Denmark. This Charles Wells, the maternal grandfather of Lucie Fulton Isaacs, was an outstanding figure—a land-surveyor, a member of the Kentucky militia in the battle of Tippecanoe, and a man of fearless courage. He was outspoken in his objection to slavery and after freeing his own slaves moved to Indiana to avoid it. He also dared believe in the education of his daughters as well as of his sons, although the elders of the church remonstrated with him, declaring that "educated girls did not make good wives." With such an ancestry Mrs. Isaacs could not well keep from being progressive in mind, in methods, and in measures of advancement.

BOYNTON, CATHARINE, known professionally as a psychotherapist but to her friends and patients as "the praying woman," was born in Eldorado, Kansas, February 16, 1875. Her father was Doctor Abraham White. Her mother, Catharine Hatton, was born in Oswego, New York. Catharine Hatton and her sister, Mary Hatton, by an odd coincidence, married men of the same name though of different nationalities. Mary Hatton White was the mother of William Allen White, editor and author of Emporia, Kansas.

Catharine Boynton's greatest urge has always been to be of service. Service is her life work. She received her earliest lessons in it from her mother, but the training given to

her by her father, a profound student and philosopher, enabled her to express it scientifically as well as emotionally. Small wonder, then, that she has succeeded in creating a unique form of service in her city office and at the same time has established her retreat on the desert where she can give it in still fuller measure. In 1911, when she opened her offices in Los Angeles, California, she also filed on her desert claim near the town of Victorville, California. There she laid the foundation of her life's dream—a place on the desert where the sick might find health through equilibrium of body, mind and spirit. This is the keynote of her work. Out in the desert she helps people to find themselves. It is her ideal of true service.

Fate decreed that she should always have to struggle for whatever she accomplished. The determination of character which she has shown is her rightful heritage from a mother who traveled across the country that her child might be born in the home and under the care of her sister's husband, Doctor William Allen White. The mother's forebodings of death and disaster were almost realized when she was nearly drowned in fording the swollen river that she had to cross.

The daughter of so forceful a mother showed early indications of being an unusual child. Doctor White, unlike many parents of talented children, recognized that his little daughter had been endowed with a gift. There are some who are born with the creative gift of music, of speech or of invention: this child had the gift of diagnosis. As a physician and student it was his duty as well as his privilege to develop it with all the resources of his wisdom, at the same time protecting it with scientific training. He knew that any gift must be properly directed to be of value. He became her teacher. At the age of four when other little girls were playing with their dolls, this one was learning anatomy by the game of articulating the bones of a human skeleton, under his guidance. When she was ten years old he began taking her with him into the hospitals. Applying the law of suggestion still more vividly, he never addressed her by any other name than "Little Doctor." Far from feeling now that she was deprived of the ordinary joys of childhood, she remembers this only as some of the many fascinating things they did together. In after life she perceived that her training in anatomy had been presented to her subconscious mind and absorbed at a time when it was most receptive. Her knowledge of the structure of the human body is to her what a musician's knowledge of his instrument is to him.

In addition to this form of subconscious and conscious training her father told her many tales. One in particular was that of the *Three Minds*. It was her favorite, taking her into the realm of fancy, much as the story of the *Three Bears* may be the choice of a fairy tale loving youngster. Not until she continued her studies alone in later years did she appreciate the full significance of the tale, which was his explanation to her of the threefold expression of the One Mind that is found in every human being as the conscious, the subconscious and the superconscious mind. She made use of it in teaching her own children and when she entered her professional life, it was the basis of her work.

After a girlhood spent in the close companionship of this wise teacher, her father's death and her marriage to Frank E. Boynton suddenly swept aside the student period of her life. She was then submerged in the domestic phase which seized and seemed to dominate her for many years. A husband, three children and the role of housewife in the town of Colorado Springs, Colorado, gave her no chance to study. She found herself in a hostile atmosphere of religious and conventional prejudices opposing her on every side. Quietly she accepted the situation and in the eyes of her family was, like many other women of her community, a good wife and mother, a popular hostess and a social leader. She founded the first woman's club and organized a class in Delsarte. No one guessed that she

had resumed her studies and that night after night, while the household slept, she was poring over her books or by day working quietly in the slums. She had several breakdowns in health and was sent to various resorts to recuperate. She seized upon these interruptions as opportunities to make investigations along the lines of her interest and on her return home put into practice whatever she had found to be of value.

In 1896 her husband's business interests took the family to Cripple Creek, Colorado. The little mining town was in the throes of its wildest gold excitement with all corresponding disorders. There for several years she led a twofold existence, conscientiously attending to her home duties and entering into the drama of the times with the greatest enthusiasm. Her husband had been made deputy sheriff; this gave her access to many places. The mayor and his wife, close friends of hers, stood by her loyally and through their influence she went unmolested into some of the darkest sink holes of the town. At that time the I. W. W. element was staging one of its bloodiest wars. Fights and death were the commonplaces of the day. Fearlessly she followed in their wake, nursing the wounded miners and caring for their families. The women of the flourishing red light district turned to her for help. Later when Colorado was gripped by the forces of a "clean up" campaign and an impassioned appeal was made to "get out the vote", she went to these women and persuaded numbers of them to cast their first vote although they were voting against themselves. Who can say that some did not regain their self-respect in taking this step? At the same time that Catharine Boynton was so actively engaged in this work, she was also a prominent member of the Woman's Aid Society of the Congregational Church, in which her husband was superintendent of the Sunday-school.

One night during this stormy period she rode into the mountains to nurse a sick baby in one of the miner's huts. While there she chanced to overhear a plot to trap her husband, the deputy sheriff, and prevent him from arresting a notorious gunman—leader of the moonshiners. Her husband had told her that the gunman had been located and warned her that if he failed to return by a certain hour to notify the authorities. Fearing for her husband's safety, she quietly left the hut, jumped on her horse and rode to warn him. This done she started, as she supposed, for home. Instead she found she had taken the wrong trail and was again climbing the mountain. Suddenly her horse stopped short. Recognizing an animal's instinct of danger, she peered down and saw they were standing on the very brink of a rocky chasm with a sheer drop of many hundred feet below. She looked out between pillars of rocks forming a natural gateway, much like the gateway of the famous Garden of the Gods. By the light of the moon she saw limitless space unrolled before her eyes, mile upon mile. That vast expanse, hushed and awe inspiring, gave her a vision of what she had been seeking from childhood—a desert place for her work where there would be health for the body, rest for the mind and peace for the soul. Then and there she resolved anew never to rest until she had found such a place. And she kept her word in 1911.

Beside this vision of the desert as the ideal place in which to do her life work, she had always carried another picture in her conscious mind, fed, as it were, by her subconscious mind. This was of the work itself. It was not strange, therefore, that when she found herself forced to earn a living for herself and her little daughter, the way had been subconsciously prepared. Service, the purpose of her life, was early grounded in her mind by her father's games and fairy tales, but how to earn money for her purpose was one game she had never been taught.

Far from resenting a domestic crisis which made this necessary, she regarded it as a sign of release. She was then living at Long Beach, California. On the morning following

CATHARINE BOYNTON

the shock she walked along the beach, trying to solve her problem. She came to a gateway —the important moments of her life seemed marked by gateways—known as "The Devil's Gate," it gives warning of a dangerous current. She had taken her New Testament with her and as she walked she prayed that she might be shown the way. When she left the gate, a deep sense of security came over her. On the way back to her hotel she picked up a Los Angeles newspaper which was lying on the sand. Turning it over her eye was caught by one of a series of "Little Sermons on Health" written by a doctor. It was so cleverly worded that it held her attention. Still feeling that she was being guided, she took the first street car for Los Angeles. When the attendant in the doctor's office came forward to ask whether she had an appointment, she only answered, "No, I wish to see the doctor," for she had really no idea of what she was going to say to him. When he came, the words that were put into her mouth were, "I must have a position and I want it in this office." She got it. She remained there for six weeks as an office attendant, long enough for her to acquire a practical knowledge of the public. Then she opened modest offices to offer that public what it was seeking and what it needed—spiritual as well as physical healing. Too often, for instance, her experience had shown her that after a surgeon had performed a successful operation, his patient, while physically restored, remained in the same mental condition as before. What she wanted for such cases was to help them gain mental as well as physical health. Results more than met her expectations. The doctors with whom she came in contact did not at first acknowledge the sound scientific truth on which her work was based, but noting the improvement in their patients, under her care, advised patients, not completely responding, to consult "the praying woman." As her practice grew, this gradually led to a feeling of friendly coöperation between many members of the profession and herself when they found that, far from ignoring surgery and medicine, she considered these God given aids to health. She regards the skill of the physician and surgeon as a God gift, like the French surgeon who inscribed on the walls of his hospital, "I only dress the wound; God does the healing." "Healing by prayer," as she terms her work, is the scientific application of spiritual laws to mental and physical conditions.

It was only natural that as soon as she had opened her office, her mind should turn to that other picture so closely associated with it, of the place in the desert where she could carry her work still further. Not many months later a new patient brought her the answer she wanted. Whenever he came into the room, her subconscious mind or what she likes to call her "angel," would flash a picture to her that here was the man who could help her. One day she said to him, "What do you know about desert lands?" "Nothing," he answered, quickly. She said no more at the time though her conviction was not shaken. A week later he came back. "I do know about the desert," he said. "I know of a hundred and twenty acres of land which is being turned back to the government. It will be ready to be filed on Monday morning. If you want it I will take you there for the government requires you to have been on the ground in person."

It was Saturday afternoon. With her assistant, Doctor Katharine Evans, she took the train to the tiny desert town of Victorville, a hundred miles away, and spent the night in its one hotel. The next morning her patient called for them in a sagging surrey to drive them six miles into the desert. Leaving the town they climbed slowly up the "grade" hewn out of the solid granite rocks. When they reached the top, she held her breath. Between massive pillars of rock, like another gateway, she found herself looking out over the wonderful expanse of the desert that lay before her. It was the place of her dreams. It was the vision of that night-ride in the

Colorado Mountains come true. She grew more sure of it with every mile. When they finally reached the land, she left her companions and walked over the sands alone. There was the space, the sunshine, and the peace she had longed for. With fervent thanks for this answer to her prayer, she hurried back to the city and filed on the land the following morning.

This land has grown to a thousand acres. Valuable commercially because it is now in the irrigation belt, it is beyond price to its owner because of the curative quality of its sands and the mineral value of its well water. Every dollar put into it she has earned, single handed, by ceaseless work in her Los Angeles office. From the first it has been dedicated to the service of others.

Experience taught her that the self-supporting girls of refinement and education—the teachers, secretaries, bookkeepers and librarians—stand peculiarly alone in the world when their health or peace of mind forsakes them. The usual aids are not for them because they will not ask for them nor accept them. Catharine Boynton finds these girls among her friends and patients and invites them to be her guests on the desert. There they live in the little bungalows which dot the sands, drinking deep of the health giving air, learning to relax and play, taking part in the simple life of the community until they are healed and ready for work again. Others in need of these health factors go there too. For the possession of money does not disbar from the benefits of this desert home. All live on an equal footing, regardless of the money question.

Friends are coming forward to help her. Her cousin, William Allen White, walking over the sands one day, said, "Now that cultivation is almost at your door, you will soon be able to develop your desert retreat." Her surgeon husband, Doctor Lyman Elanson Thayer, freely gives his skill for the girls when it is needed. Mrs. Pearl Strong and others have added their little lodges to the community group. On the wall of one house, known as the Ark, is a poem by Bliss Carman, put there by the poet as a tribute and inspiration. Ernest Thompson Seton, high priest of the outdoor world, has built the Lone Scout Lodge with his own hands, made the Mission House into a charming place for guests and planned every detail of the lovely Dream House which will crown the knoll—when her dream comes true.

"The Catharine Boynton Vision," as her friends like to call it, grows with a slow but steady growth that augurs well for its future. Catharine Boynton herself sees in its development an increasing opportunity for service. Her part in bringing this about is to continue her work in the desert and in her Los Angeles office. Besides this she is lecturing and writing. She and Nini Barry are gathering her experience of many years into stories and articles.

Her lessons which she is preparing are being published over her registered trademark, "the praying woman." In them she is giving out the truth as she understands it, believing that the cry of every soul is for physical *Health*—mental *Peace*—and spiritual *Happiness*.

ARMSTRONG, HELEN MAITLAND, artist, was born in Florence, Italy, October 14, 1869, daughter of David Maitland Armstrong, Consul General to Italy, and Helena Neilson Armstrong.

Miss Armstrong has designed and painted many stained glass windows mosaic and mural decorations. She became a partner in her father's firm of Maitland Armstrong & Co. and has carried on the work alone since his death. Her first important window was the Taylor Memorial in the Church of the Ascension, New York; and since that she has built hundreds of windows all over the country, both in American opalescent glass and in painted glass, after the French and English manner.

Helen Maitland Armstrong was born in Florence, while her father, Maitland Arm-

strong of New York, was Consul General to Italy, and the family were on their way to Rome, where the next few years were spent. On their return to New York, they lived for some years in the large old-fashioned house of Mrs. Armstrong's mother, on Stuyvesant Square, before moving to Danskammer, a part of the country-place on the Hudson where Maitland Armstrong had been born. An old farm-house was rebuilt and beautified, in an unusual manner for that day, with furniture brought from Italy. Here the older children of the family of seven were brought up, seeing very little of the outside world, or of other children, and taught by a resident governess, a cultivated woman, who gave them a love of history and literature. Helen Armstrong never went to school; she was a shy, rather delicate child, living in a world of her own, having her own thoughts and her own occupations, centered, at a remarkably early age, on art. No one remembers just when she began to draw but before she was four years old she was busy with elaborate scenes—balls, weddings, farm life—never deterred by the difficulties of picturing what she happened to have in mind. (She recalls the thrill with which she found out, for herself, how a "profil perdu" should be drawn!). These childish drawings are full of character and show much of the imagination and facility which distinguish her mature work.

The beauty of the landscape about her—the house stands on a plateau overlooking a vast stretch of Newburgh Bay and the Highlands—was, no doubt, a factor in her development, and the atmosphere in which she lived, combined with talent inherited from several branches of the family, turned her almost inevitably to an artistic career. Maitland Armstrong was a well-known artist and many interesting people came to Danskammer. Augustus Saint Gaudens (his charming bas-relief of this little girl was one of his first portrait bronzes), Stanford White, Charles F. McKim, George W. Maynard, often stayed there—sketching, walking, riding on horseback, eating the peaches and grapes for which the farm was famous—all young, enthusiastic, full of new ideas, all contributing unconsciously to the education of the silent child who listened and watched.

Illustrated books, particularly those of Walter Crane, played a very large part in her artistic development; his *Toy Books*, beautiful in line and color, were pasted in a frieze on the nursery wall. Burne Jones and Rossetti, the pre-Raphaelite movement and the esthetic revival of Oscar Wilde, had their share of influences, and the pictures in art books, such as those of Paul Lacroix and the woodcuts of Albert Durer, were studied and copied until a feeling for "style" in decoration and architecture became a solid part of her equipment. A capacity for hard work,—very hard work, hour after hour, day after day—rather extraordinary in a child, not in other ways energetic, developed as she grew. It may be a consolation to students who find themselves in isolated places, cut off from art schools, to know that hard work, done alone, with no incentive except the desire to learn, was the beginning and end of Helen Armstrong's artistic education. The technical side was not, of course, neglected; she studied for several years at the Art Students' League, and later in the classes of Chase, Irving Wiles, and Rhoda Holmes Nicholls, and made a special study of stained glass during many trips abroad.

For stained glass was destined to be the medium in which she found her best expression. Her father had turned his attention to this branch of art just as she was growing up, and in a very short time she was working as hard at drawing cartoons and painting heads for stained glass windows as she had been in studying. The building of a large stained glass window involves a surprising amount of physical, as well as mental effort. Not only must the cartoon be drawn in charcoal, comprising perhaps a dozen life-size figures, and the heads and hands painted, but each fragment of an innumerable number of pieces of glass must

be carefully selected, for only the entirely mechanical part of the work—the actual cutting and leading together—is left to the workmen.

In 1890 the family moved to New York, to a house in the Washington Square neighborhood which had at one time been occupied by the "Tile Club" and where Edwin E. Abbey had built himself a studio. This house rebuilt and enlarged, is still the home of the family and here, in Abbey's old studio, much of Helen Armstrong's best work has been done. She became a partner in her father's firm of Maitland Armstrong & Co, and has carried on his work since his death. Her first important window was the Taylor Memorial in the Church of the Ascension, New York; she has built hundreds of windows all over the country from Florida to California, some in American opalescent glass, others in painted glass after the early French and the English manner. Examples of her American glass may be seen at Biltmore, in the series of windows in All Saints' Church, which are all her work, and the windows in the Congregational Church at Waterbury, Connecticut; the windows in Mrs. O. H. Belmont's chapel at Greenwood are painted glass, and also the window at Fortress Monroe erected in memory of General Anderson.

Miss Armstrong is small, slight and very active; she is fond of out-door life and usually spends her summers in Canada where she has a house and studio on a lake in the Province of Quebec. She is working this summer, 1924, on the cartoons for a series of seven windows for a Presbyterian Church in New Jersey; a window in Auburn, New York, and a chancel window for a private chapel dedicated to St. Anthony of Padua.

Among Miss Armstrong's principal works are: Windows of All Saints' Chapel, Biltmore, North Carolina; Windows in Memorial Chapel, built by Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont; Windows in Armory of Mrs. Belmont's New York house; Windows in Church of the Ascension and St. Michael's Church; five Windows in the Chancel of Chapel, Sailors Snug Harbor, Staten Island, New York.

HARPER, IDA HUSTED, journalist, lecturer, author, was born in Fairfield, Indiana, daughter of John A. and Cassandra Stoddard Husted. Of New England stock, her grandparents migrated with their children to the west in the early days. The Husted genealogy gives the arrival of their first American ancestor in Connecticut, in 1616. Her mother was born in Vermont and was descended from the Stoddards and Harveys, whose records place their arrival in Massachusetts in 1626.

Ida Husted Harper's name will always be mentioned in connection with suffrage. A thoroughly trained, pioneer journalist, she brought to the cause unusual experiences as well as conspicuous ability and enthusiastic devotion.

As she watched her handling of the press of California in the campaign for a woman suffrage amendment, Susan B. Anthony selected Mrs. Harper to write her biography. Later with Miss Anthony's coöperation, Mrs. Harper wrote a fourth volume to add to the three already written on *The History of Woman Suffrage*, bringing the story up to 1900. Since the adoption of the Nineteenth Amendment, Mrs. Harper, because of her well-known literary ability and her intimate knowledge of the suffrage movement during more than thirty years, was deemed eminently fitted to complete the history 1900–1920.

Fortunately, Ida Harper had an ambitious, progressive mother who was not willing to bring up her children in so small a place as Fairfield. The family moved to Muncie, which years after became the center of the natural gas regions.

The eldest daughter was graduated from the high school at the age of seventeen and entered the State University. At the end of the first year she was offered a position as principal of the high school in Peru, Indiana, and her father advised her to take up the work for a year as a help in her college course. She

did so and before the year was ended, became engaged to be married to Thomas Winans Harper, who had just taken the law course at Michigan University. It was considered proper in those days for a girl to drop all else when a good opportunity to marry came and she did not return to the university. Years after, when she was a widow and her daughter was ready for a university, Mrs. Harper went with her and finished her own education. When widowed she went to Indianapolis, where her only daughter, Winnifred, had been a pupil since she was twelve years old in the Girls' Classical School, of which Mrs. May Wright Sewall was principal. After she was graduated, both went to Leland Stanford Junior University in California, the president, of which, David Starr Jordan, was a friend of many years.

Ida Harper manifested at an early age, a gift for writing which her mother fostered and developed. Her "compositions" attracted attention and she edited the little school paper. After her marriage she began sending articles to the *Saturday Evening Mail*, which filled the place now occupied by the Sunday papers, signing a fictitious name and not taking even her husband into her confidence. The articles were so clever and entertaining that the editor used them and, being unable to learn who was the author, advertised a letter for the assumed name, asking her to call on him. She went to the postoffice for it and the postmaster told her husband. The editor wanted her to write regularly for his paper. Her husband agreed to this but stipulated she must not accept any money for the articles, as it would injure his business. She rebelled saying if she earned the money she would take it—and she did. The articles became a leading feature of the paper and after a few years she wanted to sign her own name. The editor objected because he feared she would not dare to speak so fearlessly but she overruled him and displayed that courage which has always characterized her writing. Men often said to her that they read the articles with much interest because they had always wanted to know what woman thought about the subjects she discussed. There were no women writers on general topics in those days. At this time Eugene V. Debs, who was a warm personal friend, was editing the *Firemen's Magazine*, the leading labor publication, and he engaged Mrs. Harper to conduct a woman's department. It was soon a prominent feature and she continued this and the Mail articles for twelve years, doing miscellaneous writing at the same time. Later an independent newspaper was started in Terre Haute and she accepted a position as associate editor. In a short time she was promoted and it is believed she was the first woman manager of a daily paper. She resigned this position to take one on the editorial staff of the Indianapolis *Evening News*, of which John H. Holliday was founder and proprietor. During its existence of over twenty years he had always been opposed to a woman on his staff but her work soon won his confidence and esteem and she remained until her daughter was ready for the university. She did as much editorial work as any of the men, handling all the foreign politics and making a specialty of paragraphing. She was a speaker at the World's Congress of Women during the Columbian Exposition in Chicago.

Mrs. Harper was Secretary of the State Woman Suffrage Association, of which Mrs. Sewall and Mrs. Zeralda G. Wallace were officers, and in that capacity she met Susan B. Anthony, arranging a lecture tour of the state for her and accompanying her. Several years afterward, while she was at Stanford University, Miss Anthony, with Doctor Anna Howard Shaw and Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt, came to California to assist in a campaign for a woman suffrage amendment. When she found Mrs. Harper there she at once put her in charge of the press of the State, with which she had marked success. She also wrote a large number of special articles, signing Miss Anthony's or her own name, whichever the editors wanted. Among these were thirty-

two over Miss Anthony's signature published weekly on the editorial page of the *San Francisco Examiner*. Whenever Miss Anthony could spare time from her speaking tours she also would work on them. During this time Mrs. Harper conducted a series over her own name in the Sunday *Chronicle* and Sunday *Call*.

At the end of the campaign Miss Anthony said: "I have been looking for many years for the woman who should write my biography and now I have found her. You must come to my home in Rochester, New York, and write it." Mrs. Harper's daughter had now taken her degree, so there was nothing to hinder, and she went, never again returning to reside in Indiana. She had subordinated every personal interest to the education and welfare of her daughter, who married a year or two later. Thenceforth Mrs. Harper devoted practically her entire time to the cause of woman suffrage. For the next seven years she spent a part of every year in Miss Anthony's home, where they worked together on their books, magazine articles, and speeches. The third story was admirably arranged in work rooms with every facility and no interruptions. In the Biography, Mrs. Harper gives an account of the chaos she found, where documents of every description had been preserved for half-a-century with no attempt at classification. At first it seemed as if nothing of interest could be evolved from the congressional reports, speeches, accounts of conventions, and other data, but the reading of about 20,000 letters and the diaries of fifty years enabled her to give to the pages of the two large volumes the personal touch which is their especial charm. Miss Anthony took the keenest interest in the unfolding of the story, and came back from her lecture trips eager to read the latest chapters. To the criticism of having her biography written while she was still alive she answered; "I have been misrepresented all my life and I want to see that I am correctly represented to posterity." Every page had her close attention and sanction, except that she objected to the eulogies.

Mrs. Harper went to Washington for awhile in the winters and northward in the hottest summer months so that it was about two years before the two volumes of 500 pages each were published. This was in 1898 and the following year, Miss Anthony and Mrs. Harper went to London to address the congress of the International Council of Women. They remained abroad all summer. Miss Anthony was exceedingly anxious to have the History of Woman Suffrage brought to the close of the century. Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton and she had completed three volumes, carrying it to about 1880. Miss Anthony wanted it carried to the end of her administration, as she resigned the presidency of the National Association on her eightieth birthday in February, 1900. Mrs. Harper was determined not to go back into the musty records and shut herself away from the world again but Miss Anthony was not willing to trust the work to anyone else. Their struggle and Miss Anthony's victory are graphically described in Volume IV. The book was begun in 1900 but discontinued for six months' editorial work contracted for with the McClure syndicate in New York. She did not leave Miss Anthony's home again until the huge volume of 500 pages was finished, to Miss Anthony's great joy and satisfaction, in the summer of 1902. In 1904 they went to Berlin to attend the International Council of Women—the largest meeting of women ever held—where both were speakers. Miss Anthony passed away in 1906 and Mrs. Harper had articles on her life and work in the *Review of Reviews*, *North American Review*, *Collier's Weekly*, *New York Independent* and *New York Sunday Sun*. When next she met Ainsworth W. Spofford, librarian emeritus of the Library of Congress, he said: "Now that Miss Anthony is gone you know more on the question of woman suffrage than any one living." Mrs. Harper regarded her ten years of close intimacy with Miss Anthony as the greatest

honor and privilege that could have come to her. Two years after Miss Anthony's death she published a third volume of her Biography.

Mrs. Harper has gone abroad many times as delegate and speaker at international congresses in London, Berlin, Paris, Copenhagen, Amsterdam, Geneva, Budapest, Rome and to some of these cities more than once. She has spoken at conventions in the United States innumerable times and frequently has addressed committees of Congress. She has given courses of lectures in the most exclusive drawing rooms in New York, Philadelphia, Washington and other cities, but has always preferred writing to speaking. For five years, she had two signed columns in the New York *Sunday Sun* under the heading, The Cause of Woman, which were widely copied. Later she formed her own syndicate for weekly articles and also sent letters from Europe. They included the *Sun*, *Boston Herald*, *Philadelphia Public Ledger*, *Washington Post*, *Chicago Daily News*, *Indianapolis News* and other papers. For the last named paper, she furnished weekly articles for fifteen or twenty years. For four years, she edited a page in *Harper's Bazaar*, and for many years has contributed to the leading magazines. Doctor Herbert Putman, learning that she had preserved many of these articles in scrap books, asked her to give them to the Library of Congress. She had them put into uniform bindings, indexed them and presented fourteen large volumes. They furnish what may be called a current history of woman suffrage, and questions relating to women, which cannot be found elsewhere. They include the comprehensive articles on the progress of the movement for woman suffrage and especially for the Federal Amendment, which she sent monthly for several years to the *International Suffrage News*, published in London. She has written leaflets and pamphlets without number.

During the suffrage amendment campaign of 1915 in New York, Mrs. Harper was called from a visit to California, by the State President, Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt, to take charge of the literature. In 1916, Mrs. Catt, then National President, gave her supervision of the editors of the country in the great contest which was under way to obtain from Congress the submission of a woman suffrage amendment to the National Constitution. She continued this work for two and a half years, through the bureau of education established with money left by Mrs. Frank Leslie, and got into touch with hundreds of editors through their editorials received from the clipping bureaus. The object was to create sentiment for this amendment. If an editorial were favorable, she wrote a letter of thanks to the editor, urging him to continue his support and enclosing material which she thought he might like to use. If one were unfavorable, she wrote a letter of regret, answering the objections, and sending matter of various kinds to refute them. Soon there began to be a marked change in the attitude of the press, especially that of the South. The same procedure was followed with men and women of note who expressed themselves in public. Particular attention was given to members of Congress. If there was to be a debate on the amendment, informative literature was sent to the speakers and after it was over the opponents received letters enclosing unimpeachable proof that they had made misstatements. Circular letters were carefully prepared to be used where necessary. Altogether about 8,000 letters were sent out. Mrs. Harper was a member of the first delegation received by President Wilson and urged his support of the Federal Amendment.

By the close of 1918 the success of this amendment was assured and the question of concluding the *History of Woman Suffrage* came before the boards of the National American Woman Suffrage Association and the Leslie Suffrage Commission. When Volume IV was finished Miss Anthony had said: "In twenty years another volume will have to be prepared and it will record the victory," and Mrs. Harper had answered, "Well, thank heaven, I will not have to write

it!" Now she again faced the heavy task. There seemed no one else with the historical background and knowledge of the movement necessary for the work and she courageously undertook it. She paused long enough to prepare a 10,000 word article, on woman suffrage throughout the world, for the new edition of the American Encyclopedia. In January, 1919, she began the history of the headquarters of the two above-named organizations on the corner of Madison Avenue and 33rd Street, New York City. By the middle of 1920 the women of the United States, Canada, and Europe, had made their unsurpassed record of service in the world war. The amendment to the United States Constitution had been proclaimed; Canada had given suffrage to women and those of Great Britain, Scandinavia, Germany, Holland, and other European countries had been enfranchised. This had been done in New Zealand and Australia years before. Mrs. Harper insisted that an adequate history could not be comprised in one volume. She was so desirous of making what would always be the "official" history complete that she offered to write the second volume without financial recompense if furnished an office and secretary. This was agreed to, although later she received a present from the boards. Volumes V and VI were not completely finished until December, 1922, four years from the time they were begun. The two volumes, of nearly 1,000 pages, contain a trustworthy history of woman suffrage in all countries and in every state in the Union; a full story of the International Woman Suffrage Alliance, the forming of the League of Women Voters, the struggle with Congress and political conventions and the war work of the women. They have seventy-five pages of indexes. The thorough indexing is a feature of all Mrs. Harper's books.

When this work was done Mrs. Harper turned her attention to bringing out a new edition of Miss Anthony's Biography for the exclusive use of libraries with a fund left by Doctor Anna Howard Shaw. It has now been placed in all the large university and public libraries. The International Exchange Bureau of the Smithsonian Institution sent it to one hundred and ten libraries in other countries as an educational work.

The village of Fairfield, where Ida Husted Harper was born, was near Brookfield, about forty miles west of Cincinnati, Ohio. It is in what Doctor Harvey W. Wiley, in referring to the "literati" of Indiana, calls "the literary belt."

BOYLE, VIRGINIA FRAZER (Mrs. Thomas Raymond Boyle), poet, writer, was born near Chattanooga, Tennessee, February 14, 1863, the daughter of Charles Wesley and Letitia S. Austin Frazer. Through the father Mrs. Boyle is descended from William Heritage, a distinguished English barrister. Kinston, North Carolina, was built on his grant of land from the crown. His son-in-law was Jesse Cobb, a descendant of that Cobb who came over in the "Treasurer" in 1613. Mrs. Boyle's mother was an Austin of Albermarle County, Virginia, and traced her descent to Robert McClenahan, a Scotsman, who came from the North of Ireland to this country in 1623 and settled in Augusta County, Virginia. Robert McClenahan was Sheriff of Augusta County when the county covered several states and his son, Alexander, was a colonel in the Revolutionary Army. Mrs. Boyle's grandparents Frazer, in 1822 crossed the Alleghenies by wagon-train from New Berne, North Carolina, which another ancestor had assisted in forming. Shipping their household goods by sailing vessel to Mobile, they helped settle up the frontier of Alabama, then Mississippi, and finally Tennessee. John A. Frazer had what is called "a hot foot" in the vernacular, and took his young wife from a position of luxury to endure the hardships of the pioneer. The family have lived in Memphis, Tennessee, for one hundred years.

Mrs. Boyle is the Poet Laureate of the United Confederate Veterans and the Con-

federate Southern Memorial Association, the author of many books of poems, novels and books on varied subjects. She has had innumerable stories and poems published in the best magazines. She did extraordinary war work for the United States, receiving citations and medals for her *devoted service* for Italy and was made life member of two of the French Academies.

Virginia Frazer was born literally under the Confederate flag. Her father was an officer in the Confederate Army and when Virginia was six weeks old, she took her first journey in an army wagon. A little later this baby was used as a flag of truce to stop the gunners from shelling, at the surrender of Cumberland Gap, where her father was captured. Mrs. Boyle declares that she has been a "flag of truce" ever since. A picture of the "flag of truce" in her long clothes, which her father carried into prison with him, is still extant.

The little "rebel" took her first steps on Johnson's Island Military Prison, where her father was confined in officers' quarters, climbing up the bayonet of the Federal guard set down between her and her father. The story is told of that time that when her father was captured, the mother, with her baby, followed, and took up their abode at Sandusky, just across the lake from the Military Prison. On account of the repeated efforts of the prisoners to escape by tunnelling out, no communication was permitted from the outside. But the little wife learned from a letter written between the lines, with onion juice, that her husband was in Block House 3 and she used to cross the lake, sometimes on the iceboats, and standing on the parapet, look at her husband through an opera glass when he happened to be outside. He, on discovering her plan, was not slow in procuring opera glasses also. He was imprisoned nearly two years, but his baby learned to know her father from his picture. In pleasant weather the baby was brought over and allowed to amuse herself sitting on the board walk, while her mother used her opera glasses. On this particular occasion, there was a detail of prisoners sent out under guard to cut the grass from the graves of those prisoners who had died. A comrade, seeing Mrs. Frazer on the grounds, dropped out of line and allowed Captain Frazer to take his place. The wife was eagerly but silently watching her husband. The baby, left to her own resources, recognized her "Daddy" and crawled toward him, reaching out her little hands, when the bayonet of an orderly was set down between the father and child. Nothing daunted, the baby climbed up the bayonet and took her first steps in her effort to reach her father. The rules were very strict and the baby was not permitted to touch her father, for as the guard stated, "She might have letters in her clothes."

Captain Cole of the Gunboat Michigan episode, had chosen Mrs. Frazer as the person to give the signal from the Sandusky side, for the attack which should capture the gunboat and liberate the prisoners. But she declined, as her husband had warned her not to become entangled with any conspiracies whatever. However, the house of the "Copperheads" where Mrs. Frazer made her temporary home, had been entered several times by Captain Cole, in his efforts to persuade her to give the signal, and after the fiasco, the "Two Confederate women," the mother and her baby, were threatened with the Old Capitol Prison—a place which struck terror to the souls of all those who were threatened.

In the meantime, the husband and father was reported by a priest to be dying of pneumonia and scurvy, and since the capture of Captain Cole, no visitors whomsoever were even permitted on the prison grounds. The little wife left her baby with her new found friends and went down to Washington to get permission from President Lincoln to see her husband and to send him necessary medicines and food. She returned with the permission written in his own handwriting upon the President's visiting card. "I would see my husband!" said Mrs. Frazer, when once more

she had crossed to the Island. "Only the President can give that permission," said the Provost Marshal. She proudly presented her permit, which was promptly taken away from her. But she saw her husband the one time, sent in supplies and medicine and saved his life. His daughter would know the card from her mother's description, if she should ever find it in a war museum. Years after, his poet daughter, by invitation of the Philadelphia Brigade Association, wrote the Lincoln Centennial poem in grateful commemoration.

The little Virginia Frazer was educated at home until she was twelve years old, when she entered the High School at Memphis, Tennessee. Her first year in school was made memorable by an unforgetable incident. A United States history recommended for her grade was ordered, without being examined. However, her deskmate's book was carefully examined by Virginia, who promptly reported to her father. "Put the book or yourself out of school," he said laconically. Next day the class of forty was promptly interviewed by Virginia, with the result that forty notes were brought from home by forty daughters, requesting the dropping of United States history in that class. Virginia was promptly brought before the board and ordered expelled. But to the credit of that board, she was promptly reinstated and there was no United States history studied in the school until one less bitter was introduced.

Virginia Frazer began writing verse at eight years of age and when she was fourteen was contributing to various newspapers under a nom de guerre. The impulse to write seemed innate. There was no reason for it, and no encouragement at that time. But there was always a passionate and reverent desire to express in words the status of the South. Virginia was the eldest of three children. The young father had come back from prison to find a ruined home and ruined fortunes. His delicate wife had her hands full and there was no desire for a literary woman in the little family. Virginia's first little verses were written on the backs of her father's letters and were folded *very small* and tucked away in one corner of the nursery where a loose tack had been found in the carpet. But the budding poet had not taken into consideration the "spring cleaning," which included the taking up of that carpet; and the entire winter's efforts were ruthlessly swept into the fire by a brand new broom.

Grandmother Frazer, as a girl in North Carolina, had written charming verses, which were copied in a beautiful, flowing hand and were kept in her hatbox when they were not being circulated and copied by admiring friends. This was ample publicity, for it was not seemly for a gentlewoman to appear in the public prints.

A daughter of Grandmother Frazer also wrote poems in antebellum times for various newspapers and even magazines, but it was always under a nom de plume, of course, without pay and most shyly acknowledged.

When Virginia's writing proclivities became insistent, she was secretly encouraged by her father, while the practical but sunshiny side of life was demonstrated by her gentle mother.

At last, the first checks came to Virginia almost simultaneously, one from *Harper's* and one from the *Century Magazine.* Virginia, elated, hastened with them to Grandmother Frazer. The old lady considerately waited for the ebullition to die out. "Send them back, my daughter," she said gravely. "Tell them you will be glad for them to publish your work, but you cannot accept money for it, nor publish under your own name."

"But Grandmother,——"

"It is out of the question, my child! If you receive remuneration for the work of your hands or your brain, you will cease to be a gentlewoman!"

Tearfully, a letter was written to the editor of *Harper's*, who returned the check with the simple statement that it was the policy of the magazine never to print anything unless it was paid for. The young woman compromised by dividing equally the checks between

VIRGINIA FRAZER BOYLE

the Young Woman's Boarding Home and the Leath Orphanage, both women enterprises.

Not many years ago, a yellowed letter was taken from the pigeonholes of that beloved Dean of Letters. "And what, after all these years, did that letter mean?" Amid much laughter, the story of the "Gentlewoman" was told for the first time to Virginia's old friend and literary adviser.

After being graduated from High School, Virginia Frazer did not go to college but, ambitious to continue her studies she took up law, logic and belles lettres with her father and later passed collegiate examinations.

Virginia's father longed for his first child to be a son. On the memorable occasion when he returned from his furlough to Tyner's Station, he was lined up before General P. R. Cleburne, under whom he fought. "I understand, Captain, that there is a new lieutenant in your company. I have given orders for a pair of boots to be made at once." With real chagrin the Captain answered, "But it is not that kind, General!"

Virginia's father did not believe that there was sex in brains, but that brains was a good admixture from everything. He did not believe in the "clinging vine" theory and sought to teach his daughter self-control, self-denial and self-determination. When any task confronted her, his admonition was always, "Do it like a man." He early sought to develop judgment and taught that the shirking of responsibility was cowardice. She always shirked mathematics (the only thing which her father permitted her to shirk) and she had to make amends by taking up other things which would be mentally equivalent. She was her father's shadow; she worshipped him, and he was a firm but gentle mentor. Of no mean literary ability himself, he wrote a wonderful drama of Johnson's Island, which was given with great success under his direction a short time before his death.

Her studies with him were most interesting. Cases being tried in the courts were brought home; even copies of briefs. There was a moot court, with her brother and herself on opposite sides, the father presiding as judge, and the cases were thrashed out even before they were finished in the courts. He did not expect her to practice law, but she secretly hoped a law would be passed to admit women to the bar in Tennessee, until he put a quietus upon all such expectations. At her father's death in 1897, she had her husband quit claim to her, that she might deal as *femme sole*, and assumed entire charge of his estate. As the financial head of the family—the protector and provider for the widowed remnants of his own mother's family as well—she found strenuous use for what had long before seemed an acquirement of useless knowledge. Through the years Virginia carried on her literary work, but kept the faith with her father's business as preeminent, and if the literary career has suffered thereby, there is the satisfaction of knowing that the careful training of the father had not been bestowed in vain. Financial life was not blended with the social, any more than with the literary. Upon one occasion, a banker who had been called away before the completion of a business transaction, met her that night at a reception. "And how did the deal come out this morning?" he inquired. Virginia drew herself to her full height.

"Colonel," she answered gravely, "I never discuss business in evening dress."

In 1884, Virginia Frazer married Thomas Raymond Boyle, of Hardeman County, Tennessee, a practicing attorney in the Courts of Tennessee. On his father's side, he was of Irish descent; on his mother's, of Kentucky ancestry.

Mrs. Boyle's father was president for many years of the Confederate Historical Association, of which he was one of its organizers in 1867. This was the only organization of which Jefferson Davis was an active member (he lived in Memphis for a number of years after the war). During the Reconstruction there were no monuments over the Confederate dead and each springtime the southern women made wreathes and crosses of evergreens and

roses in memory of their loved ones. These women were banded together only by mutual sympathy from '65 until '89, when they were organized, with the remnants of the Southern Mothers Association, a nurses' and war relief organization of older women, into the Ladies' Confederate Memorial Association, under the charter of the Confederate Historical Association, by Letitia A. Frazer, mother of Virginia. Their work has always been memorial and the commemoration on Memorial Day, June 3rd, is their special duty.

In the late '90's, as an adjunct to the Ladies' Confederate Memorial Association, Virginia Boyle organized the Junior Confederate Memorial Association, under the organization of her mother. There were about 250 boys and girls who met in her home once a month. Historical subjects were discussed for them as far as possible by veterans who participated in the events under discussion. Often the subject was handled by both Confederate and Union veterans, always without bitterness. More and better histories are being written now but it was the only way she could then carry out her desire that the young folks should not have as hard a time in acquiring the history of their country as she had had.

Growing boys of eleven and twelve need to have "wheels going round" to keep them interested. So the Drum and Fife Corps was organized, and a special instructor detailed to teach them every Friday at Mrs. Boyle's home—after they had been filled up with sandwiches and cookies. They were uniformed and took part in the memorial exercises on June 3rd, attended the Confederate reunions, and always led the Tennessee Division of Veterans. General Fred. Grant once said to Mrs. Boyle, "They are fine little fellows in their red and white uniforms, but what kind of citizens of the Union are you making?" She answered, "I hope that you and I will not live to see it but if their country should call, my boys will be the first to answer."

He did not live to see it, but the country did call for volunteers to go to Mexico, before we went into the World War, and eighteen of the Drum and Fife Corps went down with the Chickasaw Guards. When we went in the World War, fifty-two—that is, all who were not married or disabled—volunteered. One disabled boy, who could not get into active service in the United States, drove an ambulance in Italy and was several times decorated.

Through all these years, Mrs. Boyle found time to devote to philanthropic work, and at the breaking out of the World War, she, an efficient woman, was ready to direct others in the enormous work thrust into unaccustomed hands.

As soon as her boys went to the Mexican border, Mrs. Boyle set about the resuscitation of the local Red Cross, was made chairman of membership, and remained as such during the major portion of the war. The first pair of socks for their knitting department was made by Mrs. Boyle, who organized her knitting classes at her home—ages, eighty years to six years. Her old editor, Robert Underwood Johnson, wired her that he had put her on his central committee for the American Poets' Ambulance in Italy, which he and Henry Van Dyke had just organized. Mrs. Boyle organized her local committee which sent the money for two ambulances, costing two thousand each, in three weeks time. A drive was also put through with a sale of medals for the Italian Relief.

In the meantime, Mrs. Boyle was made a member of the Writers' Bureau of the Committee on Public Information, in Washington, which released articles for United States propaganda every few days. She also served for the Vigilantes, an organization of writers, poets and artists in New York. Then the request for aid came from the Second and Fourth Districts of the Liberty Loan Drives, located respectively at Cleveland, Ohio and New York City. Mrs. Boyle's Liberty Bond stories for the Cleveland district went into issues of from one to three million. Then the Young Men's Christian Association made a call for articles or poems. Mrs. Boyle was

made a member of the local Executive Board of the Women's Council for National Defense. She was chairman for all local Italian Relief Committees, and organized the association for the adoption of the war orphans quartered on Siena. Then, too, there were Red Cross Chapters to be organized in adjacent towns and Liberty Loan addresses to be made.

Mrs. Boyle fitted out motherless boys she heard of with sweaters and kits, including several of her colored servants, and kept up with them in camp. She adopted a motherless boy overseas to write to and look after, besides keeping up with her own Drum and Fife boys, two of whom were killed. All through the war their two flags, the United States and the Confederate, which had waved over them at many a gay Reunion, stood at the head of her bed, consecrated by her prayers.

The knitting and teaching had to go on. The little mother, nearly eighty years of age and an invalid, knitted over one hundred pairs of socks; the sister canned and cooked and conserved flour and sugar; the brother, who was turned down three times for service on account of physical disability, maintained a wonderful war garden with his own hands throughout the war. There was no son in the family to go, and it felt its sacred obligation for patriotic service.

Mrs. Boyle's hour for retiring was oftenest 2 A. M. as the days were too busy for writing. The signing of the Armistice found a very tired but happy woman. She never left Memphis during the war, but her work touched many points. She received many prized letters during the war, and at its close, among them one each from President Wilson, written with his own hand, and General Pershing; while a very precious souvenir is a large photograph, autographed and sent from Paris to Mrs. Boyle by General Foch.

She is at present engaged upon work of an historical character. One of her war poems, *Union*, was generally published, having been translated into several languages. It has since been printed in four school readers, one in Massachusetts, two in Illinois and one in Virginia. Much of her time has been spent in New York and she numbers many famous men and women, some of whom are now passed away, among her friends. For the past eight years, all consecutive work has been put aside in the love and care of the invalided mother, who has recently passed away at the age of eighty-six years.

Throughout this more than half a century of accomplishment as poet and writer, as philanthropist, as devoted daughter in the home, as a loyal citizen, the outstanding trait of Mrs. Boyle's character is her everready help to any one struggling to express an ideal, and her vital interest in seeing that those who deserve recognition are given it. She has helped numerous boys and girls to get an education; she has held out a helping hand and given the encouraging word to many a faltering worker to tide them over the discouragements and help them on to victory; and, over-modest herself, she has been the first to demand praise and rewards for others.

Mrs. Boyle has found the subject of the Confederacy a fertile one. She has written several novels and over a hundred poems that have taken up various aspects and presented a point of view that is both inspirational and patriotic.

A list of Mrs. Boyle's works include:

Books—*The Other Side; Brokenburne; Devil Tales; Serena; Love's Songs and Bugle Calls.*

Two canticles—*The Song of Memphis; Christ in the Argonne.*

Single poems—*Tennessee Centennial Ode; Armistice Day; Abraham Lincoln; The Wizard of the Saddle; Union.*

TROUT, GRACE WILBUR (Mrs. George W. Trout), author, lecturer, suffragist leader, was born in Maquoketa, Iowa, daughter of Thomas and Anne Belden Wilbur. The Wilburs are an old New England family who came from Doncaster, Yorkshire, England. The family claimed ancestry back to Willlam

the Conqueror, Hunters of Wild Boars, from which the family derived its name. Their coat-of-arms was three boar heads with the motto, "I bide my time." Samuel Wildbore, the first American, came to this country about 1631. He and his wife, Miss Anne Bradford, united with the First Church of Boston, 1633, and he was admitted as a Freeman of Boston, 1634. Through the maternal lines Mrs. Trout has some Dutch and Scotch ancestors as well as the English Beldens.

Grace Wilbur Trout was one of the great leaders in the suffrage cause. It was her brilliant leadership that won the franchise for the women of Illinois and opened the door for the freedom of women throughout the United States. It was her foresight and indefatigable watchfulness that prevented its repeal in the 1915 legislature and its overthrow through legal entanglements by its enemies. She sacrificed personal ambition and absolutely submerged herself for the good of the cause.

It was in the home town of Maquoketa, Iowa, that Grace Wilbur grew up to young womanhood. The keen sense of justice that has so dominated her life manifested itself when a very small child and taught her a lasting lesson. She was always a leader, even in her play. On a certain occasion the big brother of a neighbor playmate came into the yard where the little girls were amusing themselves. He began his usual bullying, knocking down their playhouse and making himself a nuisance generally. Grace, about half his size, stood it as long as she could. She finally grasped a switch and chased the offender home to the awe and amazement of the others, as well as of the offender himself. She did not hit the boy for fear she might hurt him, but the figure of a small girl with curls flying and holding a formidable weapon of defense completely routed the enemy. That it does not pay to allow oneself to be imposed upon was the conclusion forced on her when the "boy terrible" became her very good friend, brought her candy, and even let her ride in his car, the greatest of favors. In later years in the thick of the battle this remembrance encouraged her when suffering persecutions from unprincipled opponents.

Grace Wilbur was fortunate in her choice of parents. From her father she inherited a keen judicial mind that detected trickery and double dealing with almost miraculous power. Wise, level-headed he was a constant influence in her life. Mrs. Trout often tells of an episode of her sixth year that won her respect for his wisdom and authority. A friend of her father's had over-persuaded him to attend a revival meeting. The six-year old daughter pleaded to go with him. In the course of an impassioned plea at the meeting the revivalist shouted, "The last boat for salvation! Who will be the next to jump aboard? Those who do not will be eternally lost!" The little Grace, clinging to her much-loved father, cried out hysterically, "Jump in, papa, jump in." The revivalist was quick to seize the opportunity. In a deep voice he intoned impressively, "A little child shall lead them!" Her father rose indignantly "and I shall lead the little child home," he said, "away from such violent excitement."

In her mother, too, Grace Wilbur found helpful and wise guidance. Early manifesting a talent for both speaking and acting, she went through a class while quite young in dramatic art under a graduate from the Boston School of Oratory. At the close he gave an exhibition of his pupils' progress. Grace Wilbur rehearsed her selection to her mother, imitating, with great gusto, the deep sonorous voice and gestures of the teacher. Her chagrin was great when her mother remarked quietly:

"Perhaps you had better rest a while, daughter, and then give me the recitation again naturally and in your own voice." And she added, with a whimsical smile:

"To be natural is the highest and most difficult of arts." The child would work for hours on some phrase or expression to bring out just the meaning her mother believed was

intended by the author. She has often blessed these early lessons that taught her concentration and hard work when she longed to be out playing.

As the earnest girl grew older she developed a marked aptitude for dramatic reading. Many who had heard Charlotte Cushman compared her in looks and voice to that great actress and reader. Once her father, after listening to her recitation, cautioned her:

"The object of speaking is to be heard," and she made an effort to heed this admonition. Years after in the great auditorium in Chicago, addressing a mass meeting, the newspapers commented on her voice, declaring that "it could be heard in the remotest corners, even in its most caressing cadences." And the *Chicago Tribune* added that "Mrs. Trout's voice was as unusual in the speaking field as Patti's was in opera."

Physically not strong, when Grace Wilbur graduated from the High School she was not allowed to go to college but continued her education under her mother's direction with private tutors. She was of lively temperament and liked young men as well as young women. She had numerous admirers but never wished to marry any of them. Finally her mother told her it was wrong to encourage a certain young man because if she dropped him he would be sure to find some other nice young girl. In referring to this instance, Mrs. Trout said she had never had any compunctions of consciences about encouraging or dropping other young men who had paid her attention nor cared a bit about their consoling themselves with other girls. But the thought of this particular young man's finding some other girl did not exactly appeal to her and she was willing to give up a career in dramatic art as she was planning and marry him to save him from such a catastrophe. She adds that she has never regretted it and that if she has ever accomplished anything worth while it has been largely due to his unfailing faith in her ability, to the spirit of coöperation, to the keen judgment, and practical good sense of her husband. In 1886, she married this particular young man, George W. Trout, a young hardware merchant, who afterward moved to Chicago and engaged in the wholesale hardware business in that city under the firm name of Trout & Sacket. Mr. Trout was the son of Thomas and Amanda Knittle Trout, both of Dutch descent.

George W. and Grace Wilbur Trout had four sons: Thomas Wilbur, Philip Wilbur, Ralph Belden, and John Vernon, who died when he was a year old. There was an adopted son, John Wilbur Sacket, a nephew of Mrs. Trout, whom they have loved as their own.

When the family moved to Chicago in 1892, it was not long before Mrs. Trout joined the West End Women's Club. She served as director, and realized as women everywhere realized that self-culture in the club amounted to nothing unless it aroused in women a desire to help others. She was active on the committee that established the first bathroom with a reliable woman attendant in a public school in Chicago.

She soon joined the Chicago Political Equality League, the Chicago Woman's Club, and later on the Chicago Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution. She was unable to attend the meetings very regularly on account of the small boys. She kept in close touch with the boys' school work and gave them personal care and attention, in fact her children always came first. She took courses in French, in parliamentary law, and in literature and dramatic art, during these years, and she wrote *The Story of a Mormon Wife*, which Doctor Dickson for over twenty years, literary editor of the *Chicago Inter-Ocean*, said received more wide and favorable comment than any first book he had ever known.

Mr. Trout joined the Ashland Club about this time and it was not long before Mrs. Trout was chosen as President of the Ladies' Auxiliary of the club.

Soon after this the Trout family moved to Oak Park, and in a few years a committee

of men called to urge Mrs. Trout to accept the Presidency of the Ladies' Auxiliary of the club there.

In 1910 Mrs. Trout was elected President of the Chicago Political Equality League. This league had been organized by the Chicago Woman's Club in 1894 and had only 103 members. This was too slow a growth for sixteen years. Mrs. Trout organized a strenuous campaign for membership. A suffrage float was planned to take part in the Sane Fourth parade to be held that summer in Chicago. That same summer she organized a suffrage automobile tour, which visited many towns in the upper part of Illinois and came back in triumph with mud bespattered "Votes for Women" still flying and cheered all the way to the Finance Building headquarters. During Mrs. Trout's term of office the legislative, propaganda, and study sections for carrying on different phases of the work were organized, and in May, 1912, when her term expired, the membership had been raised to 1,000.

On October 2, 1912, Mrs. Trout was elected State President of the Illinois Equal Suffrage Association. She had desired to retire to private life and in spite of the urging of many suffragists would not have accepted the state presidency had it not been for the arguments advanced by one of her sons. In California, during the 1911 suffrage campaign there, he had seen every vicious interest lined up against the women and had become convinced of the righteousness of the cause. He said to his mother: "Mother, you ought to be willing to do this work—to make any sacrifice necessary. This is not a work simply for women but for humanity."

With her gift for organization Mrs. Trout immediately began strengthening the Association in all parts of the state, holding mass meetings in many towns, with brilliant speakers, and directing the campaign looking toward the coming legislative struggle for the state franchise.

The history of that campaign is well known. It was acknowledged by the press, by the officials of the various cities, by the legislators themselves that the Illinois women set a new precedent for the cause of suffrage throughout the country and that it was the tact, the political skill, the sound judgment of the President of the State Suffrage Association that set the pace that carried the women's cause to victory.

An incident that shows Mrs. Trout's uncanny power to detect trickery occurred at a critical time of the fight. Mrs. Trout was on an elevator in the capitol at Springfield when some of her legislative opponents got on. They were in a facetious mood as one remarked with a side glance at the lady, "How surprised some folks will be" and laughed so jubilantly as he got off that it made her thoughtful. After some meditation, the thought struck her that they were going to put the Suffrage Bill into the wrong Committee, which surmise was quite correct.

It seems that the "Bill" was to be referred to the Elections Committee where the suffragists had sufficient votes to get a favorable recommendation. There was a plan to order it into the Judicial Committee where it would fall into the hands of the enemy. Mrs. Trout and her allies worked into the small hours of the morning but as the morning session opened, the Bill was ordered to the Election Committee before the opponents could get their breath. "They it was who were surprised!" declared Mrs. Trout.

At the time of the first big suffrage parade in Chicago in the Spring of 1914, the suffrage situation was critical, the suffrage law had been attacked, and the case was hanging fire in the Supreme Court at Springfield. Rumors were rife telling of the influences being brought to bear even on Supreme Court Judges to have the law killed. At this crucial time it was deemed vitally essential to have a big and successful demonstration, which could not fail to strengthen the Cause even with the Supreme Court—for judges are human—and it would at least give courage to the friends of the movement.

Threatening letters were sent to Mrs. Trout, saying the women would be rotten egged, and even worse punishment was threatened if attempts were made to go on with the parade. The cheerful message was sent to Mrs. Trout that if she could be gotten out of the way there would be no difficulty about killing the suffrage law.

Major Harrison had been warned of the necessity of taking extra precautions and ordered out the Beauty Squad, magnificent mounted policemen headed by the Chief of Police himself. They were brought out only when the President of the United States visited Chicago or on some other very grand occasions. They rode immediately in front of Mrs. Trout, who walked down the middle of Michigan Boulevard, followed by 15,000 women.

On May 4, 1914, Mayor Harrison appointed Grace Wilbur Trout as a member of the Permanent Charter Commission. One other woman was appointed but was unable to serve, and Mrs. Trout was the only woman serving on this Commission of thirty members. She was further honored by being appointed on the special committee of seven on Plan and Procedure, and was also made Chairman of the Committee on Education and Public Welfare.

The object of this commission was to formulate and frame a new Charter for the City of Chicago which would meet its growing needs.

Mrs. Trout said that in serving for a year with some of the most prominent lawyers, judges, and politicians of Chicago was a liberal education.

When the General Federation of Women's Clubs met in Chicago in June, 1914, Mrs. Trout and her State Board recognized the need of securing the endorsement of suffrage by that organization. It was realized that great tact and delicacy would have to be used—the suffrage law was at that time hanging in the balance in the Supreme Court at Springfield and any rebuff to suffrage at this critical time might mean serious consequences. It was voted by the State Board to put the whole matter in the hands of Mrs. Trout to act as she deemed wise.

As soon as the President of the General Federation arrived in Chicago, the week before the Biennial was to open, Mrs. Trout arranged for a conference. The National Board appointed a committee to work with Mrs. Trout quietly and ascertain the sentiment of the women. It was deemed by forward-looking women that for the good of the General Federation itself the subject should be presented to the delegates assembled, and let them decide the question.

By a happy coincidence the very day the suffrage resolution was adopted by the General Federation, the Suffrage Law was declared constitutional by the Supreme Court of Illinois by a margin of one vote.

The action of the Supreme Court of Illinois in pronouncing the law constitutional had the expected effect. It was accepted as a precedent by other states; during the next six years, fourteen states had followed the example of Illinois.

In 1915, Mrs. Trout's political sagacity was put to the test in the sessions of the legislature in that year. A bill had been introduced by the enemies of the suffrage cause to repeal the suffrage law. Several other bills were introduced threatening the law; it was conceded by the legislative body that it was Mrs. Trout's political understanding and untiring efforts that saved the situation.

During all this time Grace Wilbur Trout was lecturing. Called upon by the Redpath Bureau and others to fill dates for Champ Clark, Robert LaFollette, and William Jennings Bryan she met with success everywhere she spoke and she was always urged to come again.

Mrs. Trout in her work appealed to the best in men and expected them to do the square thing. She tells of trying out this theory once, in the summer of 1914. She was filling a number of dates on a Chautauqua

Circuit, and in one small town the only train to make connections left at midnight. She ordered a taxi but there was no taxi. The clerk could not leave the hotel. There was nothing to do but go alone.

The way to the station was lonely and deserted—she carried two heavy grips. She kept repeating to herself the ninety-first Psalm.

When she reached some old sheds a man skulked ahead of her, keeping close to the shadow of the buildings. Without a moment's hesitation she called to him to please wait a moment and carry her luggage to the station, that she was afraid to go on alone.

The man stopped as if some one had struck him. She promptly handed him her two satchels and thanked him for waiting. She told him how frightened she was to be out alone at that time of night, but she must make the train. She walked rapidly and he kept up with her. He said little only grunting once in awhile.

She reached the station and in the light saw the man's face. She was glad she had not seen it before. She thanked him and said she did not know how to pay him, and opened her purse. He waved his hand, spoke rather sullenly, that he wouldn't take any pay.

As the train whistled her tough looking friend hurried up with some small sticks of red cedar. There was a factory here where they made lead pencils. He thought she might like some of the pieces. She assured him there was nothing she liked better than sweet smelling cedar.

Mrs. Trout finds in all of her work that good predominates in the human heart, but sometimes it is only the urge of necessity that makes us find it.

In summing up this whole situation, Alice Stone Blackwell said, that if the suffrage law had lost out in the Supreme Court of Illinois, or been repealed by the Illinois legislature of 1915, it would have put the whole movement back another fifty years.

Mrs. Trout said her belief in equal suffrage came to her as a heritage. Her father and mother both believed in the principle of political equality regardless of sex. She remembered once when she was a very young girl hearing her father say that women were human beings the same as men, they paid taxes the same as men, they were punished when they violated the law the same as men, and should have a voice in the government that governed them, the same as men.

Mrs. Trout has endured persecution from those who could not use her for their own selfish interests, but she is generous to her enemies, and loyal to her friends. With a deep love for humanity and a personality that charms all with whom she comes in contact, she has, also, that rare attribute among women, a lively sense of humor. She is loved devotedly by women and arouses the deepest respect among men. A prominent man said on one occasion, after talking with her: "Her arguments are so forceful, so clear, so human, so free from all sentimentalism that I do not wonder she convinced one of the most stubborn legislatures in the whole country, and won its representatives over to vote for her cause."

Organizations to which Mrs. Trout belongs are: Chicago Woman's Club; Illinois Woman's Press Association; Jacksonville (Florida) Woman's Club; Friday Musicale (Jacksonville, Florida); Jacksonville Chapter Daughters of the American Revolution; Served during the World War on Executive Committee Woman's Illinois Division, Council National Defense; Honorary Member General Federation of Women's Clubs.

SOLARI, MARIE MAGDELENE, artist, was born in the town of Calvari, near Genoa, Italy, January 11, 1849, the daughter of Pasquina Cuneo and Pietro Solari. They emigrated to this country in 1850 and located in Memphis, Tennessee, on Christmas Eve of that year.

Miss Solari is especially noted as having opened the privilege of the Academy of Art,

in Florence, to women students. She remained in Florence seven years, taking her degree and seven medals. Her standing as one of the representative artists was recognized during the World's Fair when she was appointed to be on the Jury of Fine Arts—the only person from the Southern States. She served in like capacity at the St. Louis Exposition, in 1904, the only woman on the Jury of Fine Arts.

When the Solaris came over, there was no such rapid ocean transit as exists today, but over a month was consumed by the slow sailing vessel between Genoa and New York, and in transit, the little Marie learned to walk, and followed the sailors, calling them by name. With the other children, she first attended a small school in Memphis in her neighborhood, then St. Peter's Church (Catholic) School, and in her early teens attended Mrs. Morgan's School. Mrs. Morgan was a cultivated woman who had received advantages and artistic training abroad, and her influence was very marked upon young Marie. She early discovered the artistic temperament in her pupil, and urged her mother to allow her to take up art. But with the cares of children, the idea did not appeal to her. Still persevering, Mrs. Morgan one day gave Marie a picture to draw, then canvas and colors to finish it. She never had had a lesson either in drawing or painting, but her mother was so pleased with the presentation of that picture by her little daughter that the art lessons were begun at once. Five or six joyful years, Marie studied with Mrs. Morgan. Then the young girl's health began to fail so seriously that her physicians recommended an ocean voyage and a stay in her native country. Through the generosity of her brother, Lorenzo Solari, she was sent to Florence in 1882, and kept at the art schools of Italy until 1892.

Her first work in Florence was done at the studio of Professor Cossioli. The professor, who was both artistic and temperamental, became very much interested in his young pupil, who studied with him for three years. Encouraged by him, she made application to study at the Academy, of Florence. At this time, no woman had ever been admitted to the Academy, and the application met with a storm of disapproval. Eventually, the press took up the question, and artistic opinion was divided. The gates of the Academy had been stormed by women before, to no avail, but this time, President Daveco of the Academy was on the side of the plucky little American. She won and was admitted, thus opening the gates of privilege to women forever, on equal grounds with men. Of her, the late Colonel J. M. Keating, veteran editor of the *Appeal* said: "What a radiance of glory, like an unfading nimbus thus crowns her endeavor, her labor of years, transmitting her name to posterity forever. And who knows but another Shakespeare shall arise to idealize this nineteenth century woman and worker, and put in the mouth of her counterfeit presentment, lines as logical as those which Portia repeats, the argument which her works had made so irresistible as to win for her not alone the coveted boon of entrance into the Academy, but in succession, five gold and silver medals, attesting the skill and ability upon which she rested her own and the claim of all women to enter the Academy of Florence; to enter, as the equals of men and endowed with the inalienable rights to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness, which were long supposed to be lodged in men alone. We welcome the artist and heroine home; we welcome her with pride in all her achievements. . . ."

Our little "Italo-American" as Colonel Keating called her, remained in the Academy for seven years. During this time, she took two Master of Arts degrees, one for life work and the other for industrial drawing. She received seven medals; one gold medal at the Beatrice Exhibition at Florence. From the Academy she received a diploma to teach in the Government Art Schools of Italy. It is unique that she took all her examinations in Italian, though it would have been permis-

sible to have written them in English, as she was an American. When she arrived in Florence she discovered that she spoke provincial Italian. She immediately began a study of the language as spoken in Florence, and mastered it.

The next year, she, an American, would have taught in the Government Art Schools, but upon the marriage of her brother, Marie came home, and opened a Studio and Salon in the city of her adoption. Memphis welcomed her with open arms, pupils flocked to her *atelier*, and her artistic and literary salons were attended by the most conservative and aristocratic. Poems were written to her and both private and public honors were extended her.

In 1894, Miss Solari was appointed on the Jury of Fine Arts for the World Exposition, Chicago, to serve with the most noted artists of the country. She was the only person selected from the Southern States, and her work received much commendation both from the artist Jury and from the press. Being on the Jury, she could not compete for prizes, but she was selected by Mrs. Potter Palmer to exhibit pictures in the Woman's Building. She exhibited also at the Atlanta Exposition and the Tennessee Centennial Exposition in 1897; receiving at the former the silver medal for her water colors and the gold medal for her collection of tapestries and curios. At the latter, she received first prize for oil painting, first and second for water color, first for crayon, first for landscape and first for collection; a sweeping of honors!

In 1904, she was appointed to serve on the Jury of Fine Arts for the St. Louis Exposition, and was the only woman on that Jury. One of the artists who served with her on both the Chicago and St. Louis juries, told the writer that Marie Solari was the most remarkable woman, of any nationality, he had ever met. She had seven pictures at the St. Louis Exposition. Several were nominated for prizes, but could not receive them as she was a juror.

Miss Solari proved to be a trenchant writer as well as an artist, and her articles at various times have been potent in a number of local reforms. One of the reforms she instigated was in the Memphis City Hospital. When it was discovered that the service was not what it should be and that no citizen of Memphis could be treated there according to its rules, Miss Solari visited the hospital and by the spoken and written word, was largely responsible for the agitation which resulted in a radical change for the better, until at present, the Memphis General Hospital is one of the best conducted free hospitals in this part of the country.

The practical side of her nature was shown in the management of her farm, where in her younger days, she spent much of her time. She was interested in the breeding of fine hogs and chickens, and delighted in riding a highstepping Kentucky mare, which is remembered as "Lady."

One of her dreams which never came true, because of ill health, was the addition of a large studio to her country home, which in the setting of grand old trees should resemble as far as possible, the beautiful studios of Italy. She has never had a place spacious enough for the proper display of her pictures, and wonderful collection of curios and ceramics. For some years, in her city studio, she maintained during Lent, a series of Art Salons, where she gathered the choicest attractions in art, literature and music the section then afforded—the plan being to form a nucleus for an Art League, a School of Technology and a Gallery for Art. She has lived to see a thriving Art League, which promises very soon to have its own home, and the building of the beautiful Brooks Memorial Art Gallery in Overton Park.

Miss Solari is an active member of the J. Harvey Mathes Chapter, United Daughter of the Confederacy, by virtue of personal service. During the Civil War or rather the War for States' Rights, the old Irving Block and the Overton Hotel were used as impro-

vised hospitals for wounded Confederates, and it was the joy of Marie Solari and her mother to go every day to those hospitals and take delicacies and fruit to the suffering men. She also lent her aid in the moulding of bullets for the ammunition of the army. Since its organization, she has been an honorary member of the Commodore Perry Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution.

When the call was made through the Daughters of the Revolution, for a patriotic contribution of precious metal to be used in the casting of the new Liberty Bell, always one hundred per cent American, Miss Solari contributed liberally of the medals with which she had been presented.

When the Italian Commission was sent over just prior to the World War and visited Memphis, which has the second largest Italian Colony in the United States, Miss Solari was asked to meet with the Commission, and at its request addressed the large audience in the Lyric Theatre in its behalf, and, the only woman on the stage, made a notable figure. This was next to her last public appearance.

During the World War, she was an active member of the Red Cross, doing whatever her hands found to do for the men who were going over to make the world a safe place to live in. But when they had gone, her heart turned with longing pity toward the privation of war and suffering of her beloved Italy, and with her own hands and by her own efforts, she sent eleven boxes of wearing apparel, shoes and sweaters, to Genoa through the Italian Consul at New Orleans. Later, she was Chairman of an Italian Committee which sent several thousand dollars to the Italian Red Cross. At the close of the war, she received a diploma and two medals from the Queen for the relief of her soldiers.

Miss Solari had a number of flattering offers to leave Memphis for sections where the field was wider and there was larger opportunity for action, but she preferred to make her home and give her labor to the city of her adoption. Her Art School was kept up until her health gave away, and she was forced to take no more pupils. She has been in feeble health for fifteen years, and she has had to curtail her activities until she has become a recluse. But at long intervals her friends are made very happy by her reappearance among them, for her work, her record, and her achievement is marked with a white stone in the memory of her countrymen.

A devoted nephew, George Anthony Canale, the son of Catherine Solari Canale, the beloved sister of Miss Solari, has contributed with the reminiscences of his aunt the picture of her in the height of her powers and service but there is a picture of Miss Solari, which her friends prefer to keep, although it has never been made by a photographer or limned by an artist's brush. During the World War, when the United States Government asked that a certain Fourth of July be patriotically observed, the Chairman of the Italian Division for the observance at Overton Park chose a scene representing the Court of Medici at an open air fete. It is as a Lady of the Court, in a trailing black gown, with a black lace veil pinned upon her whitened hair, as she led the twenty or more noble ladies, similarly gowned, that some of her friends would best remember her; externally, an American, costuming a part, but deep in her heart, bridging centuries, she was once more the grand dame of her beloved Italy in the heyday of her power and influence. In her eyes was the light of generations of dreaming and achieving, and in the swing of her fan was the nonchalant grace and easy poise which Italy, the mother of Art, still bequeathes even to her American daughters.

So we leave her, once more quoting Colonel J. M. Keating, who would set up a bust of her in bronze or marble, bearing this inscription: "Erected in honor of Marie Solari, a woman of Memphis, who surpassed Savonarola, in this, that she conquered the prejudices of Florence and commanded that the gates of the Academy of Art be opened and remain open to women forever."

McILVAINE, CAROLINE MARGARET, librarian, daughter of John Slaymaker and Laura Jane Hinds McIlvaine, was born in Chicago, Illinois. Of Scotch, English and German ancestry, her earliest American forebears were among the hardy New England and Pennsylvania Dutch settlers, her father's grandfather, Andrew McIlvaine, coming to America from the North of Ireland in 1719 and settling at Lewes, Delaware. Her first American ancestor on her mother's side, William Hinds, came to this country from England about 1630 and settled at Salem, Massachusetts.

Although most of her life has been filled with the duties of librarianship, Miss McIlvaine's activities are not easily classified. Of that great body of Chicago women whose abilities during the first quarter of the twentieth century were devoted to the promotion of civic progress in varying phases, she not only is one of the most vital exponents of visual education, a speaker and writer of ability in her field, a connecting link between the Museum of the Chicago Historical Society and the worlds of Art, Business and Society, but she is an individual of such genuine worth of character, possessing as she does a keenly discerning nature and a broad spiritual outlook, that she has come to be regarded as one of Chicago's most valued feminine assets. To her energy, her vision, her perseverance and tact is due in considerable degree the expansion of the Chicago Historical Society, in the activities of which she has long had a directing hand. To her untiring efforts and zeal has been largely due the merging of the interests of this Society with those of the plain citizenry of Chicago, and especially with the interests of the boy and girl seeker after knowledge, for Miss McIlvaine is by nature of that perennial youth which scorns the passing years.

Although Chicago will ever claim Miss McIlvaine for its own, her childhood days were equally divided between that great city and the little town of Dixon, Illinois, where her maternal grandparents settled in 1856. Here she and her younger sister spent the summer months, gardening, hunting wild flowers, riding the great wide-backed horses to water, wading in the brook, revelling in the beauty and freshness of the country. The scenes of this country life were to form a vivid background in all her after years, and to it she has attributed much of her optimistic and youthful habit of mind. Always a leader in play, and passionately fond of the open, she occupied every rainy day in desultory attempts to write high-flown romances or indulged her mania for collecting and classifying all small objects that fell in her way, bits of pottery or glass, especially those in which appeared some striking color or design, postage stamps and coins.

Their Chicago existence also contributed its share of romantic adventure to the lives of the two eager little girls. Often their proud father would take them about with him, and they particularly delighted in visiting Mr. C. F. Gunther, the famous candy manufacturer, a lifelong friend of the father and grandfather. While the gentlemen talked business, Mr. Gunther, a great lover of children, allowed the little girls to wander in the wareroom over the store, where was exhibited a hetrogeneous collection of manuscripts and curious objects which he had gathered from all parts of the world. Here they beheld an Egyptian mummy in close proximity to the high hat and umbrella that had been the property of Abraham Lincoln. Many visits were made to this fairyland, and Mr. Gunther, never too busy to show his treasures, always invited them to come again. He intended adding to the collection, he said, and some day he should present it to Chicago.

Caroline's early education was obtained in the Chicago public schools and from private tutors. At the time of her graduation from the grades, business matters required the family to live temporarily in Minneapolis, and in the very excellent schools there she received her first two years of high school

GRACE WILBUR TROUT

MARIE M. SOLARI

Corinne M. McIlvaine

Nancy Cox McCormack

instruction, one of her classmates being Louise Beatty, who is known to operatic fame as Madame Homer. After graduation from high school in Chicago, she turned to the study of languages and various subjects she had not gotten enough of, taking some courses at the University of Chicago. Soon after they were graduated she and her sister began to cast about for some vocation that would be at once remunerative and educational. Few such avenues were open to women then. Teaching did not appeal to them. What then? Library work?

The great Newberry Library, founded under the will of Walter Loomis Newberry, a pioneer merchant of Chicago, was opened near their home in 1887. Functioning as it did in the field of the humanities, it naturally attracted the intellectually awake, and the two sisters made up their minds that there they wanted to start carving out their careers. They accordingly laid siege to Doctor William Frederick Poole, head of the Library, who finally agreed to give them a chance to prove their ability to master library science. Here they received instruction from the members of that notable group of savants drawn together by Doctor Poole, this work proving to be more than the equivalent of a university education. Having served in every department, at the end of five years Miss McIlvaine was advanced to the position of Head Cataloguer and Director of the Index of Genealogy, which position she held until 1901, when she was selected by the Chicago Historical Society to take charge of its Library and Museum of American History at Dearborn Avenue and West Ontario Street.

THE CHICAGO HISTORICAL SOCIETY

This institution is one of the most striking examples of the indefatigable "I Will" spirit of the people of Chicago. Twice has its store of priceless treasures been reduced to ashes, and twice has it risen, phoenix-like, from the flames, a silent emblem of the triumphant progress of a people in whom the fires of civic and family pride never can be quenched. Founded in 1856, when Chicago as a city was but nineteen years old, by twelve men who were Chicago's principal bankers, merchants, physicians and lawyers, it became at once the city's center of culture.

It was to this venerable institution that Miss McIlvaine was called in 1901. In all Chicago possibly a more fitting incumbent could not have been found. All of her previous experience and training, her own tastes and predilections, had been shaping her for the duties of this post—to make the Museum and Library of the Chicago Historical Society "a nursery of living thought"; to transform it from a storage house for curios into a storage battery of Americanism; to open its doors, that up to this time had been closed to the public, thus converting the institution into a medium of popular education, a means of enriching the lives and inspiring the civic ideals of all classes of society. In this way was Miss McIlvaine, the librarian, transformed into a dynamic exponent of visual education, and into her hands was given Chicago's greatest treasure with which to carry on a crusade of patriotic education.

In the first hour of her service she began the adaptation of the Museum to the use of children in the hope that it might eventually prove a valuable supplement to the teaching of American history from textbooks, as then was the practice in the public schools. Her next endeavor was to seek out the survivors of that remarkable group who, back in 1856, had established the Society, and to draw from them their recollections of the dawn of Chicago's greatness — the early schools, the early theatres, the volunteer fire companies, the singing societies, debating clubs, and military organizations. Many of these narratives were committed to writing and filed away as priceless archives. For Miss McIlvaine the association with these early citizens was a never-to-be-forgotten privilege—an experience to be coveted for every young man and woman.

Some of these friendships eventuated in bequests to the Society.

With the object of giving back to the people of Chicago something of their beloved city as it existed before the Fire of 1871, she next began to send out requests for portraits and views of streets and early homes. The response was immediate, but it was soon noticed that among the paintings, marbles, and daguerreotypes that began to come in there was rarely one of a woman. The quest for portraits of Chicago women was stressed constantly but with little success.

Back in 1803 the present great city of Chicago had its beginnings in the establishment, amid hardships which the modern mind could hardly picture, of a rude stockade called Fort Dearborn, presided over by a handful of government troops. They found here several traders' cabins, most of them occupied by French Canadians and their Indian wives. For thousands of miles around brooded the silence of the wilderness. In 1903 Miss McIlvaine proposed that the Chicago Historical Society lead the city in a celebration of the one hundredth anniversary of the building of Fort Dearborn. Participation in a city-wide event had not been thought of since the Prince of Wales (Edward VII), when the guest of the city in 1860, visited the rooms of the Historical Society. Several months of agitation brought the Directors to the point of participation in a week of celebration which so awakened the citizens to the fact that the Historical Society was functioning as a public institution that there were many additions to the membership roll, which already bore the names made famous by world-wide business relations, Ryerson, McCormick, Blatchford, Crane, Palmer, Leiter, Field, Farwell, etc.

The Rubicon once passed, isolation was impossible, and in 1904 the Society took part in the Exposition at St. Louis, winning the Gold Medal for its exhibit. The following year it was host to the American Historical Association.

In 1809, six years after the building of Fort Dearborn, in a miserable log cabin in the wilds of Kentucky occupied by a family named Lincoln, a boy baby was born, called by his fond mother after the Biblical patriarch, Abraham. This boy afterward became the sixteenth President of the United States, and his name now ranks with the greatest of the the earth. As the one hundredth anniversary of the birth of Abraham Lincoln approached, February 12, 1909, Miss McIlvaine began to plan for the commemoration of an event fraught with so many fateful consequences. In fear and trembling she approached the son of the Great Emancipator, Robert T. Lincoln, and asked if he would loan some of his father's manuscripts to the Historical Society for a contemplated exhibition. After deliberation, he cordially consented, loaning, among other priceless documents, President Lincoln's first Inaugural and the draft of the Proclamation of April 15, 1861—that ominous day in America's history when 75,000 men were called into action in what became known as the great Civil War. The first draft of the Preliminary Emancipation Proclamation, which gave freedom to the slaves, was also included. This event inaugurated a new era in the Society's existence, marking the beginning of the slow but steady growth of real popularity for the institution.

Through Miss McIlvaine's long correspondence with Charles H. Conover the Society in 1910 secured his library of Lewis and Clark literature, at that time the most complete collection of works on this epic of American history in existence. In 1911 the fiftieth anniversary of the outbreak of the Civil War was commemorated, and the Society participated in the Child Welfare Exhibition.

In 1912 came the one hundredth anniversary of the Fort Dearborn Massacre, when the Indians fell upon the little garrison and wiped out almost the entire white population. This event was observed with fitting ceremonies, to be followed the next year by an extensive exhibition in honor of Perry's victory on Lake Erie in the War of 1812.

One by one prominent women of Chicago had been brought to recognize their relation to the great objective of the Society, namely, the cultivation of better Americanism through the encouragement of patriotic education. As soon as these women became convinced that the Historical Society was potential to become an actual school of patriotism, they brought to bear their wonderful ability to make practical application of the resources of the Society to the needs of the citizens of Chicago generally. By hospitality and kindly propaganda they have helped to develop institutional consciousness and community spirit in the Society's relations with the outside world. Such generous expenditure of time and thought on the problems of the institution by a body of able women has proved an asset of inestimable value.

Soon after coming to the Historical Society, Miss McIlvaine began to popularize the making of expeditions to historic shrines and started movements to preserve ancient landmarks and to retain old names for city streets. In 1913, at the instance of Doctor O. L. Schmidt, who became President of the Society in 1923, she devised a scheme for making the Museum and Library available to school children by distributing delegate's tickets to the teachers to use as marks of merit for eighth grade children.

As soon as America entered the World War in 1917, Miss McIlvaine was constantly called upon to furnish material for newspaper articles tending to keep up morale, and she organized Sunday concerts and suppers in the Society's building for the young soldiers and sailors. In this work she had the enthusiastic coöperation and financial help of the late Mrs. George M. Pullman.

In 1919 occurred the death of that dear friend of her childhood, the kind-hearted Charles F. Gunther, whose dream of leaving his vast collection to the city was frustrated by the condition of his estate, making it necessary to turn this collection into money. Valued at three hundred thousand dollars. the Chicago Historical Society was given an option on it at one hundred fifty thousand. Through the courage and perseverance of Miss McIlvaine in recommending its purchase to a small group of far-seeing members of the Society, the raising of the required sum was entered upon. By the end of 1923 the fund was completed, and this collection became the property of the Historical Society. Notable among the manuscripts thus obtained were the Will of Washington; the first patent granted in the United States; Benedict Arnold's pass to Andre; a vast amount of Civil War material, and priceless documents of Lincoln, Grant, Logan, Ellsworth and others. The acquisition of the Gunther collection placed it in the power of the Society so to visualize American history as to become a real force in the assimilation of foreign populations, and in the instruction of young America in the traditions of our country.

Thus have sped the busy years for Caroline M. McIlvaine. During her incumbency, all the Society's publications have passed through her hands in the course of editing or "seeing through" the press, and such publications as were designed to keep the members in touch with the trend of the Society's work, or to make it known to similar organizations in the country, were written by her. In several museums in the United States some of these are in use as textbooks of museumology. As Editor of the history section of *Museum Work*, the organ of the Association of American Museums, from 1919 to 1924, she attracted to that organization many historical museums in remote parts of the country. The History Section of the American Association of Museums was organized by Miss McIlvaine at Washington, District of Columbia, in 1924, and in an address before that body she embodied her ideas of the function of the American historical museum in language so graphic, so replete with homely illustrations and pointed phrase, as to give that staid scientific organization a new standard for the historical Museum in America. In part she said:

"Museums are doing more to liberate the ideas that make for joy in living than any other institutions of uplift today, baseball not excepted. . . America seems to some of us to be like a great sculptured figure, beautiful but surrounded by mists, and with her finger on her lips, inarticulate in a degree because lacking words in which to express her nationalism. It is at this point and for this hour that museums, particularly museums of history, were born. When the poet, the artist, the musician shall be encouraged to the vivid and dramatic expression of the Spirit that *is* America, not forgetting the portrayal in art forms of the manner of life of the plain people as it has been lived in all of the retired communities in remote regions of this broad land, Americans will see their country for the first time and her beauty will move us.

"Now that the farthest frontiers of the world have been reached, and the railroad and aeroplane have banished the pony express and the covered wagon, there remains for the historical museum the inspiring task of preserving these traditions that typify the pioneer spirit, the American spirit, that will always be on the frontiers of thought."

It was the late Walter D. Moody, writing in *What of the City?* who said: "The Chicago Historical Society has always had the support of the most representative and public-spirited men of Chicago. Its librarian, Miss Caroline McIlvaine, is a real educational asset to Chicago."

COX-McCORMACK, NANCY, sculptor, daughter of Herschel McCullough and Nancy Morgan Cox, was born in Nashville, Tennessee, August 15, 1885. Her father and mother were of the same name, being cousins.

Nancy Cox-McCormack, while by nature and training a sculptor, with an international reputation, is also a writer, a traveler, and what may be called a "non-political diplomat." By her intelligence, skill, grace and charm she functions equally well in the professional, social, literary or diplomatic world. Gifted with a mental ambidexterity which permits her to write and speak fluently, she has the magnetic personality and cosmopolitan spirit that make her equally at ease with the statesmen, dignitaries and notables of foreign countries as well as the everyday persons of more commonplace American life.

After receiving a preliminary education at Ward Seminary, Nashville, she, in 1903, married M. McCormack, whom she divorced in 1908. She then studied drawing with Willie Betty Newman, following this with general instruction in drawing, painting and sculpture at the St. Louis School of Fine Arts, Washington University, and Chicago Art Institute.

From 1911 to 1921, Mrs. McCormack was a vital part of the art life of Chicago, a prominent figure in the movement which had for its object the establishment of a closer bond of interest between the world of art and civic life. She was one of the first to attempt to bring the artists of Chicago into a definite organization, and through exhibitions, artists' balls, and other social affairs so popular during that period, her propaganda drew public attention to the world of the artist, stimulating the purchase of art work by the public. Constantly she stressed higher standards of sculpture.

Her early work includes *Harmony* in S. C. Scotten's collection, Chicago, a copy of which is in the Nashville Art Club; portraits of Virginia Clark (child), exhibited in Chicago Art Institute, 1912; William H. Mitchell, Alice Gerstenberg, Chicago; statuette of Mrs. Erich Gerstenberg, Chicago, 1914; Clarence Darrow, Chicago; statuettes of Mrs. Carlton J. Holdrege with little daughter Betty, and Mrs. Edward S. Leight; Lawton Parker posed for a bas-relief, 1916, and then she was commissioned to make the altar for Old Trinity Church, Chicago; *Clay* was modeled in 1916; bust of Ralph Roeder as St. Antony of Padua, 1917; Eunice Tietjens, poet; panels for Rockford Woman's Club Building, 1917;

A. Bartelemy, French Consul General, Chicago, 1918.

In 1918 she wrote *Peeps*, a story for children, which has passed into twenty-eight editions. It was in this year that Sarah Bernhardt visited America, and while in Chicago, it was Mrs. McCormack's pleasure to have many contacts with the great actress, assisting her with a benefit for her hospital in France.

In 1921, feeling she needed the inspiration of foreign travel and experience, Mrs. McCormack went to Paris, where her contacts brought her into the circle with Ezra Pound, Bravenci, the sculptor, Ford Madox Ford, and a few friends among the old French families. From Paris she went, via Coblenz, Munich and Vienna, to Italy, where the most interesting of her foreign activities took place. The gentlewoman and artist met with a warm welcome, and was promptly absorbed into the social and literary life of Rome. Here her name was always preceded by the distinguishing title "La." She was welcomed into the home of Signora Adolfo de Bosis, wife of the great Italian poet, noted especially for his Italian translation of Shelley, and a great friend of d'Annunzio and Dusé. She made a bust of the poet's young son, Lauro, who achieved fame by his translation of *Oedipus Rex*. This family was considered the center of everything worthwhile in the cosmopolitan circles of the literary and professional worlds. It was as the guest of Signora de Bosis that Mrs. McCormack saw the only three performances given by Dusé in Rome within the twenty years preceding her death.

Among the American friends made here was Miss Marion Peabody, a designer and book illustrator, whose home is in Rome. She is the sister of Josephine Preston Peabody.

One of Mrs. McCormack's most interesting contacts was with le Senatore Giaccomo Boni, the great classicist and archaeologist, the *Pierre Blanche* of the romance of that name by Anatole France. She did a bust of Boni, which is now the property of the City of Rome, in the permanent collection of the Campedoglio, the only piece in the Capitoline museums done by an American.

Occupying a villa near the American Academy in Rome was Monsignore Ubaid, head of the Order of Arabic Priests, and of him she made a bas-relief in bronze. Another pleasant friendship was with the intelligent and talented Lidia Rismondo, wife of a great Italian war hero. La Rismondo was the close friend of Benito Mussolini, active in the background during the time he was organizing the Fascisti. She posed for Mrs. McCormack, as did the great Mussolini himself. About the latter and her first visit to Italy's Premier, Mrs. McCormack had this to say:

"I was invited to come with La Rismondo to have coffee at Mussolini's home directly after his morning gallop in the Borghese gardens. Il Presidente knew that I wished to make his portrait bust, and when we came to speak of that his face dropped into what I can best describe as an official mask. A sort of half-humorous defense in this instance, for he fixed his facetious eyes most terrifyingly in my direction and affecting a honey-voiced severity said, 'Signora, not long ago I began posing for a painter who made me so nervous I broke up the first sitting by nearly throwing him out of the window! Are you not afraid when I say we begin tomorrow?' 'Your Excellency,' I replied, 'that must indeed have been a poor artist. When I am nervous I am so much more dangerous than you that it would not be I who would be tumbling out of the window!' This might have been my death-blow for the reason that d'Annunzio, at the same time, was the subject of many jokes on account of the true story in connection with his accidental window injury. . . . But it happened to be my master-stroke. Mussolini respects anyone who can survive his thrusts, and turning to Signora Rismondo he exclaimed, 'Dio mio! What have we here?' " (From the preface of Mussolini's book, *My War Diary*, translated into English in 1925).

The next day, accompanied by Signora Rismondo, Mrs. McCormack took her tools and the clay bust that was already in shape for the first sitting and set up her stand for the work in the salon in the Palazzo Tittoni, which bespoke the character of the man who saved all Europe from bolshevism. Simple it was, and without the slightest attempt toward luxury, yet he complained to her that it was too comfortable. Signor Mussolini gave her ten sittings. They worked during the hour following his luncheon, appointments being made and broken owing to various duties which robbed him not only of his midday repose but often necessitated his working all night and spending days on the trains. Mussolini had not posed before for a bust.

At the end of her second year in Italy, Mrs. McCormack went back to Paris, then to England and Scotland via Belgium. She visited Malvern Hills, whence came her first American ancestors, who brought that name to Virginia. On returning to Rome, one of the last things she did there before preparing to return to America was the bust of Henry P. Fletcher, American ambassador. All this Italian work, and a masque of Ezra Pound, American critic, poet and composer, were exhibited in Rome and Paris at various times during 1922–1923–1924. The book kept for registration of callers' names to these exhibitions bears the most famous of England, France and Italy, among them Marina, Princess of Greece and Mme. Poincaré, wife of the French Premier. There were also those of many notable Americans, including Ambassador Herrick and Mrs. E. H. Harriman. The most important thing in the exhibit was the bust of Mussolini, signed by himself in the clay, reproduced in bronze, July, 1923, and exhibited first at the Biennial Exposition of the Beaux-Arts in Rome. The first replica, also in bronze, is in the possession of Mussolini himself, a second is owned by Max Pam of Chicago, a third was placed in the Museum of Fine Arts in Philadelphia by a group of Italians under the leadership of C. C. A. Baldi, Editor of *L'Opinione*, an Italian newspaper of Philadelphia. A fourth, which will be put in the Petit Palais in Paris, is in the Augustus C. Gurnee collection, Paris. This work was exhibited in Naples under the auspices of La Fiamma group, the most active organization of Italian artists of the day, including in their number Mancini and Mechetti. It also was shown privately in the museum of Jacques Seligmann of Paris. During this time she was finishing the memorial, erected in February, 1925, in the Capitol Building at Nashville. The figure, nine and one-half feet high, was of Senator E. W. Carmack, killed in a political duel on the streets of Nashville.

Returning to America, in the summer of 1924, Mrs. McCormack found herself and her foreign experiences of so much interest to the American public as to warrant the writing of newspaper and magazine articles. Through syndicates, the radio, and art journals, and by addresses to Press Clubs, she was enabled to reach an audience of many millions in an unprecedented short time. In the autumn of 1924 her work was exhibited in the Jacques Seligmann galleries in New York, afterward in the National Gallery of Art, Washington, District of Columbia, to be followed in March of 1925, by an exhibit in the Art Institute, Chicago. Early in 1925 she did a bust in Washington of Honorable Hugh Wallace, ex-Ambassador to France, and, in Chicago, of Max Pam, followed by the Perkins Memorial for the new observatory of Wesleyan University, Delaware, Ohio. In January, 1925, she wrote the preface to the English translation of Mussolini's book, *My War Diary*.

Mrs. McCormack is a member of the Woman's Club of London, the Woman's Club of Paris, National Arts Association of New York, La Fiamma of Rome; and is a charter member of the Cordon Club of Chicago, Chicago Arts Club and Alliance of Art and Industry, Chicago.

Her first American ancestor, on both her father's and her mother's side, was Richard Cox (the name then spelled Cocke), born in England in 1600, a descendant of Captain George Cocke, of the family of Sir Henry Cocke of Hertfordshire. Coming to America in 1632, he settled on a large estate to which he gave the Indian name "Bremo," in Henrico County, Virginia. He was a Lieutenant-Colonel and was twice member of the House of Burgesses of that county. His son, Thomas Cox, the second generation in America, was born in 1638. He married Margaret Jones, a widow, whose son, Peter Jones, was the founder of Petersburg, Virginia. Thomas Cox lived on a five-thousand acre tract known as "Malvern Hills." He was the owner of many slaves and mills and was a great churchman. His son (and third child), Kuomas James Cox, of "Curles," on the James River, was born in 1666, became a member of the House of Burgesses, 1696–1698, and clerk of Henrico County from 1692–1707. The son (and first child) of James Cox was William Cox, born in Orange County, Virginia, 1705; he was Captain of a company of Rangers in 1756–1757 in George Washington's regiment. He and his brother Matthew were present at the Mecklenburg Convention. John Cox, second son of William, was born in Orange County, Virginia, 1758, served in the army during the Revolution, died in Tennessee in 1840, the owner of a large plantation. His son, Martin, was born in Overton County, Tennessee (date missing); Henry Harrison Cox, second son of Martin, was born in Roane County, Tennessee, 1822. He married Nancy Richardson French, of Kentucky, in Overton County, Tennessee, 1852. It is probably from this talented grandmother that Nancy Cox-McCormack inherited some of her literary ability. Nancy Richardson French was educated entirely by her father (of Kentucky) and wrote articles on the secession of the Southern States for the *Courier-Journal* of Louisville, edited by Colonel Henry Watterson. Herschel McCullough Cox, father of Nancy Cox-McCormack, was the fourth son of Henry Harrison and Nancy Richardson French, born on the Cox plantation in Overton County, Tennessee, in 1861, marrying his cousin, Nancy Morgan Cox, in Tronsdale County.

LEWIS, MARGARET CAMERON (Mrs. Harrison Cass Lewis), author, was born in Ottawa, Illinois, December 21, 1867. She is the daughter of Alexander Tulloch Cameron, a lawyer, Scotch born, but brought to the United States in his mother's arms in 1842. Her mother was Nancy Anna Nelson, born in Erie, Pennsylvania, of Scotch and English ancestry.

Most of Mrs. Lewis' writing has been humorous. May Lamberton Becker, outlining in the *New York Evening Post* a course of study in American humor, mentioned Margaret Cameron as one of the three women humorists thus far produced by this country. She has written several one-act plays for amateurs, all in a vein of light, satirical comedy, which has yet no sting of bitterness or malice; many short stories, summarized by one critic as "delicious bits of fooling, developed with an absurd solemnity that is captivating"; two books of travel in fictionized form, one of which, *The Involuntary Chaperon*, is said to have sent more persons to visit our southern neighbors than any other book yet published; and one novel, *Johndover*, in which is presented a picture of Santa Barbara, during the last years of a romantic period.

Probably the work by which she is best known, however, is *The Seven Purposes*, which tells the story of the beginning of her own experiences with psychic phenomena. This book almost immediately took a place in the ranks of best sellers and exerted a wide influence. Both her publishers and her public were surprised by this departure from her accustomed path, but no one else was as profoundly astonished as she was herself by what she had to report, for she had no tendency toward mysticism and no inclination

to speculate about things unseen. Rather had she been led, both by an inherently logical mind and by the circumstances surrounding her from childhood, to an eminently practical attitude toward life—life which for her had not been always easy.

Her father suffered from an illness contracted in the Civil War, and when Margaret was nine years old the family moved from Illinois to Santa Barbara, California, hoping thereby to benefit his health, and the Santa Barbara of those days made an indelible impression upon the mind of the little girl. It was the winter of 1876–1877, a "dry year," with a long succession of sunny days and no rain, when crops failed for lack of water and cattle died by thousands on the neighboring ranches from thirst and starvation.

But in December there were still flowers in the gardens and orange trees were in bloom. There were the curious little red-tiled adobe houses, the exotic sound of Spanish on the streets, the picturesque Chinese, the lumbering red Concord stages drawn by four or six horses, for there was no railroad through Santa Barbara then, the beach, with, its shells and seaweed and long lines of foamy breakers, and best of all, the general custom of horseback riding.

Trained to the saddle from the time she could sit straight, by her father, who had been a cavalry officer, Margaret longed for a horse. One day, at an auction, a little roan mare was bought for a quarter by an amused stranger and given to the eager child; to be tied to the back fence for lack of a stable and fed upon hay at twenty dollars a bale. For a year Dolly and her little rider scoured the country roundabout. Then Mr. Cameron died, at the age of thirty-seven, when Margaret was just ten years old, Dolly was sold and the hard years began.

Left with limited means, and desperate from grief and loneliness, Mrs. Cameron determined to find some occupation that would engross her mind and afford additional income. In those days—the days so vividly described in *Johndover*—there were two things a gentlewoman could do to earn money without defying convention; she could teach, or she could keep boarders. After two years of trying the latter and loathing it, Mrs. Cameron, with characteristic courage and independence, decided to exercise one of her two great talents. She had a genius for clothes; so she went East, taking Margaret with her, to spend the winter of 1879–1880 in Chicago, with a woman who had formerly been her dressmaker, returning to Santa Barbara to open a dressmaking establishment. Thereafter she was busy and successful.

For several years after this Margaret was in and out of school—mostly out, as she was not strong. Left more or less to her own devices during the day, she read anything and everything she could lay hands upon, amused herself by writing "a deal of bad verse," and kept house. She took piano lessons, and a Unitarian clergyman gave her lessons in English literature and rhetoric.

Having been always a solitary sort of child —precocious, they called her—the close relation between her mother and herself led the girl to choose her friends from her mother's generation. At fourteen she was admitted to a Shakespeare Club of otherwise middle-aged and elderly persons, and because her dramatic sense was starved in isolated Santa Barbara, where the only theatrical entertainment was supplied at long intervals by cheap, itinerant companies, these Shakespearean readings were her greatest pleasure. Years later, when some of her plays for amateurs became known, Franklin Sargent asked where she got her knowledge of dramatic structure. Not knowing, even then, just what dramatic structure meant, she was at a loss, but his persistent inquiry led back to the Shakespeare Club, and he said that she must have absorbed unconsciously a certain amount of structural knowledge during the years when she read Shakespeare constantly.

There were other formative influences during those impressionable years when ill health

kept her so much out of school. Among her older friends in Santa Barbara were persons of varied and cultivated tastes, inspiring her with a desire to share their interests, and each season brought a thin stream of tourists from the East, some of whom gave her glimpses of things to hope and work for.

She was encouraged to experiment in various branches of art. She played the piano acceptably, failed at efforts in modelling, and proved later in the San Francisco School of Design that she could not draw. The hope of writing not yet very pushing, she turned back to music, after she and her mother had moved to San Francisco in 1884, and began seriously to study piano playing.

She had the teacher's gift, and when, two years later, in Oakland, she began to take pupils in the rudiments of music, her ability to impart what she knew, and a liking for doing it, increased her class and brought her an income sufficient for her small needs.

So the mother continued her work, and the daughter, practicing three or four hours a day and teaching the rest of the time, more often than not spent her vacations under a physician's care, worn out by hard work. The fact that they had few luxuries did not distress her, partly because she had learned that happiness is not dependent upon outward circumstance, and partly because California was full of people who had come there on account of some invalid in the family and who lived simply, on limited means.

All this time she wrote more or less, for her own amusement, with no idea of publication. About 1888, a friend who owned a newspaper in Oakland asked her to do the musical criticisms for it. Mrs. Lewis says it was a foolish little paper, without much influence, but she wished to do well whatever she attempted, and realizing that she knew very little about vocal technique, she entered the studio of Francis Stuart, now a distinguished New York teacher—not to sing, for she had no voice, but to gain a knowledge of singing through hearing him teach, while she played accompaniments for his pupils. Thus she gave of her best effort to a comparatively small matter, and her musical criticisms were so acceptable to the editor that he sometimes appealed to her, in emergencies, to help out in other departments. Thus she occasionally reported lectures, wrote book reviews and now and then an editorial, always anonymously and as a diversion.

By this time she was pretty well established as an accompanist and played often in concert. She was also a member of various musical organizations in San Francisco and Oakland, and was for several years president and accompanist of the Hughes Club, of Oakland, at that time the largest women's choral club west of the Mississippi.

In 1898 she stopped teaching music, though she continued her work as an accompanist for two or three years, and having been actively employed for a long time, she was unhappy without a definite occupation. Then, at a studio supper, she met William C. Morrow, formerly a newspaper man, and the author of some extraordinary short stories. He was about to start a class in "The Art of Writing for Publication," covering all branches of newspaper and fiction writing. Very conscious of the limitations of her education, this impressed her as an opportunity to learn more than her scanty schooling had taught her about the technical side of literature, and with that object in view, she helped organize a class in Oakland and became one of the pupils.

At that time, Eastern colleges were just beginning to organize departments of journalism and short story writing, and there was even more jeering than there is now about the folly of assuming that inspiration can be taught, though there is no record that either Mr. Morrow or any of the colleges ever claimed to teach it. In any case, fumbling along new paths, blazing his way as he went, Mr. Morrow contrived to convey a practical knowledge of how material might be handled, and to point out certain pitfalls along the path of the beginner.

One night in class he objected that most of the pupils seemed afraid to use dialogue at critical moments in the development of a story, and demanded that each should write a "curtain raiser," for drill in dialogue. Margaret Cameron wrote one, with no idea that it might be used in a play, Some young friends of hers insisted upon producing it, and as long as she stayed in California she kept them supplied with one-act plays for amateur production. All these have since been published and have been widely used.

A year after beginning her study with Mr. Morrow, *Harper's Magazine* accepted one of her stories, and from that time she became a more or less regular contributor to its pages.

On September 16, 1903, she was married to Harrison Cass Lewis, who is the General Manager and Vice-President of the National Paper & Type Company, exporting printer's materials to Latin American countries. He had been a playmate of her childhood in Illinois, but after going to California she had seen nothing of him until she went as a delegate from a San Francisco Club to the World's Fair in Chicago, in 1893, where she met him again.

Mr. Lewis' business took him often into Latin America, and sometimes Mrs. Lewis accompanied him. A circuit of South America in 1908, resulted in *The Involuntary Chaperon*, and several visits to Mexico, between 1905 and 1909, gave her material for *The Pretender Person*. Two or three trips to Europe and many across our own country have not appeared in her fiction.

Not driven to work by financial pressure, her writing has been an avocation in a life filled with a woman's usual domestic and intellectual activities, social contacts and so on, but she published occasional books and frequent short stories until 1912, when the Mexican Revolution brought keen business anxieties to her husband. This, followed by the World War, created a hiatus in Mrs. Lewis' writing, for she found the kind of fiction she had always written unthinkable during these crises. She says she did not feel humorous, and she refused to inflict upon a suffering world anything that reflected the way she did feel.

Then, in 1918, after a long silence, came *The Seven Purposes*, causing her public to gasp. A book on psychic phenomena by a humorist! Was this the greatest quip of them all? But it was not a jest; it was a clear, straight-forward report of actual occurrences, published somewhat reluctantly and only because the obligation of service, the necessity of sharing this experience with those whom it might help, outweighed with the writer any personal shrinking from possible ridicule.

Mrs. Lewis herself maintains that there are good reasons for the employment of a humorist in psychic work. She says: "The best definition of humor that I have ever found is this: 'Humor is a sense of proportion, so confirmed as to be a habit.' And since the present effort of the Invisibles is to restore balance and a sense of proportion to a bewildered and mechanistic world, and since investigation of this kind demands sanity and a clear sense of proportion to insure against a too-easy credulity, what more natural than that a humorist should be chosen to help with the task?"

This, however, was a conclusion reached after several years of experimentation, when the purpose of the whole psychic movement had become apparent. In the beginning, she was not only entirely skeptical, but she was not easily convinced that the phenomena manifesting through her were what they purported to be. Explaining how she began this work, she says:

"In the spring of 1918 a friend who had lost her only son learned that twenty-five years earlier I had played with a planchette, with curious and inexplicable results, though I had never had the least faith in any spiritistic hypothesis. She persuaded me to try the planchette again. Neither of us believed personal survival probable, nor communication

possible. In the end, both were convinced that the individual does survive and can, under certain favorable conditions, communicate with us, though I came to this belief slowly and rather against my will."

A report of the first four months of Mrs. Lewis' work along this line is contained in *The Seven Purposes*, which was the first book written in this country concerning psychic phenomena to have a large circulation. It is safe to say that it was read by thousands who had never before given attention to the spiritistic idea, and Mrs. Lewis received hundreds of letters from persons of all sorts—from clergymen, physicians, manufacturers and army officers to wistful women who had lost sons in the war—testifying to the interest it had aroused and in many instances to the faith it had inspired.

She has published nothing further on the subject, as yet, but during six years of fairly constant work along these lines, her conviction of the survival of the individual and the constant effort of those in the Invisible to help us to a better understanding of life has been steadily strengthened.

Contrary to the commonly held belief that nothing of value is ever received through psychic channels, the communications coming through Mrs. Lewis, and through several other persons associated with her since the publication of her book, have been on a consistently high plane, in the main impersonal in tenor, and full of valuable ethical and philosophical suggestion, as well as of important information, the declared object being less to establish communication between individuals for the comfort of either, than to prove, eventually, not only the continuance of individual life, but the existence of forces which will be of infinite assistance to mankind.

Mrs. Lewis looks forward to a day—perhaps distant—when the last stronghold of that impossible thing called the super-natural shall have been conquered. After several years of experiment with varying kinds of phenomena, she is convinced of the existence of natural forces as yet unknown to science—forces now irregular and spasmodic in action, as was electricity before scientists learned something of how to handle it to advantage, and like electricity in an earlier day, regarded as supernatural solely because not understood. She asserts that when science, with improved instruments, has discovered and learned to use these forces, it will prove the existence of what St. Paul called "the spiritual body," which is really an extremely subtle and invisible form of matter, living on after its husk, the visible body, has been left behind; and it will also open for the use of mankind vast reservoirs of energy, and restore rationally the faith in things unseen which in late years it has all but destroyed.

SETON, GRACE GALLATIN THOMPSON, writer, lecturer, book designer, civic worker, world traveler, was born in Sacramento, California, daughter of Albert and Clamenza Angelia Rhodes Gallatin. Through her mother's side, she is descended from the Rhodes, Hathways, and Welles families of New England. Her great, great grandparents were of English stock and settled near North Adams, Massachusetts, in Colonial days and were related to the Rhode Island Rhodes. On her father's side, the first Gallatin settled in Sparta, New York, in the early 19th Century. Grace Gallatin's father was distantly connected with the great statesman, Albert Gallatin, the first U. S. Minister to France, and was named for him.

Mrs. Seton has made a reputation along several varied lines. As an author she attracted favorable attention, to have the writing interrupted for a time by her interest in the feminist movement. She has lent her writing experience, her gift of organization, and her witty tongue to help women to a more independent and progressive attitude in domestic and national affairs. Her keen interest in the advancement of women's position in the economic and political world drew Mrs.

Seton more and more into active work along these lines and she gave unselfishly her loyal and energetic support to this great movement in its many phases.

She was untiring in her devotion to suffrage activities until the fight was won,—serving for eight years as President or Vice-President of the Connecticut Women's Suffrage Association (1910-19)—and received an engraved recognition from the National American Women's Suffrage Association for distinguished service in the cause of Woman Suffrage in America.

During the World War Mrs. Seton raised the funds necessary, organized and directed the Woman's Motor Unit of *Le Bien Être du Blessé* of the Woman's City Club (New York City) which helped to save the lives and alleviate the sufferings of thousands of French wounded. She spent two years in France as *Directrice* of the Unit. For this she was decorated by the French Government with *medaille d'honneur, premiere classe* and *medaille de reconnaissance.* Also received diploma de la Croix Rouge Française Comité Brittannique. She was connected with the French *Service de Santé Militaire* and British Ministry of Information, visited battlefronts and areas of occupation in Europe and contributed propaganda articles.

In 1917 she was elected by popular vote of Connecticut Women's Organizations, Secretary of the Connecticut Division of the Women's Committee, Council of National Defense; served as chairman of Washington Women's Auxiliary, Second Liberty Loan Committee when her committee sold a million dollars worth of Liberty Bonds in a community supposed to be interested only in its home states. She organized a number of campaign features such as "the mile of nickels," donated by the school children of Washington, into a huge Liberty Bell which was constructed in front of the Treasury Building. The several thousand dollars thus obtained was used to purchase Liberty Bonds which were contributed to "The Fatherless Children of France."

Since the war she has worked with the *Secours d'Urgence* Committee in France and raised funds for the devastated regions and now a "Mrs. Thompson Seton Foundation" is coming into fruition as a community center in Pas de Calais.

Her latest conspicuous and brilliant work is the revival of authorship combined with the interest nearest her heart which has found expression in three unusual books.

While engaged in war work in France, Mrs. Seton studied the amazing effect it was having on American, English and French women and this led to her planning a series of books of travel and adventure, with a portion of each devoted to the status of the New Woman around the world,—the first one, "*A Woman Tenderfoot in Egypt,*" the second one, "*Chinese Lanterns,*" both published by Dodd, Mead and Company, also a number of magazine articles on the Egyptian, Chinese and Japanese women and she is now busy on a third book about India (Harper and Brothers).

The getting of the material has been a fascinating task for the past three years, as she has been around the world going into a different Oriental country each year and in the doing of it, has had most interesting adventures as a traveler and formed some wonderful friendships among the women of different nationalities.

From her earlier years, Grace Gallatin had been an omnivorous reader and before she was twelve had finished every book in her mother's library, including most of the English classics, *Pilgrim's Progress* and Lecky's *History of European Morals.* She also remembers that the "Webster's Dictionary" and "Soule's Synonyms" had a fascination for her and she used to read many pages at a time, down one column and up the next.

At the experienced age of six, the small Grace Gallatin decided to become a writer.

At twelve she plunged into her first novel, which however, was never completed. It dealt with English life about which the child knew nothing. The first sentence began,

GRACE THOMPSON SETON

"Down the pebbly beach walked Lord Erskine." His home was in middle England, well supplied with ghosts and dungeons. His young ward, with whom he falls in love, is the heroine of the story.

The ambition to write continued. She read that Dickens took up stenography; so she learned shorthand as a rung on the literary ladder. While in Paris in her early teens she began professionally by becoming the Paris correspondent for the San Francisco *Call and Examiner* and also for a short time did the Paris notes of the *English Ladies' Pictorial*, writing under the name of Dorothy Dodge, and of course not divulging her extreme youth. While still in Paris, she wrote historical sketches for magazines in London, Paris and New York.

It was at this time that Miss Gallatin met Ernest Thompson Seton. Mr. Seton, born in England, is a descendant of the old Scots family, the heads of which were the Earls of De Winton, an illustrious member being Mary Seton, one of the "four Marys" of the Queen of Scots. He was already attracting attention as a naturalist and the maker of over one thousand drawings in the Century Dictionary.

Shortly after, these two gifted persons united in a life partnership, the marriage taking place in the Marble Collegiate Church, New York City. A little later, Mr. Seton's *Wild Animals I Have Known* appeared and set a new mark in the literature of the world, that of the true animal story in fiction form, illustrated by masterly marginal drawings of animals. While in no sense did Mrs. Seton write nor illustrate her husband's famous books, he gives acknowledgment for her literary criticism and inspirational suggestion and for the book make-up. In order that her ideas might be practically carried out she studied both commercial and hand book-making and printing. She was the first to use the two-toned lining papers. She has made up all her husband's books and her own, designing the covers, title pages and general make-up, and she developed this into a commercial possibility receiving adequate compensation for her labor—at the same time opening up a new line of endeavor for women. A small triumph in this line was when the head of the De Vinne Press called on Mrs. Seton and begged permission to have the second copy of Mr. Seton's *Biography of a Silver Fox* autographed for his collection as he considered it the finest example of artistic and commercial book-making.

Another phase of Mrs. Seton's talent for designing was demonstrated on the occasion of the first Woman Suffrage parade in Hartford, Connecticut, when she designed the Connecticut State emblem and over seven hundred banners, and later, the costumes and regalia of the National Board for the first great Woman Suffrage parade in Chicago. She has also designed costumes for the stage.

Early Mrs. Seton had to face the problem of the modern woman,— whether, as she picturesquely expressed it, "to have two kites in the family or make one big kite and be the tail of it." She decided to be the tail to her husband's kite and for many years she has been his faithful co-worker, laying down her pen, to be helpmate, mother and hostess.

Mrs. Seton declares that her career as an author was really started by Juliet Wilbor Tompkins, then editor of one of the Munsey publications. She suggested that Mrs. Seton tell of her Western life in a series of articles which eventually became *A Woman Tenderfoot in the Rockies*, and appeared in the *Puritan Magazine*, afterward enlarged and published as her first book by Doubleday, Page and Company. This book won an immediate success, because of its breezy gayety and its original slant. It was written when the field that has since been so worked over was quite fresh and new, especially for feminine experiences. It was followed by another of personal experiences in the Outdoors, called "*Nimrod's Wife*" (Doubleday, Page and Company).

About this time Mrs. Seton helped to organize and became the President of a club of

women writers and painters of the younger set, called the "Pen and Brush." Its object was to bring the busy professional women into social touch with one another for pleasure and profit. The Club used to have literary evenings dubbed "Uncut Leaves." At one of these she declared that she "perpetrated" a poem, "*If You Were I and I Were You, Sweetheart,*" which, she said, deserved mention only because it inspired Aldo Randegger to set it to some very beautiful music. This song was published by Schirmer and has been a popular favorite. Mrs. Seton gave untiring service as President of the "Pen and Brush" for fourteen years. The Guest Book during that time shows a long series of distinguished names whose owners were guests of honor at the frequent functions of this interesting club, all brought there by this brilliant hostess whose own "Wednesday Evenings" on lower Fifth Avenue when she and her distinguished husband were at home to their friends, are remembered by many of the literary, artistic, musical and social circles in New York before the Great War. During the first decade of this century, the Setons established a beautiful home in Greenwich and a daughter, Ann, came to share its woods and gardens and lake, its birds and pet animals.

Mrs. Seton is a lover of flowers and outdoor life and is a member of the Greenwich Garden Club, at one time cultivating a medicinal herb garden for the purpose of studying its benefits to humanity. She is also interested in music, especially vocal and orchestral. She was President of the Music Lovers during the two years of its existence.

For years Mrs. Seton devoted many of her spare hours in chemical research, fitting up a laboratory in her own home. Such was her interest in this "hobby" that she attended night classes in experimental chemistry at Columbia University, giving up many a social event for the purpose. Her personal library includes a fine collection of books on science, history, psychology and philosophy. Her literary contribution on the latter subject is found in C. A. Bjerregaard's masterpiece, *The Great Mother*, a whole chapter having been written by Mrs. Seton at Mr. Bjerregaard's request.

Mrs. Seton was one of the original group of workers promoting the Outdoor Movement and was Chief Pioneer of the Girl Pioneers (1910-11). She assisted in the organizing of the Woodcraft League of America and has served as Vice-President, chairman of the Woodcraft Potato Clubs, and Girls' Work.

In the effort to lessen the weekly number of working hours for women and children in factories, Mrs. Seton organized in Connecticut the "Shorter Work-Day" Committee.

In addition to the activities already touched upon, Mrs. Seton served as chairman of the Montessori Association, 1909–1911; to finance which she organized a successful Montessori Ball at the Hotel Plaza; Vice-President of the Woman's City Club 1918–1919; chairman for the State of Connecticut of the Anna Howard Shaw Memorial (for which she raised many thousands of dollars); Publicity Manager of the Ernest Thompson Seton Vaudeville Lecture Tour, 1920–1921; Vice-President of the Soroptimist Club, New York City, 1923–1925, of which she is the *author* member; Vice-President of the New York League of American Pen Women, 1920–1921, for which she has conducted a "Short Story Group" 1920–1925; and Vice-President of the National League of American Pen Women, 1922–1924, also acting as its international representative in China, Japan, Egypt, India and Europe.

She is also a member of the Lyceum Club of London, Colony Club of New York, National Institute of Social Sciences, English-Speaking Union, Authors' League of America, MacDowell Club, China Society of America, Wednesday Afternoon, Garden Club of America and in Greenwich, the Garden, Travel and Woman's Clubs.

Mrs. Seton's grandfather, William Rhodes, and her grandmother, Guliema Mary Ann Spriggott Penn Welles, were married in 1835 at the age of eighteen and seventeen years and

took a long wedding journey of six weeks on the Erie Canal from North Adams, Massachusetts, to Laramee County, Michigan, where the Reverend William Rhodes became a Methodist minister, travelling and preaching over a wide circuit.

Albert Gallatin, Grace Gallatin Thompson Seton's father, in the early fifties went to California. In 1866, he journeyed back to Michigan to claim his bride and took her by way of the Isthmus Canal to California (also a six weeks' journey) where he became one of those empire builders, such as Collis P. Huntington, Mark Hopkins and Leland B. Stanford, who put through the railroad which connected the West with the East. Vice-President Sherman drove the last spike, a gold one, with a silver hammer, which remained one of the family prized possessions for some time. Albert Gallatin's portrait hangs in the Pioneer Room of the Golden Gate Park in San Francisco. He further demonstrated his progressiveness by being one of the group that put through the first Public Utility that generated and transmitted electric power over long distance.

Mrs. Seton's brother-in-law, Frank H. Powers, a San Francisco lawyer, was a state builder of the modern type, having had the vision and the capacity to develop Carmel-by-the-Sea near Monterey, California, which was the first of the literary artistic colonies in the West.

CRAWFORD, MARY CAROLINE, author, social worker, was born in Boston, Massachusetts, May 5, 1874, the daughter of James and Mary Coburn Crawford.

Miss Crawford is the author of many books on the romantic side of old New England, averaging almost a book a year. She is often called "Boston's social historian," and it is said of her that she can make history as interesting as romance. In addition, she conducts a Social Service Publicity Bureau, which is the direct outgrowth of her social service specialized training and her accomplishments for the betterment of her city. For years her name has been associated with the Ford Hall meetings, inaugurated by George Coleman, and of the forum gatherings at the Old South Meeting House she has been the prime mover.

Even before the days when she was preparing for college, in the Girls' Latin School of Boston, Mary Caroline Crawford determined on a writing career as the result of a sketch encountered by chance in *The Wide-Awake*, a nineteenth century child's magazine of estimable memory, setting forth the lure of the journalistic life. Later on, this budding author,—then in her teens,—heard the woman who had written the sketch talk about her newspaper experiences before a little group of girls who were members, like herself, of the Episcopal Church in Charlestown, Massachusetts. The result was to stimulate effectively Mary Crawford's determination to spend her life in the aroma of printers ilk.

It was while she was at the Latin School that she first broke into print by writing for the *Jabberwock*, the school paper, a description of a visit to the tower of the Old North Church, made famous by Paul Revere. (Curiously enough this first article was just along the lines of the books through which Miss Crawford has since become widely known).

When her course at the Latin School was finished and she started on her academic career at Radcliffe College, Cambridge, Mary Crawford noted that in the *Boston Budget*, a well-known society weekly (which no longer exists), there were appearing letters from many New England colleges, but none from Radcliffe. Promptly she wrote to the editor of the paper and suggested that she would be glad to send in Radcliffe news regularly. It was arranged that she should do this, and throughout her college career, under the nom de plume of "Carol Ford," newsy paragraphs about the activities at Radcliffe appeared weekly in this little sheet.

When her college days were over Miss Crawford for a time carried on similar correspondence for the *Boston Transcript* and she

now "broke into" the *Transcript's* regular columns, also, as a special and editorial writer. At the same time, and for several subsequent years, she acted as literary editor of the *Budget*, the weekly in which her professional writing career had been begun.

These were the days before the development of the syndicate but Miss Crawford developed a little syndicate service of her own for New York and Philadelphia papers and it was from a series of articles contributed to one of the latter papers that an early book of hers, *The College Girl of America* grew. In the same way her first volume, *The Romance of Old New England Rooftrees*, was a collection in book form of a series of romances connected with the old houses in New England which she had contributed to the magazine supplement put out by one of the Boston Sunday papers. The book about old New England rooftrees was followed by another about old New England churches and that in turn by a third about old New England inns. To a new edition of the "Inns," just out, Henry Ford has contributed an introduction, partly, no doubt, because of Mr. Ford's interest in the Wayside Inn, which he has recently purchased, and which is described in the book,—and partly, one must believe, because of the way in which the automobile has restored to usefulness and prosperity many of the stage coach inns of long ago days.

Miss Crawford not only writes books but, until quite recently when her Social Service Publicity Bureau grew to such proportions as to make it impossible, she wrote one each year. Just now she is at work on a new book *Famous Families of Old New England*, and is revising the first edition of *Old Boston Days and Ways*, the second of her cycle of three books about Boston.

The third of these books, *Romantic Days in Old Boston*, covers the readable side of Boston during the nineteenth century when Boston really *was* the center of things and did not have an official press agent; and her three Boston books together, *St. Botolph's Town*, *Old Boston Days and Ways*, and *Romantic Days in Old Boston*, give a singularly well-rounded picture of Boston from its beginnings up to the dawn of the nineteenth century. Because of these particular books Miss Crawford has been called "Boston's Social Historian."

All these books are "good sellers," perhaps because, as a leading newspaper critic said, "We have here an author who can make history as interesting as romance." Similarly Miss Crawford's book on *The Romance of the American Theatre* is noteworthy as the first popular book ever written about the history of the theatre in this country.

Miss Crawford's most valuable contribution to biographical data is, however, the single work she has put out with *absolutely no* New England or American history in it. This is her *Goethe and His Women Friends*, an edition of which was brought out in England as well as in the United States. To prepare for this remarkable volume, Miss Crawford made a special trip abroad in 1911, visiting Germany in order to gather material at first hand. Goethe, the German poet, is usually held to have been the star Lothario of the ages. In this book Miss Crawford endeavors to establish the fact that he was interested in many of the various women, whose names are linked with his, only in a literary way. For, as she says, "in Goethe's day it was quite unusual for a man to discuss literature and poetry with a woman. Goethe did, however, and the world interpreted his literary friendship as love affairs."

The librarian of the German library where Miss Crawford secured much of her data for this book was a Count, as well as a scholar. At first he held himself coldly aloof when she requested access to the Goethe treasures of the Grand Ducal Weimar library, but afterwards he became convinced that she knew her subject and gave her a great deal of assistance. When the book was published a copy was sent to him and he wrote her publishers a very complimentary letter about it.

Miss Crawford's last published work, *In the Days of the Pilgrim Fathers*, was pronounced by the Bookman "perhaps the most enlightening of all the books on the Tercentenary." What this writer herself regards her Magnum Opus is however, the work in two volumes, *Famous Families of Old New England*, on which she has been working more or less steadily for the past three years. This book will trace entertainingly,—and in what has come to be known as "the Crawford manner," —the history, background and achievements of most of the family groups which have given New England the high place she has long occupied in the history of this country. The whole work will be copiously illustrated by rare family portraits,—Copleys, Stuarts and Malbones—secured expressly for this work by coöperation with the present heads of the famous families described. A real contribution to current Americana!

Well launched though Miss Crawford was, after the publication of her first books, as a free-lance newspaper writer and as an author with a fast growing reputation, the idealistic strain which is one of her chief characteristics, now began to make itself felt and she determined to take a course of training in social service, under the new School for Social Workers, for which Simmons College, Boston, and Harvard University, Cambridge, were jointly acting as sponsors. From this institution she was graduated in the year 1907. Her first job in social work was as secretary of the Women's Trade Union League of Boston.

It was thus that she once found herself in the anomalous position of advocating, in behalf of the striking employees of a certain famous bindery just outside Boston, continued refusal of their employer's proposals although she knew this refusal must delay the publication and so endanger the success, of a new book of hers which was then in the hands of this bindery! Then, as on various other occasions throughout her career, she realized the difficulty of riding two horses at the same time!

Yet she continues so to ride. In her present publicity and advertising work she often has to explain to puzzled clients that she is *not* a relative of the Miss Crawford "who writes the books about old New England," but actually *the same person*. Happily, she has a nice sense of humor about these books and does not in the least mind telling stories on herself about them—such as the comment of the New York Sun on the publication of her first book, that "it would not harm a new-born babe but would it do anyone any good?"—This was *The Romance of Old New England Rooftrees*, which is still selling constantly, in biennial new editions, twenty-five years after publication. And again the naïve commendation of a friend who had been librarian in a famous private hospital for the insane near Boston and who told Miss Crawford that her books were extremely popular there!

Following her entrance into the profession of social work there opened up before this author-journalist an unusual opportunity to utilize her many-sided equipment in the organization and promotion of the Ford Hall meetings. These are Sunday evening gatherings for workers and their families held in a hall on the summit of Beacon Hill, Boston, and inaugurated by George W. Coleman of Boston.

Under Miss Crawford's hands the audience here developed from a few hundred people assembled on a Sunday night to hear a famous speaker, into a compact sociological function recognized as a Boston institution. For more than a dozen years in Boston when you thought of Ford Hall you thought of Mary Crawford or *vice versa*. If you were a man you might think George Coleman, also, but in the words of Mr. Coleman himself, "without Mary Crawford and her untiring energy, clever initiative and unswerving faithfulness, our growth would have been very much slower and we might have failed altogether. For it was she who stood ready to take all the executive details off my hands after the first

season when it would have been absolutely impossible for me to continue to give it the necessary time."

It was while she was building up the work at Ford Hall that Miss Crawford wrote her cycle of Boston books "spending," as she aptly puts it, "the forenoons at the Athenaeum dealing with the Boston of the past, and the afternoons at Ford Hall helping to mould the Boston of the future."

During her successful career at Ford Hall Miss Crawford was asked to manage a similar Sunday service at the Old South Meeting House, the historic building far down on Washington street,—associated with the Boston Tea Party and with the epoch-making addresses of Samuel Adams and General Warren. The problem here was, however, quite different from that at Ford Hall.

The desire here was to reach with forward-looking messages, given by men and women who could mould public opinion, the comfortable church-going constituency of Boston living, for the most part, in the suburbs. Such people would not, in the nature of things, come regularly to the Ford Hall meetings on Sunday evenings for, whether rightly or wrongly, the Ford Hall meetings had the name of being "radical" and were primarily organized to reach the "unchurched."

These forum gatherings at the Old South Meeting House succeeded from the very first and are now in their tenth season. Through the years, under Miss Crawford's management, the speakers have filled the famous old edifice to overflowing every Sunday afternoon in winter.

Although she is one of the busiest women in all Boston and her social service publicity office in the Little Building,—on Boylston Street,—literally hums with activities of many kinds, Miss Crawford finds time for her favorite out-door sport, canoeing. "No matter how busy the woman in business may be, she should take time for recreation and diversion from her work," she says, "To me, canoeing appeals as the ideal outdoor sport in summer. I know of no other that brings you immediately into such intimate touch with nature. A long, leisurely afternoon in my canoe, on the Charles, with afternoon tea made under the pine trees of the nearby shore, always gives me a renewed faith in life."

A most unusual woman is Mary Caroline Crawford, and Boston women are rightly proud of her achievements. One of them has said of her, "She has grown strong and capable by the necessity of wresting a living from an unkindly economic environment. Yet in the midst of it all she has kept her woman heart unspoiled, and, without bitterness or unfaith, has pursued her course, achieving success, and doing all she could to make the world a little better for her having lived in it."

Miss Crawford is now a Social Service Publicity Counsellor. In this work she not only advises but conducts publicity campaigns for social agencies. She has made a special study of sociology in its present day manifestations and of American romance as related to history. Being a trained newspaper writer, she is especially equipped to handle the advertising and press publicity end of social service movements' publicity campaigns. She has been active in various welfare organizations and has managed the forum gatherings at the Old South Meeting House.

Miss Crawford belongs to Women's Trade League, of which she has been Secretary; Secretary, Ford Hall Forum; Manager, Old South Meeting House Forum; Secretary, Boston Advertising Women's Club; Secretary, Church League, Boston Chapter. She belongs to the Boston Authors' Club, Monday Evening Club, City Club, Church League for Industrial Democracy.

A list of her works include:

The Romance of Old New England Roof-trees, 1902.

The Romance of Old New England Churches, 1903.

The College Girl of America, 1904.

Among Old New England Inns, 1907.

St. Botolph's Town, 1908.
Old Boston Days and Ways, 1909.
Romantic Days in Old Boston, 1910.
Goethe and His Women Friends, 1911.
Romantic Days in the Early Republic, 1912.
The Romance of the American Theatre, 1913.
Social Life in Old New England, 1914.

BARNES, HELEN FLORENCE, M.A., LL.D., sociologist, the daughter of the Reverend Adam Clark Barnes, D.D., and his wife, Harriet Phelps Gee Barnes, was born in Ottawa, Ohio, March 9, 1867. On her father's side, Miss Barnes is of New England stock, her great-grandfather immigrating to Ohio in 1795. Her mother's family were also very early settlers in Ohio. Ancestors on both sides fought in the Revolutionary War.

In 1892, Miss Barnes left her educational work to become State Secretary of the Young Women's Christian Association, both here and in Australia and New Zealand. She has a world wide reputation, being several times a delegate to the Young Women's Christian Association International Conferences, where she has delivered leading addresses on many countries including Japan and China. In the financial department she has been a conspicuous figure in the building campaigns.

A Methodist minister's daughter, Miss Barnes' early education was obtained in many different towns of Northwestern Ohio. In spite of this perepatetic schooling the little Helen Barnes managed to graduate from High School in Bluffton, Ohio, in 1881, when she was only fourteen years old. She was graduated from the Normal School, in 1884, at Ada, Ohio, while her father was pastor of the Methodist Church there. In 1889, Miss Barnes received her degree from Ohio Wesleyan University. This very broad education was later supplemented by a course at Columbia University, 1907–1908.

After two years of teaching in Doury College, Springfield, Missouri, where she was acting dean through a period of some months, she was called to be State Secretary for the Young Women's Christian Association of Nebraska and Missouri, 1892–1894. Thus was inaugurated her long professional service for young women in this world-wide organization. She was State Secretary of Minnesota and Wisconsin, 1895–1897, and of Ohio and Michigan, 1898–1900; which brought her to the end of the century. Now began to open various fields of operation and she was made the National City Secretary for Industrial Work—the first industrial secretary of the movement. From 1900 to 1907 she visited factories from Maine to California, North and South. She addressed large gatherings of women in industrial work and tells many interesting stories of these experiences. In 1907–1908 she re-organized Pennsylvania, Maryland, and Delaware on the present bases.

For many years, Helen Barnes, always a pioneer in thought as well as action, has been wondering in her mind if the organization to which she was devoted was really living up to its claims. Was it reaching the needs of "girls" of all classes and of every locality: the "college girl," the "city girl," "the factory girl?" Yes, but what of the "country girl"—nothing. There were millions of girls, living in small towns and rural communities who didn't go to college nor yet work in factories. Should not their limitations, their needs, their resources, their possibilities for growth and development be studied. Miss Barnes figured that there were over-worked girls in rural districts. Startling numbers! And very few of the efforts employed in the city to save young women have been used in the country—by far the largest group. She presented her arguments to the Association in a brief, logical pamphlet. They were as follows:

First. The people living on farms, in villages, in towns, are destined to play, as they always have, a big part in our history. Is it not obvious that the industrial conditions, political ideals, the moral character, the social habits, the education and religious facilities

of the six million or more young women are a significant feature of the great current of American life?

Second. She argued that there is as great a tendency towards vice and evil in the country as in the city. In fact, that the loneliness, lack of inspiration and outlook was a very heart-breaking condition of rural districts; that there was very little social amusement and very slight mental stimulus. Even the physical aspect isn't encouraging. Too often, stooped shoulders, muddy complexions, lost teeth, show that the ounce of prevention was not heeded.

Third. She reminded her world that for the city's sake the Association should carry its work to the country, since the city is constantly recruited from the country. Better to do the missionary work early at its source.

After due investigation and securing facts and funds, it was decided to select a county for experiment and who was the logical county secretary for this pioneer work but Miss Barnes. So again she started out on an absolutely unplowed field.

From 1908 until 1911 she developed this work. She selected a county, secured facts regarding population, religious forces, fraternal and social forces, moral and physical forces, transportation facilities and organizations, doing circular work. Then she met leading peoples, bankers, ministers, teachers, alumae, held parlor conferences, spoke in young people's societies, had personal interviews.

Afterward reliable leaders must be found, all before a county organization could be formed. From 1908–1911 she worked, overcoming the lack of enthusiasm and inspiration which comes from large numbers, lack of trained or experienced leaders, much indifference and ignorance. She adapted the work to each locality, studied different view points, sought to meet individual needs. She had the vision before her of a harvest in the end which might be long delayed—of a moral and physical growth among these girls of the country with their independence, sturdiness, and their reliability that would be worth all the patience, endurance and loyalty brought to the cause.

In 1911, when county work was assuming practical strides, there was again another "first secretary" position ready for her. She was called to Australia and New Zealand to organize the movement there. On her way out she visited the Association in Japan and China, speaking through an interpreter to students and board members.

In July, 1914, Miss Barnes was in Germany, on her way to Stockholm, where she had been appointed delegate from Australia to the Young Women's Christian Association Convention. She reported in Australia after the outbreak of the World War that when she left Germany on July 25, 1914, there was nothing to indicate that about a week later war would be declared.

In 1916, she was the guiding spirit of a campaign in Melbourne, Australia, to raise a building fund. In ten days, the thousand pounds or one hundred thousand dollars was raised. Miss Barnes was very highly complimented. She was called a unique figure that only the genius of American civilization would have evolved.

In 1917 she returned to her own country, to do war work. On her trip from Australia she had very thrilling experiences, sailing at night without lights. The question of a Secretarial Retirement Fund came up and she became the first National Secretary of this department, handling the movement. In 1922, she asked for leave of absence in order to return to her home and care for her aged father.

Helen Barnes has given her life work to the Young Women's Christian Association. At every National Convention in the country until 1914, she has been a leading speaker and has carried heavy responsibility in securing finances for the carrying-on of the work. Her pen also has been used for the cause. Miss Barnes has been a conspicuous figure and almost a perpetual delegate for the Young

Women's Christian Association: London, 1898; Paris, 1906; Stockholm (as delegate from Australia), 1914; visiting delegate to World's Committee Conference, Washington, 1923.

Among the city organizations which Miss Barnes organized are: Duluth, Tacoma, Chattanooga, Lincoln, Omaha, Grand Rapids, Akron, Montgomery, Atlanta, Charleston, Des Moines, South Bend. In the last four cities Miss Barnes had the help of secretaries but the others she organized alone.

A guiding spirit of advanced forces, her fitness as a leader has been demonstrated. As a speaker for the cause she has never failed. Her characteristics are many and varied. She is practical, she is droll, her incisive, direct speech is tempered by her power of appeal. It is often said of her that one cannot be long with her before the real power of the woman grips one and commands admiration. She has earnestness, convincing fervor, pathos, and always commands her audience.

A list of Miss Barnes' clubs and societies include: Daughters of the American Revolution, Phi Beta Kappa Chapter of Ohio Wesleyan University, Women's Christian Temperance Union, Consumers League, Women's Foreign Missionairy Society and Women's Home Missionairy Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

Miss Barnes' father was the Reverend Adam Clark Barnes, D.D., born on September 9, 1835. He gave his long life to the church. Mr. Barnes was a member of the class of 1859 of Baldwin University. He died December 28, 1924. The ancestors of the Barnes came from England and settled in Massachusetts. His grandfather came to Ohio in 1795, accompanied by his wife who rode on horseback, carrying her baby boy and her silk wedding dress to Summit County, while her husband drove the ox team with household goods.

Miss Barnes' mother was Harriet Phelps Gee, born in 1833, died 1866. She was graduated in the same class as her husband at Baldwin University, 1859. Her ancestors also came from England and were early settlers in Ohio.

ALLIS, ANNIE GIBSON (Mrs. Edmund Castle Allis), volunteer worker in the cause of animal protection, daughter of Joseph Kemp and Caroline Shepherd Tallman Gibson, was born in Woodbury, New Jersey, in 1849. John Gibson, the first of the family born in America, was of Scotch Irish extraction. This John Gibson served in the Revolutionary War in Anthony Wayne's battalion. His son, Robert, served as sergeant in Colonel Anthony St. Clair's battalion. Both are buried at Valley Forge. Mrs. Allis' mother, first cousin to both President Buchanan and President Harrison, was of Quaker extraction. Lydia Kemp, her grandmother, came from a Quaker family in Maryland. This same Lydia Kemp was "read out" of the Quaker meeting for marrying outside the faith. Her sisters settled in Ohio, starting a Quaker Colony. They were celebrated as eloquent preachers of that faith.

Mrs. Allis is original in that, while many champions have stepped forward in the cause of suffering humanity, she is one of the few to champion actively the cause of dumb beasts. She has fought battles against cruelty to animals, horse especially, not only in Brooklyn and New York City but also in the country at large. No work has been too arduous for Mrs. Allis if it brings relief to suffering animals. No more earnest, fearless, self-sacrificing humane worker ever lived.

Annie Gibson's childhood was spent in Woodbury, New Jersey. Here she was educated in private Quaker schools, of the Hicksite branch, and was prepared for college. Even in her earliest years she showed signs of a deep sympathy and understanding of the animals around her. At the age of nine years she had a pet pigeon that followed her constantly. Always, she had an especial fondness for horses. The death of a pet horse was the cause of as much sorrow as the death of a friend.

After completing the preparatory course, Miss Gibson went to the Pennsylvania Female College, Perkiomen, Pennsylvania. There she remained only three years, ill-health preventing her from finishing her course.

Miss Gibson married in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, in 1880, Edmund Castle Allis, of St. Paul, Minnesota, a lawyer. For six years Mr. and Mrs. Allis lived in St. Paul, where Mrs. Allis was very active in social and church world. Since 1888 the Allises have resided in Brooklyn and New York City.

On the return of the soldiers from Cuba at the time of the Spanish American War, Mrs. Allis spent several weeks at Camp Wyckoff as a volunteer worker and saw and reported so many abuses that she was called before the War Investigation Committee as a witness. Mrs. Allis found that the relatives of dead soldiers had been overcharged in the returning of the remains and in one case secured a refund of $40 for the family. On her own evidence and that of nurses, also by means of photographs, she convinced the Committee of appalling abuses such as neglect of dead bodies and secured a decision.

In 1900, Mrs. Allis went to Far Rockaway and while there saw the deplorable condition of many horses. She inaugurated the movement in Far Rockaway to compel the enforcing of the law regarding the protection of horses by blankets during the winter and insisted on having dangerous places sanded in slippery weather.

This started Mrs. Allis in her work for horses, absolutely volunteer work. She has fought a long battle in the cause of animal protection, especially cruelty to horses in Brooklyn and New York. She found that the average old horse when worn out after years of faithful service in New York Police Department used to be turned over to the auction block so that in his extreme old age his direct miseries usually began. She brought pressure to bear on Commissioner Enright to stop the practice. It was arranged that the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals find for all old horses some interested person to make homes for them or if too old for any use see that they are quietly put to death.

With splendid determination and unselfish devotion, Mrs. Allis has given relief to hundreds of exhausted and friendless horses, during the hot months of summer, by establishing and permanently superintending a drinking place for animals that would otherwise go thirsty through the day's toil. She has established, and is now conducting in Brooklyn, stations where light weight bridles are given away to poor pedlars to replace in warm weather the old heavy leather and metal ones which cause much distress and suffering.

Mrs. Allis found many horses with great sores under their collars and has with the aid of policemen made the drivers take off the harness and take the horses back to the stables.

Mrs. Allis' love of horses is so great that there is no work so fatiguing, no weather so severe that it can deter her from a successful effort to save them from abuse. Many cases she has found often lead up to the discovery of other abuses. These her civic pride prompts her to remedy and she has always the ready coöperation of magistrates, commissioners of police, and other city officials. Mrs. Allis could never be paid for the efficient and courageous manner in which she has single-handed and almost alone fought the battle against cruelty to horses.

Mrs. Allis has been an active member of several democratic political clubs besides the various societies for the protection of cruelty to animals. She has organized many humane clubs among children. Mrs. Allis is president of the Work Horse Relief League, Director of the Rockaway Animal Defenders, and has been for twenty-seven years a member of the Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

HUSE, SIBYL MARVIN, author of religious books and teacher of Christian Science, the daughter of Caleb Huse, distinguished educator, and of Harriet Pinckney Huse. She is a descendent of the best of the old American stock. On the paternal side, Miss Huse traces a direct line back to Richard de la Huse who fought side by side with William the Conqueror in 1066. The first American ancestor of the name was Abel Huse who came from Berkshire, England, in 1635 and settled in Newburyport, Massachusetts. On the maternal side, Miss Huse is of the ninth generation from Reynold Marvin, who emigrated from Great Bentley, England in 1635 and settled near Hartford, Connecticut.

Miss Huse holds a prominent place in the Christian Science movement and has a large clientele of devoted students who testify to her spiritual understanding and clear teaching of the truth as promulgated by Mary Baker Eddy. She is the author of four books which rank high as intellectual discussion of things religious by a cultured, well-educated woman. As a life-long earnest student of the beginnings of the Anglo-Saxon race, she has read her history in the light of Bible prophecy and while substantiating the claims of Professor Totten and other experts who trace the lost tribes of Israel to the Anglo-Saxons of England and America, she adds interesting revelations from the metaphysical standpoint.

In an environment of study and discipline, with four brothers and sisters, the early education of Sibyl Marvin Huse was at home, under the instruction and expert guidance of her father, a noted educator. There was also the highly cultivated influence of a charming and noble mother, of a grandmother, Sibyl Marvin Pinckney, an object of love and appreciation, and a dearly loved aunt, Miss Dora Pinckney, of whom Miss Huse speaks as "a guiding star through many years of youthful experience." In this quiet home with its many advantages, Sibyl had the opportunity of knowing interesting people and hearing discussions which contributed greatly to the breadth of view with which she later took up her life work.

Religion and the question of Anglo-Israel identity, were favorite themes in the Huse household and formed a great part of Sibyl's training at home. From her childhood, she imbibed from the animated conversation of her elders that the Anglo-Saxon race was constituted of the Ten Lost Tribes of Israel and that to England and America belonged the blessings and promises of God to his beloved Joseph. She early learned to rejoice in the ever victorious British lion and unicorn, which yield only to the American eagle. She was taught to recognize, in these two nations the twin sons of Joseph, Menassah and Ephraim—to whom preëminence among the brethren belonged until Christ, the lion of the tribe of Judah should rule them and all nations with a rod of iron and as the inflexible justice and righteousness. This discussion was kept very much alive by the friendship between the Huse family and Lieutenant Charles H. L. Totten, Professor of Military Science at Yale University and an authority on the Anglo-Israel question. His letters, books and pamphlets were a constant stimulation. They have borne fruit in Miss Huse's most recent book *Israel, Prince of God.*

The knowledge of the Bible, which transfuses the work of Miss Huse, and is the inspiration of many of her best articles, had its beginning in the days when the Bible was her first text book. She says:

"From early childhood the Bible has been my familiar companion. Before I could read, I listened entranced to my father's sonorous voice as he read to us the Bible stories. I learned to read by spelling out the Psalms and Gospels. There is no more delightful reading for a child than many parts of the Bible. The pure English, the monosyllabic words, the simple direct style and the rhythmical repetition all make an ideal first reader for the beginner."

Miss Huse recalls how in early childhood, the "call of the spirit" disturbed her dream of

life in matter, and she stumbled blindly in the dark of scholastic teachings, seeking the way out of the impossible conditions of human existence. Again speaking of this time, she says:

"Nothing satisfied my aspirations. Always, from the time I could read, and even before that time, the Bible held my rapt attention. There was something that enthralled my interest. As education developed me, I attributed that interest partly to the exceeding beauty of the Bible, and became an ardent student of the rich simplicity and purity of its language."

Two years of boarding school followed the home training, after which came various courses at universities both here and abroad. Miss Huse began her teaching experience with the children of Louis Zogbaum, the painter of military life. Shortly after this, she left home to go to Catonsville, near Baltimore, Maryland, to teach in St. Timothy's School, where she stayed for seven years. At this time, it seemed best for her to have a complete change and rest, and she went to Europe, expecting to make it her home. She spent two years in Switzerland, studying at the University of Lausanne. It was during this period that Miss Huse first studied Christian Science. In various published letters and statements, she tells the story of the beginning of her work in this line:

"I went to Europe, without any definite sense of ever returning to America. A dear friend, my mother's sister, gave me a copy of *Science and Health with Key to the Scriptures*, by Mary Baker Eddy, hoping that it would do for me what it had done for her—bring me health and joy. There, in a foreign country, among strangers, with not a person to tell me a word of Christian Science, I read our textbook. As I read it, studied it, pondered it, I became convinced of the Truth. Questions which had been disturbing me for sometime were answered. Other questions were awakened, which could not be answered by anything I could find in the Episcopal Church. My mentality underwent a great and far-reaching change. I began so to assimilate Mrs. Eddy's teachings that I had some startling demonstrations of the healing power of Truth. During that time—two years—I saw no Christian Scientists, attended no services. On my return to this country, I attended the First Church of Christ, Scientist, New York City, and although I had been brought up in an ornate ritual, I found myself "at home." I loved it and unfolded in its beneficient atmosphere. Almost immediately I took class instruction from Mrs. Augusta E. Stetson, C.S.D. and became a member of the New York City Christian Science Institute, of which Mrs. Stetson was and continues to be the principal. That same year, I took out membership in both The Mother Church, Mrs. Eddy's church in Boston and also Mrs. Stetson's church, First Church of Christ, Scientist, New York City."

For a short time after returning from Europe, Miss Huse took up her old work of teaching, but from this time on, her activities were mainly identified with the Christian Science movement. In her last year of teaching in connection with a school, her only classes were in the study of the Bible, and her pupils report that she was a "marvelous teacher," making the truths of the Bible vital and real to them. From 1903 to 1905 she served in Mrs. Stetson's church as chairman of one of the committees appointed to receive visitors and enquirers, and she also taught in the Sunday-school. In 1905, seven years after she had received class instruction, Miss Huse was elected Second Reader of the church, whose chief duty it is to read from the Bible at the Sunday service. In responding to this call, she definitely withdrew from all outside activities. In this position, Miss Huse's knowledge of the Bible, and her ardent love of the truth she was reading, aided by her clear and beautiful speaking voice, made her readership most acceptable. Many of those who came to hear her read, stayed to become her patients and she soon built up a large practice.

SIBYL MARVIN HUSE

Shortly after she began her duties as Reader, Mrs. Stetson's beautiful new home next to her church was completed, and Miss Huse was invited to become a member of her teacher's household, where she has lived ever since. She has always expressed keen appreciation of the privilege of living in Mrs. Stetson's home. As she says, "Daily association with my teacher, Mrs. Stetson, has been an ever increasing inspiration to me, as experience and growth have enlarged my capacity to receive this inspiration and have enabled me to follow more nearly her example as she unfolds the life of a Christian Scientist."

When her three year's term as Reader expired, Miss Huse was appointed chairman of the Reading Room. This large main reading room was above the auditorium of the church and was surrounded by offices where practitioners saw their patients. These practitioners were appointed by the Trustees of the church. There were at this time twenty-five, of whom Miss Huse was one. The activity and success of the Reading Room during her chairmanship is best shown by the report of Miss Huse as read in the corporate meeting of the church in January, 1909, from which we quote the following paragraph:

"Some faint idea may be had of the amount and nature of the work done by the Reception Committee, when we consider that it received and cared for 52,555 visitors during the year, an increase of 22.7 percent over the preceding year."

Of the stirring events in the Christian Science movement—which began in 1909, Miss Huse has said:

"In this branch church, the point of perfect organization had been reached. The church was prosperous, over-flowing. Mrs. Stetson discerned at this juncture that the line of demarcation between the real and the unreal had been touched, and understanding or spiritual sense must now supersede human perception." The year 1909 brought many changes to the church wherein Miss Huse had done such devoted and able work. That year became, in a sense, the dividing line between the old regime in the material organization and the new in which Miss Huse, with Mrs. Stetson, continued her work unhampered by the shackles of organization. When Mrs. Stetson's students were summoned to Boston to be questioned by the directors of the Mother Church as to the correctness of her teaching, Miss Huse, unfalteringly upheld her teacher. The question involved was that of present immortality. Mrs. Stetson finally withstood the argument of the Directors that immortality was not to be considered as a present day possibility but belonged to future ages to demonstrate. Mrs. Stetson maintained that the present generation is called upon to make the demonstration of immortal existence here and that to hold any other view is not Christian Science. For her allegiance, to this teaching of Christian Science Miss Huse was dropped from the roll of the Mother Church in 1910. Later she was dropped from the roll of First Church of Christ, Scientist, New York City, where she had served so long.

The enforced retirement from the demands of Church organization by no means meant cessation from activity for Miss Huse. Her practice constantly grew as did the demand for her teaching.

Her activities in the furtherance of the cause of Christian Science as taught by Mrs. Eddy have continued un-interrupted, have deepened and broadened in scope and influence. In her office on West End Avenue, she daily practices the art of metaphysical healing, and also holds classes for instruction in Christian Science according to the outline given by Mrs. Eddy.

Miss Huse is a member of the Oratorio Society of the New York City Christian Science Institute. This Institute was chartered by Mrs. Stetson (1893), who has always been and is now its principal. Miss Huse is one of its five directors.

In spite of the constant demands upon her

time and thought, Miss Huse has published four books, one of which contains 650 pages. These books display a large vocabulary, a beautiful, flowing at times almost poetical diction and a rare metaphysical outlook. Various letters and articles have been published from time to time throughout her entire career in Christian Science, but her first publication in book form, *Christ's Offspring or Spiritual Generation*, which was printed by *G. P. Putnam's Sons*, did not appear until 1921. In this she gives her conception of the Christ idea, and the unfolding of the spiritual universe. Briefly condensed as a preface, her idea is as follows:

"The pyramid is a symbol of the spiritual universe, including man. The apex, its chief cornerstone, itself a perfect pyramid, represents Christ, the Head of all creation. Conceiving the whole figure as proceeding from the apex ad infinitum, we find that the spiritual universe, including spiritual man, is in absolute conformity with Christ, is, indeed, the projection, or offspring of Christ."

Twelve Baskets Full, the largest of her works is dedicated to her teacher, Mrs. Augusta E. Stetson, to whom she expresses "loyalty and grateful devotion as to a great light bearer, the highest visible demonstrator of the truth she teaches."

The book contains articles on metaphysical interpretation of parables and other Biblical passages and on present day affairs. Also letters to teachers, students, patients and friends, and the last chapter is on her church activities. This book, more than any other, gives an insight into the unusually beautiful character of Miss Huse, her all-pervading love of humanity, her sweet humility, and overflowing gratitude. But with all her tenderness and gentleness, we find here, too, the sternest denunciation of evil in every form, with the Christly love for the offender and desire to help him. In her letters, she handles every phase of the human problem with spiritual force and adequate understanding. There is alertness, courage and even buoyancy in her effort to lift the thought of the sufferer.

The third book, *Six Days Shalt Thou Labor*, appeared in 1923. This work sets forth the analogy between the six days of creation and successive periods in the history of the world. We find a suggestion as to the content, printed on the jacket that covered the book:

"In this volume, the author gives the spiritual exegesis of the first chapter of Genesis. It is logically shown that the creation therein summarized relates wholly to the spiritual universe, which was spiritually discerned by St. John and described by him, in Revelation, as the 'new heaven and new earth.' It is also clearly shown that the man which God created in his own image and likeness was not Adam, but was revealed in the Messiah or Christ.

Because of his ability to discern the real man of God's creating, in contradistinction to the false Adam-Eve generation, Jesus dispelled the attendant ill of a sinful misconception of man, and by so doing, healed the sick, reformed the sinner and raised the dead.

The revelation of God's creation is in successive periods, designated as six days. The author claims that we are now in the Sixth Day wherein the ideal man is due to appear."

Israel, Prince of God is the latest work from the pen of Miss Huse. In this, she crystallizes the long hours of thought she has given to the question of Anglo-Israel Identity. An explanatory note states:

The author does not seek to add to the historic data already made available to the reading public by those eminently fitted and equipped by intensive research so necessary to the task.

Part I rehearses, in condensed form, the salient points made by several of these authorities.

Parts II and III set forth briefly the additional fact claimed by the author, that the twelve tribes of "All Israel" are gathering here in America and constitute the peoples

over whom Christ must reign at his second coming. From America, Christ will extend his rule over all the earth for "of the increase of his government there shall be no end."

A close comparison of her writings with those of her teacher, Mrs. Stetson, and her leader, Mrs. Eddy, show no deviations from their teachings. Her loyalty to her teacher, her demonstration of the teachings, and finally the publication of her individual expression of these same teachings, prove that she bears, as student, to Mrs. Stetson the same relationship that Mrs. Stetson bears to *her* teacher, the great leader of Christian Science, Mary Baker Eddy.

Miss Huse is descended from some of the best of the old New England families. Her father, Caleb Huse, born in Newburyport, Massachusetts, was a graduate of the United States Military Academy at West Point, and although youngest in his class graduated seventh in rank. While a second Lieutenant, he was instructor in West Point for seven years, part of the time acting professor, in full charge of the departments of Chemistry, Mineralogy and Geology. In later life, he established a successful preparatory school at Highland Falls, about a mile below West Point. Many of his boys attained distinction. Of these might be mentioned General Pershing, who is quoted as calling his headmaster "Splendid old Caleb."

Caleb Huse traced back in direct line to Richard de la Huse, who came from Normandy with William the Conqueror and fought in the battle of Hastings in 1066.

The first American was Abel Huse of Berkshire, England, who settled in Newburyport, Massachusetts, in 1635. There the family remained.

On the maternal side, Miss Huse is the ninth generation from Reynold Marvin who emigrated from Great Bentley, England, in 1635 and settled near Hartford, Connecticut. Six generations later, Selden Marvin moved to Fairfield, New York. His children contributed several names to their country's roll of illustrious men. A son Richard was member of United States Congress in 1836–1838 and was justice of the New York State Supreme Bench for twenty-four years. His brother Judge William Marvin, was appointed Governor of Florida by President Johnson. Afterward, he was elected United States Senator. During the Reconstruction Period, he drew up the Constitution for the State. Although an ardent supporter of the Union, he was beloved by the people of Florida for his beautiful christian character. A sister of Richard and William was Sibyl Marvin Pinckney, the grandmother of Miss Huse, who was named after her and through her childhood and young womanhood greatly loved and admired the lovely gracious woman. Mrs. Pinckney was especially interested in the prophecies of the Bible concerning the Second Coming of Christ and was convinced that the little Sibyl Huse would live to see it.

Miss Huse is proud that her people are all of the pure Nordic type, fair, blue-eyed, tall of stature and long limbed. The Pinckneys as well as the Huses came into England with the Norman invasion. Of them she says:

"These Normans are of the tribe of Benjamin, the last of the ten to join their brethren and thus complete the house of Israel in the far off 'Western Isles of the Sea.' The Marvins, I feel, are of the tribe of Simeon. I have no doubt that in the pure English and American stocks are blended all the House of Israel. The House of Judah, which includes Levi, has been under the curses which they brought upon themselves when they cried, 'His blood be on us and on our Children.' They are excluded from the blessings and cannot lose the mark of Cain until they acknowledge Christ Jesus as their Lord and King. Then will the Twelve Tribes be united as spiritual Israel over whom Christ shall reign at his second coming."

NICHOLS, CLARIBEL (Mrs. Charles Andrew Brady Hetzell), pioneer business woman, was born in Malden, Massachusetts, January 8, 1878, the daughter of John Smith and Mary Eliza Stearns Nichols. Her father was descended from John Nichols, who came from Maldon, England, in 1642, and settled in Malden, Massachusetts. The grandfather of John Smith Nichols was the master of a vessel sailing from Boston to Persia and to Russia. He was the first to unfurl the American flag in Petrograd. Mrs. Hetzell's maternal great-uncle, Isaac Babbitt, was the inventor of Babbitt's metal. He also perfected britannia ware.

Claribel Nichols has been recognized in Wall Street as having set a pace for women in the business world. From a brief course in stenography and an initial position at $3 a week, she worked up to a very high place. As a confidential secretary to a firm of engineers who owned large public utility plants in various sections of the country, she became expert in the workings of such plants from executive management to the practical mechanical details. She handled the first rate case ever brought before a Public Utilities Commission anywhere and in the appraisal and valuation work of her company she was an outstanding figure whose advice was often sought as to the policies to be adopted. An ardent suffragist and club woman, she brought her sympathies and her rare business training to the welfare of women employees and to the using of their united constructive force.

Claribel Nichols was educated in the schools of Malden. Even in her girlhood and school life she displayed earnestness, activity, independence, initiative, and common sense. No task, either of work or play, worthy of doing at all was left until mastered.

In grammar school she went six successive years without being absent or tardy or dismissed and nothing was allowed to break this record. She was a hard player as well as a hard worker and in the summers spent on a farm in Western Massachusetts, she displayed the same thoroughness in knowing and doing everything about the life there. Never idle, always busy with some mental or physical activity, she seemed always able to accomplish whatever she attempted and has since felt that her success came because she had a vision of what she wanted to do and recognized no limitations, but worked steadily toward her ideal.

Although unable to attend college, she went into business, getting her start in the acquirements of stenography and typewriting by reading aloud for practice dictation to advanced pupils in a business school.

From an initial position that paid her only three dollars a week, Miss Nichols achieved a high position in the business world. In 1900, she went to New York to accept a position in an insurance office, secured through a friend of her family. A perfect stranger, she had to be taken to the office for the first few days by an acquaintance.

Miss Nichols found her life in New York most difficult. She was entirely out of her natural home environment, with the loneliness of youth, inharmonious surroundings, beset by temptations and pitfalls both in business and art. Her early training and her determined purpose to succeed gradually won her security and friends, and during the next few years she advanced through successive positions in an architect's office and with a prominent law firm.

During these years her high spirit of independence in her business relations and a desire to be in a position to exercise this independence urged her to establish a business of her own as a public stenographer. She had absolutely no capital. By contracting to do the stenographic work for a firm in a very small, very inaccessible office of upper Nassau Street she secured desk room. She sent out letters at random to the most prominent firms in the banking, law, and commercial world of Wall Street. Her friends ridiculed her and accused her of having a great deal of nerve to seek the patronage of J. P. Morgan & Co.

"Well," Miss Nichols replied, "if J. P. wants any outside work done, I can do it as well as any one else." She secured his patronage and that of many others and in this way came in contact with business and professional men of the highest type. In speaking of these days, Mrs. Hetzell says:

"While enjoying the work, I would not advise any girl to attempt such a radical step without some capital. The financial returns are uncertain, and it necessitates a vast amount of courage and patience, the ability to seek out people and sell your 'goods', a mind quick to grasp new material, and really exceptional ability. A public stenographer is supposed to be above the average in accuracy, neatness, and ability. If a girl has these she will find the business most interesting, aside from its independence. She will come into contact with varied business interests and the highest types of business firms. Above all, one is looked upon as a business equal and not an employee."

In 1907, she sold her business and accepted a position in a law office.

In 1912 there came to Miss Nichols an advantageous offer with a firm of engineers, owners and operators of public utility plants throughout the various sections of the country. They also did appraisals and valuations. During the time spent in the New York office, Miss Nichols gave much thought and study to all the details of running public utilities, from the executive management to the practical mechanical details. Being of rather a mechanical turn of mind, she found the details of machinery interesting rather than otherwise. Even the dictation of the technique of boilers, stokers, turbines and hydro-electrical operation, she thought out and understood as she typed it.

One day a rate case in one of the Missouri properties of the firm came up for adjustment. It was the first held before any Public Service Commission and of course was considered very important from the ethical point of view as much as its legal relation to the company. Miss Nichols was given charge of the stenographic work and went in company with eight of the head men from the New York office. They secured an entire floor in the hotel. Experts were there from all over the country to testify. Miss Nichols was given entire charge of the work, responsible for the accuracy of all figures which were sent direct from her hands to the courtroom. When important witnesses were to be called she attended court and took the dictation to be used as references in preparing witnesses for the following day. Until one or two o'clock nearly every night she was at her post—sometimes the work of as many as eight or ten men connected with the case had to be taken and she had no stenographic assistance.

A few months after, in 1914, she was sent to Chicago to assist in organizing an office for the appraisal of some large public utilities properties. She started with one room, manager in charge, one engineer, and one office boy. By 1916, a whole floor of the business block was occupied, together with twenty engineers, stenographers and typists.

Miss Nichols work was with the manager in charge and overseeing things in general. In her capacity of confidential secretary, she was consulted as to their policies.

At one time the typing of the appraisal work in one of the power houses was two weeks behind. It was fifteen miles out of Chicago. Miss Nichols shipped out her typewriter, set it up on a switchboard gallery, put on a jumper to protect her clothes from the flying dirt, and there amid the turning and roaring of motors, dynamos and turbines, brought the belated data up-to-date, studying in her characteristic fashion, meanwhile, all the details of power house operation on the ground.

Thus newly equipped with first-hand information by her study of power plants and transmission lines, this unusual woman returned to New York as secretary to the chief engineer of Henry L. Doherty & Co., owners and operators of over sixty-eight public

utility properties, besides their large oil holdings. This concern had been employing all men, practically. War time made its demand for women. The firm rose to the occasion and treated their new employees most handsomely, doing everything thinkable for their comfort and best interests. "Coöperation" their motto, and "the Doherty Spirit" its slogan.

To bring the women in line, a Woman's Committee was formed, of which Miss Nichols was made Chairman. There were meetings addressed by members of the firm. A personal contact was formed that otherwise would have been impossible, owing to size of firm and number of employees. Lunch and rest rooms were established; a woman put in charge of hiring and looking after the interests of women; vocational work was undertaken, giving a woman who had not proved satisfactory in one place another chance in something found to be more suitable to her liking and ability. A most harmonious condition was the result of this earnest effort at coöperation under the direction of an earnest, large hearted, business-trained woman, backed by a firm that recognized the economic value of the Golden Rule.

In the summer of 1918, Miss Nichols assisted in organizing and was elected secretary of the Business Women's War Service—organized at the desire of the business women to do something really constructive and because of their consciousness of trained talents which should be applied to that end. An office was secured rent free, an executive secretary was paid through donations by firms in the Wall Street district, and a telephone demanded. Here was the first halt. The Telephone Co. had issued orders that no more telephones were to be installed. Just then an emergency call came from the land army through the Telephone Co. for volunteers to address envelopes. Some thirty women were mustered who worked at the Telephone Co. office in the evening and put through the job. The president of the Telephone Co. asked the women who had filled the need so efficiently what he could do to show his appreciation. "A 'phone!'" was the answer and the next day it was installed.

Their office was conducted as an employment agency. Circular letters were sent to business women asking if they could donate their services on call; replies were card indexed. When a call came in from any of the War Agencies, the secretary selected those suitable, 'phoned them and notified the agency that they would be on hand. All this was night work by those employed during the day. Besides the War Agency work, the office covered all the one hundred and sixty-eight Draft Boards with volunteer workers every night. The result was that five thousand women-workers and over were supplied in the three months before the signing of the Armistice.

Up to the war years, business women had led very self-centered, individual lives. Their war work broke this down and brought them together. Miss Nichols had a vision of keeping the new contact unbroken.

In December, 1919, she founded the Wall Street Woman's Club and became the first president. Its motto was "Coöperation." She was also identified with the organization of the State and National Federation of Business and Professional Women.

Miss Nichols retired from business on the occasion of her marriage to Charles Andrew Brady Hetzell, of Philadelphia, in 1919.

WOOLMAN, MARY SCHENCK, textile specialist, pioneer in the realm of vocational education, writer, lecturer, was born in Camden, New Jersey, April 26, 1860, and came into young girlhood when college courses for women were just being established and careers for women were still looked on with suspicion, although as artists and musicians some were venturing. Her father, of Dutch ancestry, was one of a long line of medical men and was far ahead of his time in the use of prophilactic measures and modern surgery, in which he

was a leader in his community. Her mother was Scotch-Irish in descent, was almost blind from an accident and also a partial invalid but of an indomitable spirit that would not succumb to handicaps. She was a brilliant, intellectual woman full of wit and humor.

Mary Schenck Woolman, pioneer in many lines, has done much to improve the condition of young women everywhere. The Manhattan Trade School for Girls, organized and run for eight years by Mrs. Woolman, is one answer to the riddle of what to do for young women. The Camp Fire Girls, also organized by Mrs. Woolman, is another answer to the same puzzle. Mrs. Woolman, known internationally as a textile authority, has accomplished much towards the eternal problem of how to secure serviceable, durable, and attractive clothes at a minimum cost. As co-author of *Textiles*, sole author of—*Clothing, Choice, Care, Cost*—*Sewing Course for Teachers*, *The Making of a Trade School* Mrs. Woolman is widely known.

Born, then, of these remarkable parents and in a home in which the center of the family life was a great library of the best in literature, Mary Schenck early showed that she had inherited from her parents willingness to take responsibility, a studious nature, ideas unhampered by conventional opinion and cheerfulness. As early as five years of age Mary, the older daughter, was relied upon to look after matters connected with the household and her mother's needs, going about with her in the streets to see that nothing happened to her.

As early as it was possible for her to leave home she was sent to a noted private school in Philadelphia, directed by a wealthy Friend (Quaker) who felt she had a "concern" to give the girls of cultured families a higher education than was generally attainable at that time. Members of the Haverford faculty and other noted educators taught in the school. Training for social service was an important part of the instruction. Vocational education was given to all, for the Friends believe that all women should excel in household duties. She remained at the school through her sophomore year, specializing in languages and history, having six years of Latin and French and two years of German. Several of her class entered Cornell University in the Junior year but Mary was too much needed at home to go so far away. Mary, however, was determined to continue her education in Philadelphia. No degree was then given to women at the University of Pennsylvania but some lectures and laboratory work were open to them. These she attended regularly. Her life otherwise was that of a well-to-do, socially prominent girl in a cultured society of that time.

Mary Schenck married, October 18, 1882, Franklin Conrad Woolman, of Burlington, New Jersey, a well-known lawyer, a member of the legislature and belonging to prominent families on both his mother's and his father's side. He was of the family of that Quaker preacher and early abolitionist, John Woolman, whose book, *John Woolman's Journal*, has been placed by Doctor Charles W. Eliot, President-emeritus of Harvard, on his five foot book shelf as a noted and valuable book. A memorial house to John Woolman stands in Mount Holly, New Jersey, the house that John Woolman himself built in 1771 for his only daughter.

During her early married life she had increasing responsibilities. Her father had died and she and her husband lived in the old home in Camden with her mother and sister. She was in charge of a large residence with several servants, her mother and her husband were far from strong and needed constant care and the financial conditions were not satisfactory. She saw clearly how inadequate the education of girls was in preparing them for the exigencies of life, how they lacked the knowledge relating to the economic management of the home and the wise use of money, also adequate information on the physical care and welfare of the family. She and two school friends who had come to the same conclusion stormed several closed fields and finally entered a restaurant where they were

taught to cook by an able woman and a hospital where they had practical instruction in hygiene and care of the sick. Mary Woolman learned to make a budget on which to live and thus make the most of the small finances. Thus before Home Economics was founded she laid a practical foundation for future college service, which was then far from her wildest imagination. She was also active in her community. Seeing the need of bringing together young people in church, charitable and literary organizations, she formed and ran several societies.

Financial matters growing more serious and her husband's health more precarious, the large home was sold and she and her husband, later joined by her mother and sister, moved, in 1891, to New York City. Mrs. Woolman was soon employed in correcting manuscripts for publication. She planned to study Sanskrit in order to teach and translate it but before this was consummated she found the opening to her future Home Economics work, though she little suspected it then. It began very simply with no indication of the possibilities ahead. Teachers College was then at No. 9 University Place, New York City. Many of the faculty were living on Washington Square in the same house with Mrs. Woolman. The Professor of English brought her a book to criticise. It had been written for the Teachers College and was a description of a series of models for teaching sewing. Her criticism led to the President of Teachers College asking her to write a book giving her own ideas on the subject. In 1892 she entered the College as an instructor in the Science Department to introduce her methods of teaching sewing.

Sewing and cooking were in a few of the schools of the country. New York City was trying out the teaching of cooking in a couple of schools. Many of the churches of New York were giving instruction in sewing to large numbers of children. In 1892 there was organized "The New York Association of Sewing Schools" to spread the idea of the value of teaching sewing in the schools. Mrs. Woolman was very active in this association. She was frequently sent to other cities of the East to preach the advantage of such vocational work. The church school sewing was largely models of overfine stitches but Mrs. Woolman from the beginning fought against this habit and for constructive work of value and interest to the children and helpful in the homes. Thus she ran counter to the work in vogue and quite shocked the community by the useful articles made by the pupils in the Horace Mann School, connected with the College and over which she was supervisor in the domestic art work. She was vice-president of the association for many years—until it closed its work in 1901 for it had accomplished its object and sewing had been introduced into the school systems of the country.

In 1892, a year after her entry into Teachers College, she had organized a Domestic Art Course, which consisted of technical subjects such as sewing, dressmaking, millinery and related art. Psychology, methods of teaching the subjects in varying communities, child study, the philosophy underlying vocational education and the history of education, the technical background of the activities and the related academic, social and economic subjects, were considered and historic art and costume. A study of textiles was given, comprising the development of cloth-making from early times, modern manufacture, selection for varying purposes, values, cost and care. It had never before been used as a subject for college recognition but has since become an accepted course in Home Economics. The books which Mrs. Woolman has written: *Textiles*, written jointly with Mrs. McGowan and published by MacMillan; *Clothing, Choice, Care, Cost*, published by Lippincott, are used as texts in colleges and schools throughout this country and abroad. A large collection of textiles and processes of their manufacture was made by Mrs. Woolman to use in this course. This idea has been followed widely in schools and colleges.

It is interesting to look back at the difficulties which attend the introduction of new methods of teaching sewing. The carefully organized series of perfect sewing models, with some drafting and making of garments, was then considered the only logical way of conducting an educational course in sewing. The effort to substitute for this method the making of useful articles of interest to the student and of immediate service to home and community, the gradual elimination of drafting except as an illustration of mechanical methods, the changing of patterns, the study of selection of textiles and clothing, the computing of the cost of garments, were scouted at first as not belonging to a college course. Thus this pioneer was obliged to work more slowly than suited her as the teachers she had trained had to meet the requirements set by other institutions. Gradually, the new ideas gained ground. The book she wrote before entering the College, *Sewing Course for Teachers*, was used as a text. At first it was considered revolutionary. It went through five editions and was then withdrawn by Mrs. Woolman for newer methods of teaching had at last been accepted.

Mrs. Woolman was made assistant professor of Domestic Art in 1897, full professor in 1903. This was the first professorship ever established in this subject. Teachers College moved to its present home on 120th Street West, in 1893 and became an integral part of Columbia University, which in a few years was established nearby. Two Teachers College women, as professors, became automatically members of the Columbia faculty. Women were a rarity on such a faculty and not very welcome as was apparent from amusing yet stinging comments such as were overheard at the first commencement at which they appeared: "Pretty but women." Mrs. Woolman continued her studies for a degree, which was received in 1897, all the while conducting her department. She later worked for the Ph.D., which it was impossible entirely to complete for her responsibilities of support made a year of residence at any college an impossibility.

She was among the first to urge the value of vocational education for women. The difficulties of the girl obliged to work without adequate preparation, her low wage, the impediments in the way of attaining better positions, her dull life and the moral dangers in her path began to worry social workers. A group of noted economic and sociological thinkers and workers (men and women) were called together in New York City, in 1901, to consider the problems and make recommendations. Mrs. Woolman was invited to join this group which met regularly for a year. It was finally decided that a trade school was needed with a curriculum, different from any yet attempted, which would fit girls for trades as they were given in New York workrooms. Mrs. Woolman was asked to organize such a school. The president of Columbia University granted Mrs. Woolman half-time off from her work at the university in response to the demand. Still continuing the work of her college department, she organized and ran for eight years the Manhattan Trade School for Girls, as the new school was called.

This school began its work, November, 1902, in a large dwelling on 14th Street, New York City, but the building was soon too small for its rapidly increasing work and the school moved into a large business loft on 23rd Street, where one-thousand girls could be accomodated. This undertaking was supported by private funds. Two women in close connection with the working girls labored with untiring zeal, side by side with Mrs. Woolman. They were members of the Board and were instrumental in obtaining support. The working women of New York, also, full of enthusiasm for the opportunities offered, organized groups in their workrooms to obtain money for the school. They met at the building regularly to consider the best way to meet some of the problems. Employers of workrooms, depending on skilled women, took great interest in the undertaking and were willing to give advice as well as money.

Labor leaders, often adverse to trade schools, found at the Manhattan Trade School real trade workrooms and also a curriculum that improved the girls mentally as well as financially and made them more able to rise even in the one year of instruction.

After the school was running successfully, Mrs. Woolman went abroad to visit trade and continuation schools for girls in France, Belgium, Germany and Switzerland. She also saw the technical schools of England. In several former years she had spent many months in these countries studying the handicrafts, the textile industries and the costume work. Europe was then far ahead of the United States in vocational education. These schools were of great interest to her but were better fitted to conditions in Europe than to the needs of the United States. The all-day schools offered several years of instructions and somewhat resembled technical high schools. A small fee was usually charged. They were not adapted to the very poor workers. The Manhattan Trade School for Girls aimed to help the youngest, poorest girl workers and had to accomplish much in a year or less of all-day instruction. The continuation schools of Germany were doing much for the young working girl in academic instruction or in phases of home-making but were doing little in the direct trade lines in which the girls were engaged at other hours. This latter field was needed in the United States but had to be organized without precedent. Mrs. Woolman made an effort to establish part-time work at the school, as well as the all-day work, but the country was not yet ready for the step. The school, without precedent to follow or any one to appeal to for backing in its plans, was opened several years before even the National Society for Vocational Education was organized. It did, however, offer short unit courses at night to help employed girls anxious to advance in their workrooms. In 1910, the Board of Education of New York City took over the school and Mrs. Woolman returned to full time at Teachers College. She greatly missed the pioneering in the vocational field for little was then done at the college in this subject. She, however, added some of it to her course of instruction.

In 1911 an important exhibit on industrial conditions was given in New York City. Mrs. Woolman was chairman of the "Clothing Section." The committee under her did an interesting work. A clothing budget was worked out for an entire family living on a small wage. Clothing for various ages of persons was exhibited, showing the proper kind and cost of ready-to-wear and made-at-home. Three pamphlets were written for distribution and were in great demand for years after the exhibit: *What Is the Matter with Mary's Dress*, *How to Live on Three Dollars a Week*, and *Hints on Clothing*.

At a large meeting called in March, 1911, for the purpose of considering the forming of a society for girls, to correspond with the Boy Scouts, Mrs. Woolman was elected chairman of an organization committee to begin such a movement. The Camp Fire Girls was the result. A graduate class of Mrs. Woolman's made the plans for the use of the home arts and industries in such a society. In October, 1911, Doctor Luther Halsey Gulick was elected by the organization committee as president of the Camp Fire Girls and the national movement began March, 1912, one year after the first campfires were organized.

Since the opening of the Manhattan Trade School in 1902 vocational education has been making headway. Mrs. Woolman served as chairman of the Women's Committee of the National Society for Promoting Industrial Education; as member of the society which successfully passed the Smith-Hughes Bill in 1917, which gives Federal aid to the states for vocational education; as member of a survey for the General Education Board. For use by the latter she wrote *The Making of a Trade School*. Mrs. Woolman was called upon, in connection with these committees, to lecture in many parts of the country on vocational

MARY SCHENCK WOOLMAN

education and the economics of textiles and to write for many publications such as *The Annals of the Academy of Political and Social Sciences*, *The Journal of Home Economics*, and *The Educational Review*, and for cyclopaedias (the American and Monroe's).

In 1912, Mrs. Woolman was called upon to pioneer in yet another field. The president of Simmons College asked her to unite the Women's Educational and Industrial Union with the college for the purpose of giving the students practical experience to add to their theoretical studies. The Union had been founded to develop new fields of self-support for women. Mrs. Woolman gave up her professorship at Teachers College, thereby losing her Sabbatical year and her place on the Carnegie Retirement Fund at Teachers College, and responded to the call.

After two years, seeing that the work in Boston was well organized, Mrs. Woolman went to the Summer School of the University of California and later to the Land Grant Colleges of the Middle West in order to study vocational problems and to better rural communities.

Mrs. Woolman spent three years lecturing for the Chamber of Commerce of Boston, for women's clubs, speaking against the abuses of the privileges given women by department stores. She is no longer under any institution, preferring to be free to select her own field. Each summer finds her in a university summer school doing graduate work. Mrs. Woolman served as vice-president of the National Education Association from 1917–1918.

When the war began Mrs. Woolman was called upon by the United States Department of Agriculture States Relation Service as Textile Specialist and served from February, 1918 to July, 1919. During this time she organized the Clothing Information Bureau in Boston, Massachusetts, for the purpose of training the consumer to be wiser in the use of money for the clothing budget. Textile mills were working largly for the government, cloth was scarce, the best raw materials were used in government service, the dye situation was serious, for the United States was just beginning to make its own dyes, having relied before on Germany. Old clothing had to be remodelled for the refugees in Europe and for homes in America. The citizens were at a loss to know how to meet the situation and came daily in hundreds to the bureau for training and information. Bureaus were opened in other cities and Mrs. Woolman wrote a pamphlet on the organization of such a bureau to answer the hundreds of inquiries concerning it. The States Relation Service also brought out a similar pamphlet with her aid for the information of the Agricultural Extension Service.

Mrs. Woolman, born of a long line of medical men and fully realizing the importance of hygienic living, tells very amusing stories of how she keeps herself fit by living the life of the backwoods during her summer vacation, building with the aid of two farmers and their assistant her own home there. She laughingly asserts that it is easier to build a successful house without training than to make a well fitting, good looking gown.

EVANS, ELIZABETH GARDINER, was born in New Rochelle, New York, February 28, 1856, the daughter of Edward Gardiner and Sophia Harrison Mifflin. On her father's side she was descended from one Joseph Gardiner, who was an early settler at Narragansett, Rhode Island, where his family have increased and multiplied. Early in 1700 a descendant, Doctor Sylvester Gardiner, moved to Boston and became the forbear of the Gardiners located in Massachusetts and Maine. On her mother's side her family is Philadelphian and is connected with Thomas Mifflin who signed the Declaration of Independence.

In May, 1882, Elizabeth Gardiner was married to Glendower Evans. He died in 1886. A few weeks after his death she was appointed by Governor Robinson as a Trustee of what is now known as the Massachusetts

Training Schools; she served upon that board until 1914. In 1911, she served likewise upon a Minimum Wage Commission, which was entrusted with the duty of investigating the wages of women in Massachusetts and of recommending to the legislature whether or no Minimum Wage Laws were called for. The report of the commission was based upon an exhaustive study and is a mine of information. It showed wages in many industries to run far below the level of sustaining life. As a result of this report, and likewise probably of the first Lawrence Strike which broke out while it was under consideration, a Minimum Wage Law was established for Massachusetts,—this being the first law of that nature to be established in this country. Similar laws have since been enacted in a number of states.

During recent years Mrs. Evans has been identified with the more radical phases of the labor movement. Since 1920 she has served as unpaid secretary for the League for Democratic Control, this being an organization which grew out of the reactionary conditions that came to prevail after the war. It conducts lectures, distributes literature and serves as a rallying point for liberals in and outside Boston. "To inform and liberalize public opinion on international and industrial questions" is the definition of its purpose.

Elizabeth Gardiner came of a long line of New England forebears, but for a short time, her parents lived in New Rochelle. In 1859, when she was three years old her father was killed by a fall from a horse, and his wife and brood of little children were brought to Boston by his father, William Howard Gardiner, a man of wealth, and of professional and of social importance. During the days of the Civil War, however, the cost of living mounted high, and what in other times might have proven a competence entailed very narrow circumstances to the fatherless family.

As Elizabeth was growing toward womanhood, she came under the influence of Phillips Brooks, a great preacher and a great personality. In matters of doctrine, she has since wandered far from his early teachings, but the enthusiasms which he awoke in her have dominated all her life.

When Elizabeth was twenty-one, she met her future husband, Glendower Evans, and while he was still an undergraduate at Harvard University, they became engaged. He was a man of a very rare type, original of mind and predominately social and political in his interests. His companionship was a liberal education to a young girl who had been brought up with a very restricted outlook. But he died when they had been married less than four years. "Had my husband lived," Mrs. Evans explained, looking back over these long ago years, "my role would have been that of his helpmate. But he died when I was just learning to grope my way, and I was left to make what I could out of life, single-handed. I wonder and wonder what he would have thought and done in regard to these social problems, undreamed of when we were young, but on which every one nowadays is forced to take a stand. I cannot even guess; he always saw things at a tangent that took one by surprise. But I know he would have wanted me to take my part, according to the best light I could get, and that he would not have grudged my many mistakes." A friend, attempting to describe the short days of this young couple, wrote of them: "You see, their plan had been to make their life together one of service. She has tried to live for both."

Since her husband's death, Mrs. Evans, or Elizabeth Glendower Evans as she frequently calls herself, for purposes of identity, has made her life one of continuous public service. In her work for the Massachusetts Training Schools, she was a colleague of Elizabeth C. Putnam, twenty years her senior and a woman of commanding personality, and together they gave themselves to making the Commonwealth of Massachusetts a real guardian to what were termed the "minor wards" of the state. For more than twenty-eight years this labor of love was Mrs. Evans' chief

occupation. Incidentally it brought her into contact with the machinery of government, and developed the political interests which her husband had awakened.

Mrs. Evans is a born reformer. She says of herself "from the time I was a little tot, I have been on the side of the under dog. When I was a school girl, I used to be filled with pity for the beggar children who used to go from door to door, and from that day on, the thought of the hard lot of the poor has lain heavy on my heart. Of course, my only thought at first was charity. But as the years passed and the signs of the times grew portentous, the realization grew in me that something was fundamentally amiss in our social and economic organization.

"Meanwhile, all along, my husband's early friend, Louis D. Brandeis (now an associate justice of the United States Supreme Court), was my guide, my counsellor and my friend. And his companionship directed my interests more and more toward economic problems."

Mrs. Evans has long been restless at the thought of receiving money which she has not earned and at the responsibility which this laid upon her. Long ago, she used her efforts as a stockholder to correct evils in the system, but these plans did not work. Gradually her attention was drawn toward the efforts of the workers to protect themselves from oppression through their labor unions. She believes now that here lies labor's best defense, and that her own best service has been to aid them by taking their part publicly.

For many years Mrs. Evans has been an ardent friend of Senator and Mrs. Robert M. La Follette, than whom, she believes, there are no nobler nor more valiant souls on earth. "My hopes were kindled high" she says "by their struggle to curb special interests and to restore government to the people of the United States." When Woodrow Wilson picked up the gauntlet as the people's champion, he had Elizabeth Evans' enthusiastic support. It was the war and its aftermath that extinguished in her the hope that purely liberal measures could control the economic dictatorship which more and more is coming to hold the world as in the hollow of its hand.

A most potent influence in Mrs. Evans' development was a visit to Europe in 1909, when she saw much of J. Ramsay Macdonald, (recently Prime Minister of Great Britain,) and of the band of men and women who were then just beginning to forge forward toward power. She heard them explain what in their thought Socialism meant and how it could be made to function through a Labor Party. She was interested, but she was not convinced. In a later visit to Europe, she studied the Coöperative Movement, so rapidly developing in almost every European country and actually saw an immense industry conducted under democratic control and with the element of profit eliminated. "What had seemed a Utopian aspiration," she said, "I saw within the realm of practical achievement."

Thus it was that in the Debs campaign of 1920, Mrs. Evans enrolled under his banner. But she explains that it was because she agreed with him in principle rather than in program. "My social philosophy" she says, "is of the evolutionary type. I have no hope that property can be seized by force and impressed successfully into social control. Workers must learn first to administer. Their capacity for this is proven by the astonishing success of the coöperative movement abroad. But this is a slow process, and there will be the temptation to sieze by force, and to skip steps that must be taken. I don't undertake to prophecy. I understand that there is no cure-all for our social maladies, and that whichever way we take, the path will be full of confusion and storm. All that I have done is to sight a *direction* and I am putting in my puny efforts toward helping the world move that way."

Mrs. Evans has several picturesque figures among her ancestors. There was Doctor Sylvester Gardiner, the first of the family to locate in Boston where he became a leading figure. He was a staunch Tory and used to

call George Washington a thief because of the seizure of his apothecary stores to serve the Continental Army. When the Colonial forces triumphed, Doctor Gardiner fled to Halifax and thence to England. His son John Gardiner was equally outstanding upon the people's side. Educated in England, he was among the defenders in the Wilk's Case which went far to win for the people of the mother country the liberties for which the Americans were battling across the Seas. His radical sympathies brought upon him the displeasure of the King, and in order to get him out of England he was appointed Attorney General of St. Kitts. Thence he returned to the United States a few years after it had become a nation. As a member of the General Court, he took a prominent part in the affairs of the State.

On her mother's side, Mrs. Evans has a far back great great-grandmother all of whose people were swallowed up in the Lisbon earthquake. The infant was carried to the fields by her nurse. When she became a woman, she was married to a nephew of Sir Philip Francis, the reputed author of the violent philippic known as the *Letters of Junius*, and came to Philadelphia where she walked the streets in slippers and with a mantilla covering her head. Her descendants until this day are picturesque and vivid of speech. Of one of them, it was said, playfully, "You know she is compounded of the letters of Junius and an earthquake!" And when the ever-so many degrees great-granddaughter, Elizabeth Evans, gives vent to extravagant talk, friends remark, "there speaks the Spanish grandmother." Her dark coloring is referred to in the family as further proof of the Spanish blood.

It has often been said of Mrs. Evans that she was "gaping for miracles." But she answers that we should all believe in miracles. "When they seem the farthest from us," she says, "it is perhaps we that halt. The truths that give significance to our lives stand close at hand, ready to exhalt us if we do not close our eyes and pass them by."

WELLES, MARY CROWELL, reform specialist, was born in Newington, Connecticut, November 1, 1860, the daughter of Roger Welles and Mary Delano Aiken Welles. On both sides she is a descendant of old Puritan stock. The first American Welles, Thomas, was a colonial governor of Connecticut, and through her mother she traces back to Tristram Coffin, of Nantucket fame. Also three of her ancestors, Richard Warren, Francis Cook and John Cook, came over in the Mayflower.

Miss Mary C. Welles is widely known for work in the Consumers' League of Connecticut as its first salaried secretary. Since 1907, this work has engaged her constantly increasing enthusiasm. The work has been varied and the burden heavy. Among innumerable things she does constantly to educate the public she has accomplished wonders in the legislative field, having secured the enactment of twelve statutes effecting the comfort, sanitation, and health of women and children in industry.

Probably no kind of uplift work encounters so many difficulties as that for the laboring people. It would seem that just plain common sense and common interests were all that is necessary as equipment to reform palpable abuses. But to overcome the suspicious distrust of the laborer and the tenacious reluctance of mercantile and industrial capital to test humane methods, it requires workers not only trained in the sciences that touch on the special field but broadened by a study of humanities as well into a sympathetic understanding of the underlying kinship of us all.

Thus, Miss Welles, a graduate of Smith College, with a degree of Doctor of Philosophy from Yale University, special scientific training at Leipsic University, and a season at the American School of Archaeology in Athens, has found these courses, primarily in the classics, no mean preparation for handling difficult labor problems. For seventeen years, as a salaried secretary of the Consumers' League, she has been doing pioneer work in

its various activities. Investigating labor conditions, drafting bills for the legislature and working for their passage, preparing briefs, lecturing, educating the public in a dozen ways, above all securing the enforcement of laws protecting women and children, she has enlisted the coöperation of many powerful agencies of the state and has satisfied merchants and manufacturers, in the main, that the observing of the Golden Rule does not hazard profits.

The very modern and comprehensive education of Mary Crowell Welles began in the district school in the New England village of Newington, Connecticut, originally the little red school house of a large farming district. At the age of eleven years, she pluckily started to walk the four miles into Hartford for the advantage of its graded schools. For three years in the Grammar School and four years in the Hartford Public High School she persevered and was graduated in Hartford.

Ambitious from a girl for a university education, she braved public opinion and entered the very new Smith College, entering with Latin and Greek, and at the end of the four years course receiving her cherished degree A.B.

For fourteen years she taught in the High Schools of Danielson and New Britain, Connecticut and Washington, District of Columbia, then in Goucher College, Baltimore, for five years and in Smith College for two years, specializing in the classical languages.

She stopped for a year, here and there, to take special courses at Yale, Columbia, and Harvard Universities, finally winning a Ph.D. in Classical Philology from Yale, 1904. Her thesis was "The Appropriation of Herodotus in Thucidides."

The need for her presence in her family called her home in 1901 and she taught for three years in the Hartford High School.

In 1907, she became interested in the work of the Consumers' League. In speaking of her attraction to this work, Miss Welles has declared "Probably no kind of uplift work encounters so many difficulties as that for laboring people. No matter what the most trained, open-minded, sagacious worker advocates, somebody always rises to say it is wrong.

Even so simple a proposition as decent and sanitary toilets for working people meets with opposition and is defeated in one legislature—to be passed unanimously in the next, to be sure. A member of the committee that rejected the bill in the first instance remarked to its proponent. 'You do not expect to get a good bill through the legislature the first time you introduce it, do you?' Why not, if it is a good bill?

The reasons why—do not exist and are often extremely difficult to discover. Sometimes the opposition is from vested interests that will fight a propostion in sheer timidity of imagined consequences; sometimes no strong opposition of this kind develops, but a bill 'gets into politics.' What is behind political opposition may easily be guessed but can never be affirmed."

When the Connecticut branch of the Consumers' League began its work Mary Welles was a recognized choice as the first salaried secretary. By this time her scientific training had been augmented by a semester at Leipsic University and a season at the American School of Archaeology at Athens. "It will be observed that this course," laughs Miss Welles, in speaking of her equipment, "dealt with the classics in one form or another and could be considered preparation for handling industrial questions only from the fact that all scientific work is at bottom the same, no matter what the subject of study may be. It is training in accuracy, thoroughness, method, rejection of preconceived notion and prejudices, willingness to accept all evidence at its real value. It is training in love of truth and the desire to add something to the sum total of human good. In a way, this is no mean preparation for the difficult task of handling labor problems."

Miss Welles welcomed the opportunity to

contribute her energies to this work for the public welfare and it has engaged her constantly increasing enthusiasm. The work has been varied in character, comprising study and investigation of labor conditions, the drafting of bills for the legislature and working for their passage, preparing briefs for use and reports for publication, lecturing, educating the public by means of slides in theaters and cards posted in public places, doing publicity work through the newspapers, gathering exhibits, and lastly handling the financial end by increasing the membership subscriptions and soliciting contributions.

It will be seen that the burden upon the general secretary has been heavy. The supporters of the work have often been generous, but also are often busy and sometimes timid about adding their own personal effort to a program which is of so delicate a nature and requires intimate knowledge in order to be well understood and much wisdom in action if one is to avoid pitfalls.

Miss Welles has the remarkable report to give of the enactment of twelve statutes secured, beginning with the session of 1909 and what is very significant, no one has ever asked to have one repealed and no one but the League itself has ever asked to have one amended. In the main, industrial and mercantile interests have been satisfied with the results of the Consumers' League achievements in the legislature.

"We encounter much less opposition," Miss Welles states, "from business interests, and the bitterness felt by some manufacturers and merchants has mostly died down. One fear still haunts the minds of these gentlemen, that the Consumers' League may some day secure the passage of a minimum wage bill of some kind or other."

Miss Welles sums up the legislative work of the League as follows: "Securing a state investigation of the conditions of labor of women employed in factories in 1911 and a state investigation of the conditions of labor of women employed in stores in 1913, securing the Saturday half-holiday for women factory workers and the eight-hour day for factory children, abolishing night work for women and children employed in factories and stores, providing for the installation and maintenance of sufficient, decent and sanitary toilets for employees of both sexes, securing the proper enforcement of the labor laws protecting women and children, doubling the number of women deputy factory inspectors, assisting in the passage of a bill to shorten the hours of employment of women in restaurants, cafes, etc., taking children out of injurious occupations and off dangerous machines, raising the age at which boys may operate fast-running elevators, regulating the employment of boys in bowling alleys, prohibiting the employment of boys under eighteen years of age after ten o'clock at night in the messenger service, securing the enactment of a good and enforceable employment certificate law through the agency of the State Board of Education in 1911, securing the enactment of an improved employment certificate law in 1921 through the same agency, and again through the same agency securing the extension of the scope of our trade school law so as to permit the state to organize vocational schools for girls, and lastly securing the passage of a bill to permit the establishment of vocational guidance as a part of our school system.

It is now working for the nine-hour day for women factory workers and the completion of the eighth grade, where practicable, for children who wish to leave school under sixteen years of age. So far we have failed to secure a living wage for women workers, but the end is not yet and with the awakening of women to the possibilities through the vote and the need of combining for their less fortunate sisters, the idea will be approximated at least, before long."

Miss Welles emphasizes a line of work of the League that is easily overlooked but which has accomplished much; the efforts toward enforcement of the laws that protect wage-earning women and children in America.

They are almost 100 per cent efficient now, she asserts, and adds that it was the failure to carry out such laws limiting hours of employment of women and children in factories and stores that first led the League into its legislative work. Investigation in our manufacturing center had shown only one establishment running in obedience to law and no efforts made by the office of factory inspection to stop the general violation of law. When asked by the secretary of the Consumers' League why he did not enforce the law, the factory inspector replied that the law did not say he should. "But this is a labor law, and yours is a prosecuting office, created and paid for the sole purpose of enforcing the labor laws. Then why don't you do it?" He replied that he had enough to do without assuming responsibility not definitely laid upon him. The first bill, therefore, introduced by the Consumers' League placed the enforcement of the hours of employment law definitely and finally within the department of labor. As the factory inspector remarked: "It has teeth in it."

The Consumers' League is dealing with five recognized causes of poverty and ill-health among our laboring people: Child-labor, lack of training, unsanitary conditions of labor, and the overwork and underpay of our wage-earning women and girls. Its policy is to secure the coöperation of powerful agencies outside of the League in its work.

After investigating vocational training for children under sixteen years of age in about eighty schools in Belgium, Germany, England, Holland and in the United States, the general secretary prepared a book, entitled *A Glance at Some European and American Vocational Schools for Children under Sixteen Years of Age.* This was published by the League. Copies have been ordered from Glasgow, Scotland; Rome, Italy; Auckland, New Zealand; Tokyo, Japan; and from many universities and libraries in the United States.

The general secretary has also prepared for publication thirty leaflets to record the progress of the work, four folders to present the industrial situation in Connecticut, and three pamphlets entitled:

The Department Store Girl and her Friend in the Five and Ten.

Child Laborers in the Shade Grown Tobacco Industry in Connecticut.

Child Labor Brief.

Miss Welles' face glows with enthusiasm when she talks of her work. She is so convinced that, notwithstanding the difficulties of the work of the Consumers' League, it is so vital, so fundamental, every step taken in advance is so worth the effort, that it cheers the hearts and strengthens the purpose of its workers, and impels them to further effort in the assurance of ultimate achievement.

Miss Welles' published works are:

1904 Thesis. *The Appropriation of Herodotus in Thucydides.*

1910. *A Glance at Some European and American Vocational Schools.*

1907–1924. Thirty leaflets for the Consumers' League of Connecticut.

Pamphlets. The Department Store Girl and Her Friend in the "Five and Ten." 1915 (8 pp.)
Child Laborers in the Shade Grown Tobacco Industry in Connecticut. 1917 (7 pp.)

Folders. 2 on Women in Industry in Connecticut.
1 on Child Labor in Connecticut.
1 on Department Store Children.

Miss Welles' father was Roger Welles (1829–1904). He had 128 ancestors in the eight generations back in New England. His first American ancestor was Thomas Welles, who came from near Oxford, England, probably in 1636. His name appears on a deed in Burmington, England, in which it adds "now of Hartford, Connecticut." The date and place of landing is not accurately known, but his name first appears as a member of the Court of Magistrates, Hartford,

March 28, 1637. Of his career as a colonial governor of Connecticut much was recorded. He was the first treasurer of the Colony, its second secretary, and twice governor, in 1655 and 1658. The line of descent is through (2) John Welles, (3) Robert Welles, (4) Gideon Welles, (5) Solomon Welles, (6) Roger Welles, captain in the Revolutionary army, Brigadier-General of the Militia, (7) Roger Welles, (8) Roger Welles.

Miss Welles' mother, Mercy Delano Aiken, was a descendant of Tristram Coffin, who landed in New Bedford, then Dartmouth, before 1650. From Tristram Coffin there is traced the unbroken line to Sir Roger Coffyn, who came over with William the Conqueror, from Normandy and who was one of his officers who fought at Hastings, in 1066. Tristram Coffin was one of the first settlers of Nantucket, where he is buried. Of the Aikens only five generations are known, back to John Aiken, the first of the name in America, but through the maternal line Miss Welles traces to three pilgrims of the Mayflower, Richard Warren, Francis Cook, and John Cook.

SPRINGS, LENA JONES (Mrs. Leroy Springs), politician, was born in Pulaski, Tennessee, the daughter of Thomas Meriwether and Lena May Buford Jones. On her father's side she is seventh in direct line from Henry Goodloe, who came from England in 1680 and settled in Middlesex County, Virginia. Her mother's first American ancestor was Richard Beauford, who came from England in the ship "Elizabeth" in 1635 and settled in Lancaster County, Virginia. There are many ancestors who gave service in the Colonial Wars as well as in the American Revolution.

Mrs. Springs is eminently distinguished as having been nominated for Vice-President of the United States, the first woman to receive the honor in any convention. She received fifty-one votes on the original roll call, eighteen of which were credited officially. Mrs. Springs is one of the best-known workers in the South in Woman's Suffrage.

Mrs. Springs is proud of being a native of Tennessee—born in Pulaski, she grew to womanhood there. But it was in another Southern state, the great state of Texas, that Mrs. Springs received the educational foundations which equipped her for her future political career. The subject of the sketch was less than a year old when she was taken to Texas by her young parents, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Meriwether Jones. There, in Dallas, Lena was a student in excellent private schools—first at the Misses Colliers' Day School and later at the Dallas Academy. An interesting side light on these school days is found in a letter written to Mrs. Springs during the National Democratic Convention in New York. The author of the letter was one of the former principals of the Dallas school who had recognized in the biographical sketch in the New York *Times* her former pupil. The former teacher had not seen Mrs. Springs since her childhood. There follows an extract from the letter:

"We remember your first reading of *King Henry of Navarre* coached by Mrs. F. I am sure the impulse then given to 'expression' was one of God's ways to lead into a great national work one whom he had endowed with special gifts and happy family training in preparation for aiding in His work for the uplift of humanity."

In this Dallas School, Lena Jones won a medal each of the two years she was a student —one for General Excellence and one for Scholarship. Mrs. Springs never fails to express her great obligation to the influence and training of her mother. The mother, while indulgent and devoted, always required punctilious attention to school duties upon the part of her daughter, stressing, the fact that "whatever is worth doing at all is worth doing well."

At the age of twelve, Lena, with her family, returned to Pulaski, Tennessee, where she entered Martin College, an institution which

Campbell Studios

Lena J. Springe

had formerly been directed by her grandfather, Professor William Kennedy Jones. Believing as a very young woman in the higher education for women, Lena went from here to Sullins College, Bristol, Virginia. At Sullins she was a conscientious student, graduating with honors and with a special certificate in French. She was also prominent and active in the literary societies. There were neither political nor suffrage organizations in the college. Had there been, Lena Jones would have been an enthusiastic member for she has often stated that she was born a suffragist. From her experience in co-educational private schools up to the age of twelve, she had never observed any intellectual superiority in the male students—the girls were almost without exception "at the head of the class." After graduation from Sullins, Lena Jones did post-graduate work at Virginia College, Roanoke.

At the age of eighteen, Lena Jones was married to Henry Pointer Wade of Pulaski with whom she lived happily until his death a few years later.

In 1913, Mrs. Wade was married to Colonel Leroy Springs, banker and textile manufacturer. He was very prominent in the social and business life of the Carolinas and took his lovely bride to Lancaster, South Carolina, to make her home.

Mrs. Springs found an outlet for her energy in her work for the women's clubs. She became a leader first in Lancaster. It naturally followed that her interest would grow to be state wide, and in 1917 she was elected Vice-President of the South Carolina Federation of Women's Clubs, and a year later was elected President of the same organization. Mrs. Springs attributes much of her success to the influence and training received by her activities in club work. Here she learned not only Parliamentary usage but also acquired her slogan: "To succeed one must play fair with other women."

When our country went into the war, Mrs. Springs threw herself with her characteristic enthusiasm and sympathy into various kinds of war work. Through her efforts the organization of the Red Cross of her county was perfected and she became its chairman, having the distinction of being one of the few women in the country holding such a position. She also acted as District Chairman for the Liberty Loan and was a member of the War Memorial Commission.

Her splendid democracy and appreciation of the problems confronting club work showed themselves in her stand that in order to use the best woman talent of the state something must be done to make it possible for women who were fitted in every way except financially to take state positions, and be available for the field work. She organized the plan to raise a fund of $10,000 to be known as an Endowment Fund, the income of which could be used to defray the traveling expenses of the President of the South Carolina Federation of Women's Clubs without taxing her own income. This work Mrs. Springs considers her greatest achievement in club work. It was a long, hard struggle of four years to convince the club women of the importance of this Endowment Fund, but the goal was reached. Various methods were used from the personal gifts to the "Dollar Campaign" where each member of the Federation was asked to contribute one dollar. Finally in 1925 the total fund of $10,000 had been collected, and invested in Government bonds. Now the woman of small means can see her way clear to accept the Presidency of the South Carolina Federation.

When the suffrage work became an issue in the South, what more natural than that this progressive woman should be in the van guard of the fighters. She organized the Lancaster County Equal Suffrage League and became a member of the Executive Board of the State Suffrage League. In those days, there was a violent anti-suffrage sentiment in the conservative old state of South Carolina, especially among the business associates and social friends of Colonel Springs. Once when Mrs. Springs was speaking from a public platform

in Columbia the capital city of her adopted state, Mr. Springs was sitting in the audience with some friends. One woman, a prominent social leader, confided to Mr. Springs her deep sympathy and distress at the fact that Mrs. Springs was "mixed up in this terrible suffrage business." Some of the men friends also expressed deep concern over the suffrage activities, feeling that it was "too bad for a nice woman to be so misled." A few years later some of these same dissenters were members of a State Democratic Convention which voted unanimously to send Mrs. Springs as a delegate-at-large to the National Democratic Convention.

With the vote won, Mrs. Springs naturally threw her influence with the League of Women Voters. She is deeply interested in the League, believing that the non-partisan organization is the most effective one for the political education of women.

In 1922, Mrs. Springs went as a delegate from her county to the State Democratic Convention at Columbia, South Carolina, and at that time was elected National Democratic Committee-woman from South Carolina. In May 1924, she was reëlected National Committee-woman and also Delegate-at-large to the Democratic National Convention in New York. At this convention she was signally honored in several different ways. She was elected Chairman of the Credentials Committee, one of the four major Committees of the Convention. She had also the distinction of being the first woman ever nominated for the Vice-Presidency of the United States. Governor Thomas G. McLeod of South Carolina placed Mrs. Springs in nomination, and Governor Cameron Morrison of North Carolina seconded her nomination. Although the final official report of the roll call for Vice-President gave Mrs. Springs eighteen votes, it is interesting to note that originally fifty-one votes were cast for the first woman candidate, and even more interesting is the fact that these votes were not confined to the South, but came from Maine, Massachusetts, New Mexico, the Canal Zone, and West Virginia. It was unusually illuminating that a woman from South Carolina should be nominated for the Vice-Presidency, because this State always has been ultra-conservative.

Mrs. Springs was signally honored by the Presbyterian College of South Carolina, located at Clinton, when, in October, 1924, she had conferred upon her the honorary degree of Doctor of Literature. It was an impressive occasion—the dedication of Smyth Hall and the Springs Gymnasium—some well-known educators and leaders along various lines received degrees at the same time.

Mrs. Springs has no desire for any office, and said emphatically that she would refuse to go to the State Legislature or Congress if elected. Her interest in politics is solely for the good of women at large.

She is an unusually beautiful woman, with a striking personality and great charm of manner.

Mrs. Leroy Springs' maternal ancestor, Richard Beauford, came from England in 1635 and settled in Lancaster County, Virginia. Another maternal ancestor, Richard Parrott, came also from England in the year 1649, settling in the same county. Still another, Captain John Ragsdale, Gentleman, settled in Amelia County, Virginia, in 1734. George Goodloe, Gentleman, born 1701, who settled in Middlesex County, Virginia, was a paternal ancestor. Captain Robert Goodloe, born 1741, Spotsylvania County, Virginia, was also a paternal ancestor. Her paternal grandfather, Professor William Kennedy Jones, was President of the Dallas Academy, Dallas, Texas, and later directed Martin College, Pulaski, Tennessee. Professor Jones was the grandson of Captain Samuel Jones of North Carolina, Revolutionary soldier. Mrs. Springs' grandmother, Elizabeth Woodon Brandon, was a granddaughter of Colonel John Brandon, a Revolutionary soldier.

RUNKLE, LUCIA GILBERT (Mrs. Cornelius Runkle), journalist and poet, was born in 1837, in the village of West Brookfield, Massachusetts, the daughter of Arad Gilbert, a lawyer, and his wife, Mary Fowler Gilbert, a clergyman's daughter. On both sides the families were of old Puritan stock. The Gilberts claimed kin with Sir Humphrey Gilbert, the famous navigator, who, when his ship foundered on the voyage home from Newfoundland, said "Courage, boys. Heaven is as near by sea as by land." Through another line, Lucia Gilbert traced her descent from Preservèd White, the brother of Peregrine White, the first child born in Plymouth Colony.

Lucia Gilbert Runkle was a writer for the *New York Tribune*, the respected colleague of Horace Greeley, Whitelaw Reid, Noah Brooks, Isaac Bromley, Junius Henry Browne, William Winter, that brilliant group which made the *Tribune* the most influential newspaper in the United States. A keen student of affairs, she was the first woman in America to write for the editorial page of a daily newspaper.

Later she was a regular contributor to *Harper's Bazaar* and other magazines, became a "reader" for Harper & Bros., and edited with Charles Dudley Warner the *World's Best Literature*.

There were no colleges for women when Lucia Gilbert graduated from the high school of Fall River, Massachusetts, at seventeen, first and youngest in her class, but she had the inspiration in high school of a wonderful principal, a Mr. Stone, of whose illuminating teaching she ever spoke with admiration and gratitude. Another formative influence of her girlhood was that of Thomas Wentworth Higginson, who held a pastorate at Worcester, a few miles from her birthplace. He lent her books and lent her of his own wide culture. He also taught her to skate, a rare accomplishment for a girl in those prim days.

She was an insatiable reader, her memory almost equalling Macaulay's. Her especial taste was for history and biography, literary criticism, and fiction, poetry and plays. The characters of Dickens, Thackeray and George Eliot were as familiar to her as her own friends, and as frequently quoted, while she knew by heart whole plays of Shakespeare. To the end of her long life one of the charms of her conversation and letters was their adornment of felicitous quotations.

In the late fifties, the family removed to New York City, living first at the Astor House and later moving "uptown" to Waverley Place. All during the Civil War, Lucia wrote every week to her brother, Curtis Gilbert, a soldier at the front, a letter presenting the news of the world as she summarized it from local and foreign newspapers and periodicals. These news letters were considered by her family and friends remarkable performances, and she was often asked to read them aloud. From his knowledge of these letters, a friend of the family, Mr. Edwin Gay, the publisher of the *New York Tribune*, formed a very high opinion of her powers. After the close of the war, a reception was given in the Academy of Music for General Grant, an affair planned to be the most magnificent ever held in America. On the afternoon of this date, Mr. Gay came to see Lucia Gilbert, to tell her that Mr. Greeley was in despair because he wanted an account of the ball that would be literature and he had no one to write it. Mr. Gay had informed him that he knew the very person and he went to secure her services. At first she refused in fright and dismay; but on being assured that a carriage would be sent for her, with one of the *Tribune's* staff in evening clothes to escort her; that nobody at the ball would suspect her of being a reporter; that she should be brought back home to write her article, which *The Tribune* man would take to the office, she reluctantly yielded to Mr. Gay's entreaties. At the Academy of Music, the crowd was so tremendous that, though Miss Gilbert and her escort attempted to leave early, they did not reach the sidewalk

until the hour of going to press. There was no time to take her home; the horses were galloped down Broadway to the Tribune Building, where the young woman was set down at a reporter's desk, with a copy boy at her elbow to carry each slip as she finished it to the waiting presses. There was no time to strike a proof and the young writer went home to cry herself to sleep, so sure was she that the article produced in such untoward circumstances must be a disgrace to the paper and to herself. Next morning, she could not be induced to look at *The Tribune*, until the arrival of Mr. Gay with the momentous news that Horace Greeley was so pleased with her contribution he wished to engage her for his staff. Lucia Gilbert did not lack courage, nor did she lack faith in the capacity of women, always maintaining that work is sexless and that every human being should be permitted free expression of his or her powers. However, she had had the sheltered bringing-up of the mid-Victorian young lady. In that day, women in journalism were practically non-existent. Literary females, even though their works were admired, were looked on as "queer," clever no doubt, but probably not ladies. If to write books was temerity in a woman, would not writing for a newspaper put her outside the pale of respectability? Thrilled though she was by Mr. Greeley's offer, Lucia Gilbert shrank back. She was persuaded to accept only by Mr. Gay's argument that in opening this door, she would open it to all gifted women.

Horace Greeley's first order to his new recruit was for two columns on the abattoirs of Paris. Aghast at this subject, Miss Gilbert could not believe that Mr. Greeley really meant to publish the article, but decided that he had chosen the most outré possible topic in order to test her. Going to work at the libraries, she learned that the abattoirs of Paris were considered models for the world. Under strictest regulation, their equipment and their management were the last word in sanitation. She turned in her article and to her surprise, it appeared. This was followed up by a series of descriptions by the regular reporters of the slaughter houses of New York, which, at that time were subject to no regulation whatever. They were situated in the heart of the tenement district, where their filth, stench and flies made an abominable nuisance, and where the children of the neighborhood could see not only the cruelty with which the animals were treated, but often the actual slaughter. These revelations aroused the conscience of New York; slaughter houses were banished from Manhattan Island and were put under regulation and inspection. This experience was a marvelous initiation to the young woman writer; she was never thereafter afraid to tackle any subject, however little it might attract her, and she saw that her pen could be of real use in the world. Her admirable power of seizing the salient points of a complicated matter, and summing them up lucidly and briefly, commended her more and more to Mr. Greeley. Presently she was writing not only descriptive and literary articles, but political comment, the first woman in American journalism whose sex was not condescended to. Up to that time, the few women in journalism had confined themselves to the Woman's Column, which alone their sex was considered capable of writing, or indeed reading.

In 1869, she was married to Mr. Cornelius A. Runkle, the councillor of *The Tribune*. Of Dutch descent, he was the third of six sons of a prosperous farmer settled in the Mohawk Valley, and the brother of Professor John A. Runkle, who held for many years the Rogers Chair of Mathematics at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, and was one of its Presidents. After her marriage and removal to a home in the suburbs, Mrs. Runkle gave up newspaper work, but always she clung by predilection to her journalistic habit of anonymity. Incomprehensible as the attitude may seem today, she disliked seeing her name in print. For this reason, her writings are not as well known as they deserve to be.

After her husband's death in 1888, she became a reader of manuscript for Harper & Bros., a position she resigned some ten years later to undertake with Charles Dudley Warner the editorship of the *World's Best Literature*.

A most public-spirited woman, she found time in her busy life to give herself ardently for social betterment. In her early years, she was a visitor to the Tombs prison, and a worker at the Five Points Mission, in the worst slum in New York. Following a visit to Hampton Institute, she became deeply interested in the education of the negro, and many a dollar did she raise for Hampton and Tuskegee.

Despite an extreme personal modesty, she was always an advocate of "Women's Rights." In 1893, during the New York state suffrage campaign, she became one of the cause's most successful speakers. The suffragists were defeated, but out of the interest in public affairs aroused among New York women was born the League for Political Education. Mrs. Runkle was one of its founders and devoted workers, her lectures on current events being for years a popular course of the League. After her death in 1923, a chair in the Town Hall was dedicated to her.

RUNKLE, BERTHA (Mrs. Louis Herman Bash), novelist, was born in Berkeley Heights, New Jersey, the only daughter of Cornelius A. and Lucia Gilbert Runkle. The Runkles were of Dutch descent, the first American coming to this country from Holland about 1750, and settling in Schoharie County, New York. On her mother's side, she is of New England Puritan stock, tracing back to the Mayflower.

Bertha Runkle is the author of the well-known novel *The Helmet of Navarre*, written under the influence of the great revival of the romantic novel by Stevenson, Weyman, Hope, and their kind, when she was a girl still in her teens. It ran as a serial in the *Century Magazine*, 1900, became a best seller, and was successfully dramatized, 1902–1903. Though she has published several other successful novels, none has displaced in the public's affections her first youthful effort.

Bertha Runkle spent her early years on her father's farm in New Jersey. Cornelius Runkle, her father, the son of a well-to-do farmer of the Mohawk Valley, had worked his way through Harvard Law School to become a practicing attorney in New York City. Her grandfather, the farmer, though well able to give his sons an education, did not believe in book learning, and was determined that all his six sons should remain on the land. John, the eldest, (later to become President Runkle of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology), and Cornelius, the third son, left home bitterly against the paternal wish, to put themselves through Harvard by their own exertions and those of the second brother, Peter, who sympathized with their ambitions, and sent them every cent he could spare from his own earnings as a farmer. During their years in Harvard, John and Cornelius worked at everything they found to do, from building fires and currying horses to making astronomical calculations for the Observatory. It is pleasant to record that later, not only did they repay Peter, but the three brothers together educated the fourth brother in the law.

Though he had abhorred the narrow life of the farm as he knew it in his childhood, yet love of the soil was in Cornelius Runkle's blood. After establishing a successful law practice in New York, he bought in the early seventies a farm in New Jersey of about three hundred and fifty acres, which it was his dream to conduct as a model farm. As his practice of law spared him very little time for personal supervision of operations, the farm turned out a drain on his resources rather than addition to them. At the time he bought the property, it was expected that a suburban neighborhood would build up about it, but while Summit and Short Hills, just to the east, and Bernardsville, just to the west, grew and

flourished, Berkeley Heights remained a lonely hamlet. There, late in their married life, was born to Cornelius and Lucia Gilbert Runkle their only child, Bertha. The solitary little girl was thrown much on her own resources for amusement. There were no neighborhood children to play with, and though the Runkles were hospitality itself and loved to fill their house with visitors, their friends' children were young men and women, while Bertha was in short frocks. Some of the visitors who often came to that country house were Mary Mapes Dodge, the editor of *St. Nicholas*, Sarah Woolsey (Susan Coolidge), the author of the Katy Books and other charming children's stories; Noah Brooks, the child's godfather, author of the *Boy Emigrants*; Edwin Booth, Charles Dudley Warner, Thomas Wentworth Higginson, Professor Thomas R. Lounsbury of Yale. The child, listening quietly to much brilliant talk, absorbed without knowing it an immense amount of information and a grown-up point of view. She never played with dolls, being unable to imagine them real, and seeming at this age to possess no maternal instinct whatever. In the rare case of a visiting little girl, the dolls which had been given Bertha were taken from their boxes only to be entombed again as soon as the visitor left. Her chosen playmates were wholly imaginary. Though she could not pretend that a wax doll was alive, she could pretend a whole series of air drawn companions, princes and princesses in her earlier years, knights and ladies later. In her solitary play, she acted out their adventures, each history going on for months or even years. She was well supplied with fairy tales, but her critic mother detested the sloppy style and namby pamby sentiments of the average "child's book" and forbade their coming into the house. At a very early age, the small daughter was turned loose among the English classics. Her early adoration of Sir Walter Scott was probably largely responsible for her own efforts in the romantic vein.

After she was seven, the family moved to New York in the winters that she might attend Miss Brackett's School for Girls. A college course was planned, never to be realized. At the age of fifteen, the tall overgrown girl suffered a break-down in health and was taken out of school. From her early teens, she had been attempting to write out her imaginings, an occupation derided and discouraged by her mother, whose experience as a "reader" for Harper's had left her profoundly skeptical of youthful genius. Therefore, the child never displayed her efforts to anyone. About the time she left school occurred the great revival of the romantic novel. Stevenson, Weyman and Hope swept the land. For two or three years, their enthralled young admirer read and wrote, tore up and rewrote, 'til at length she rather timidly presented to the critic on the hearth the manuscript of *The Helmet of Navarre*. As first written, the story was a novelette in length and contained no female character. When submitted to the Century Co., its freshness and rapid action pleased their staff, but it was felt that the tale would not sell without "love interest." The girl author reconstructed the plot, introducing a heroine, and bringing the length to more than a hundred thousand words. In its new form, *The Helmet of Navarre* became a "best seller" (1901). A squib of the time declared that, while Byron woke to find himself famous, Miss Bertha Runkle was famous before she went to bed. The fact that she had written a successful novel "in her teens," and the further fact that she had written a story of France without ever setting foot in France, were copied in newspaper after newspaper from Maine to California.

In 1904, Miss Runkle was married to Captain L. H. Bash, United States Army, spending her next years in the Orient. Her life has been a series of wanderings, from the Philippines to Texas, to the Canadian border, to the Pacific slope, to the cities of our eastern coast, to the Mexican border, to France, to the Orient, a picturesque and interesting

mode of existence, conducive to the gathering of literary material, but not the sustained effort of developing it. Mrs. Bash's novels have been infrequent. In 1906, she published her second book, *The Truth About Tolna*, a satirical tale of modern life in New York, as different a genre as possible from her first effort. In her third volume, *The Scarlet Rider* (1912), she returned to her earlier field, the historical romance. *Straight Down the Crooked Lane* (1915), again a modern story, finds its background in the author's life across the Pacific, while *The Island* (1921), is another tale of New York. She has written also occasional short stories.

NICHOLLS, RHODA HOLMES (Mrs. Holmes Nicholls), painter, illustrator, writer, was born in Covertry, Warwickshire, England, March 28, 1854, and came to this country in 1884. She is the daughter of the late Reverend William Groome Holmes, vicar of Littlehampton, on the South Coast, and his wife, Marian Cooke Holmes. In her seventy-sixth year, Mrs. Holmes made the long, tiresome trip from her home in South Africa to visit her daughter, Rhoda, in America. Something of this intrepid pioneer spirit she passed on to that daughter.

Mrs. Nicholls stands out preëminent in the world of art. Art in all forms claims her interest. She has taught art, written art, and is famous for her works of art. Mrs. Nicholls excels as a water color artist, although she has won prizes in oils also. She has painted figures, flowers, landscapes, and portraits in water colors and oils. One large oil took a gold medal at the Prize Fund Exhibition in New York and another of an "Ostrich Farm" took a silver one at Nashville. A large water color, "The Scarlet Letter" took a bronze medal at the World's Fair at Chicago. Mrs. Nicholls has exhibited in Rome, Turin, Munich, and London, in addition to many American exhibitions. As a teacher of art she has been much in demand. At one time she conducted classes weekly in Hartford, Philadelphia, and Poughkeepsie, pupils even coming from as far as Canada to study under this celebrated instructor. Mrs. Nicholls is also well-known as an art critic. She has been at various times on the staff of *Art Interchange* and *Art Amateur* and was at one time co-editor of *Palette and Brush*.

Until she was ten years old, Rhoda Carleton Marian Holmes, together with her brothers, studied with governesses at home. There were four brothers, two older and two younger, a gay little crowd in the old family place, Brookfield Arundel, then Littlehampton on the South Coast, Sussex. Her parents thought she had talent but it was never brought out until she went to school.

Her first experience with any school was at the age of ten when she was sent to boarding school at South Kensington, where she remained until she was sixteen. Mrs. Nicholls says in speaking of this time:

"I had not so much talent as a love of beauty which made me wish so to achieve that I began to achieve."

By this time she had definitely decided to become an artist; she entered the Royal Female School of Art, Bloomsbury, and had to make the daily trip from Chesnut, where the family was then living. This, the gentlemen of that day considered very unusual. Mrs. Nicholls says: "I hate to do anything unconventional but sometimes you must. I never heard until afterwards that I had been talked about." But Mrs. Nicholls was never of the weaker fibre of mortals that lets foolish conventions stand in the way of real achievement. When Rhoda Holmes won the Queen's Scholarship she felt herself justified in her defiance of conventions. The Duke of Edinborough presented her with the Scholarship. He was the second son of Queen Victoria and at this time about thirty years of age. For days the excited young woman practiced going down one or two steps backwards, with an audience of admiring and envious fellow artists to criticise her facility and appearance. The Scholarship was a gift of fifty pounds for

three years, quite a sum, two hundred dollars, for those days and in the English country. Her cup of joy was filled when Queen Victoria bought one of her studies. It was a great honor for the young aspiring artist. During this period she studied also for a short time at Heatherlys and the Slade School of Art.

When her father died, her mother left for South Africa to join the four brothers, who one after another had gone out to engage in ostrich farming. Miss Holmes continued her studies in London, going to live with a chaperone, Miss Smythe, on Keppel Street near her school. When the opportunity came to visit Italy with six other girls and the superintendent and to study in the galleries, she eagerly joined them. This was her first taste of Italy and she soon made up her mind to throw over the two years of her scholarship and live in Italy—the artist's paradise—where she could make the income left her by her father go much farther than in England and at the same time keep up her studies in that inspiring country. With her aunt and uncle she visited the Paris Exposition of 1879. She traveled in Switzerland and northern Italy and then they took her to Rome and left her at Miss Meyer's School. Miss Meyer also chaperoned a number of art students, English and American. She studied landscape with Cammerano and landscape with Vertunni in the Via Margutta and water color with Signor Carlandi. She also studied in the evening classes of the Circolo Artistico.

In the summer, a party of six went to Venice and with some Americans took an apartment in Via de Leone; from Venice, for two months, in the Dolomites, near Pieve di Cardore. The next winter she again returned to Rome. She studied in the Circolo Artistico in the evenings and was made a member of the Societe Degli Acquarellisti. In Rome, during the winter of 1881 she exhibited one work and received special compliments from Queen Marguerita. Thus was the young artist honored twice by queens.

Mrs. Nicholls mentions with pride that she was granted an audience with Pope Leo XIII, who blessed her and her family at a most impressive function. Some of the people were deeply affected at the solemn ceremony. Miss Holmes also sang in the choir of the American Church for a time, with others of the students. Her first commissions for pictures came in at this time from Sir Richmond and Lady Cotton, who had entertained her for months at a time, making her one of their very lively large family. The pictures were to be *Sunrise on the Campania* and *Sunset on the Campania*. For the first she went with one of Miss Meyer's students to the Aqueducts. An Italian offered to accompany her to paint the sunset from Ponte Mole because he said it was not safe for a girl alone. She heard afterwards that she had been much criticized, greatly to her surprise, for she had been told that, while it was deemed improper for Italian girls, it was not unusual for English girls to do as they pleased. The first summer a party of girls went from the school to Venice and Perve di Cardore in the Dolomites and returned to Venice for a winter's work.

In 1881, Miss Holmes' brother, Alfred, wrote that he was coming to England to take her to South Africa. They started in January and she was gone almost a year. Mrs. Nicholls tells an amusing incident of her arrival at Cape Town. She arrived Saturday and on Sunday morning went to church. When it was time to leave she saw a nice open way and walked out quite unconsciously. She found afterwards, greatly to her confusion, that the way had been cleared for the two young Princes, then midshipmen on the ship "Baccherete," in front of whom she solemnly paraded. One of these princes was the present King George V and the other the Duke of Clarence, since deceased.

This stay in Africa was a wonderful experience—so different from anything that she had ever seen before. Mrs. Nicholls declares that never shall she forget her first view of the Great Tearroo. The clearness of the atmosphere and the surprising distance one can

see reminds her especially of the West of our own country. Her brother's farm was 26,000 acres with an old Dutch homestead, a mile from Kendrew Station and named after it. The farm was 150 miles from Port Elizabeth, the natural home of the ostrich, of which there were thousands. The ever enterprising Rhoda Holmes, not to be outdone by her brothers, bought fifty ostriches, which paid her well for several years. Her family seemed to take to that open air life quite naturally, even her mother. The Sunday River passed close to the house and her brothers had built weirs. Just recently her brothers have sold the whole property, which is to be made up into a town and college for teaching young colonists. The property had become very valuable owing to the big dams the government was building, with which the land could be well irrigated to produce three crops.

Miss Holmes, with her inexhaustible enthusiasm, painted most of the time she was there. A new range of subjects and a different new horizon opened fresh interests for her brush. At the end of the year she returned to England. After a year and a half spent in recuperating from a bad accident on shipboard coming home, she was delighted to find herself in Venice again. One of her Venetian oil paintings, "The Old Well at the Kirsch" with a "monk collecting clemoryna" had been hung at the Royal Academy and a water color at the Dudley Gallery. Both were sold. In 1884, her friend, Miss Ingram, married an American painter, Mr. Edward Foote, a pupil of Frank Duveneck.

It was in Venice also that Miss Holmes met another American painter, Burr H. Nicholls, who had been living in Brittany a number of years. They became engaged in six months and she went to England to buy her trousseau.

They were married from Miss Holmes' uncle's house in Brookfield at Lyminster Church in Sussex and immediately sailed for America. They took a studio at the Sherwood Building, New York, and there her daughter was born, three years after. A son was born a year and a half later in Ellenville, New York, a beautiful spot, but the English woman suffered with the miserably hot weather.

Mrs. Nicholls likes to speak of these first years in America; how from the first she met with a broad and sympathetic understanding and helpfulness, and her pictures were given great consideration and always well hung.

Later on she rejoiced to find a cool, beautiful spot, East Gloucester, then comparatively little known but rather built over and spoiled now. She spent many years in Gloucester and had large classes there, pupils coming from all over the country. In fact, Mrs. Nicholls laments the fact that she was obliged to spend the best years of her life teaching in order to support her family. From the time her daughter was born she began teaching in her studio. Also in the summers which were spent at Ellenville, Gloucester, Kennebunkport, and Oguonquit, she conducted large classes. For several years she went once a week to Philadelphia, Poughkeepsie, and Hartford to conduct classes. For three years she had the water color classes at Shinnecock, while Mr. Chase taught the oils. During all these years she only went twice to England; once alone for six months and once taking her children and visiting old friends.

In 1915, Mrs. Nicholls rented her apartment and went to California, visiting first the Grand Canyon and then San Francisco, and to the Panama Pacific Exhibition where she had a water color exhibited. She found parts of the exhibition inspiring, especially around the Temple of Arts, and worked day and evening. Staying at the Inside Inn, she found very convenient. After the Exhibition closed she went to San Diego and stayed there four months at the Florence, making many studies of the lovely exhibition there. Some of these paintings she exhibited in the Arts Building before leaving. She visited Pasadena, Santa Monica, Los Angeles, Santa Barbara, and back to San Francisco. A very

sad sight she found the Exposition, as if another terrible earthquake had passed. Fortunately, when the Exposition was broken up, the Temple of Arts was spared and there she passed her days painting and studying the fine show of pictures. On her homeward way she journeyed by way of Seattle, Puget Sound, Vancouver and the Canadian Rockies.

Mrs. Nicholls enjoyed beyond measure the journey north, following a perpetual spring. To her artist eyes it was a marvelous experience, a journey of constant and varying beauty.

Of the pictures painted on this journey west many were sold. A picture of the Horticultural Building was hung in the National Academy. Mrs. Coonley Ward bought one for her museum at Wyoming. At a prominent art gallery in San Francisco, an exhibition of Mrs. Nicholls' works was held.

In addition to her teaching all these years, Mrs. Nicholls was also busy with the creative side of art. Her paintings took many prizes. One large oil took the gold medal at the Prize Fund Exhibition, New York; silver medals were won at the Boston Triennial Exhibition and at Nashville her *Ostrich Farm* took the silver medal; at the World's Fair, at Chicago, *The Scarlet Letter* took the bronze medal; bronze medals were also won for a group of miniatures at the Pan American Exhibition and also at Buffalo and Atlanta.

About eight years ago, Mrs. Nicholls revelled in doing just what for years she had longed to do. With some artist friends, she took some models to a forest back in the Adirondacks, near Elizabeth, a town five hundred feet above sea level. Here she was entirely free and painted all summer with no pupils to interrupt. She painted more pictures than she had done in ten years while there were pupils to claim her attention.

In addition, all these years Mrs. Nicholls was writing for the art magazines. She was at times art editor on the *Art Interchange* and *Art Amateur*, and at one time co-editor of *Palette and Brush*. For some time she took Saturday classes at the Art Students' League and after that at the School of Applied Design. She helped illustrate Howell's *Venetian Life* jointly with Child Hassam and Hopkinson Smith and painted pictures for advertising.

A list of Mrs. Nicholls' clubs include: Nine years vice-president Water Color Club, Nineteenth Century Club, National Arts Club, Barnard Club, Women's Art Club, Pen and Brush Club, New York Water Color Club, and American Water Color Society. The only clubs she still belongs to are the Cosmopolitan, Barnard, National Association of Women Painters and Sculptors, and Honorary Member of the Art Association of Canada, and the New York Water Color Club.

YANDELL, ENID, sculptor, was born in Louisville, Kentucky, October 6, 1870, the daughter of Lonsford Pitts and Louise Boddie Elliston Yandell. Through her father, Miss Yandell is of Welsh descent. The Yandells, eleven brothers, coming to America very early in the seventeenth century, settled in Virginia. On her mother's side she is of English descent. Her great-grandfather, Joseph Elliston, was an English jeweler who came to this country late in the eighteenth century.

Enid Yandell is recognized as a pioneer among women sculptors and she was the first woman member of the National Sculpture Society. Like many other artists, her first real opportunity came at the time of the World's Fair. Her figures on the Woman's Building were an outstanding artistic achievement, a vital part of the amazing poetic spirit which dominated the wonderful exposition. The statue of Daniel Boone in the Kentucky Building was also hers. Of late, Miss Yandell's name has become associated with sun-dials, fountains, and other out-of-doors subjects. The "Carrie Brown Memorial Fountain," given to Providence by Paul Bignotti as a memorial to his wife, is the triumph of her skill and inspiration. It shows the *Struggle of Life*. Miss Yandell works in marble and

in bronze. Many lovely heads of children are to her credit.

Miss Yandell's mother was an ardent worker for the betterment of social conditions, especially in helping women towards wider fields and better pay. It was natural that when her daughter, Enid, showed in her mud-pie days, a decided preference for modeling little figures, her talent was not frowned on as unlady-like but fostered and encouraged.

It was in Hampton College, Louisville, that this little girl began, and in later years, finished her education. She specialized in Chemistry and Art, receiving an A.B. degree. Equipped with a splendid general education which developed an intellectuality that is reflected in all her work, and braving the general protest that a girl could not be a sculptor, she began her study in the Cincinnati Art School. Here she took wood carving and became so much interested in sculpture that she abandoned the carving to go on with modelling under Louis Rebisso. She worked twelve hours a day, finishing the four years' course in two years.

On her return to Louisville, she went abroad with her mother and sisters for a six months' tour of Europe, visiting France, England, Germany, Italy, Austria, and other countries. When she reached Paris, she was very anxious to stay there and study sculpture. Her mother, advanced as she had been toward her daughter's study, showed herself a woman of her generation in feeling that her daughter was too young and should return to Louisville and enter society, probably getting married before starting on a career.

After a winter's work and society in Louisville, there was a competition for a Confederate Monument, the designs and plans to be submitted anonymously. Miss Yandell and her friend, the architect, won the contest hands down. When the envelopes were opened and it was found she was a woman, in spite of the fact that her associate was a man, they refused to sign the contract, saying that *no woman* could erect the shaft seventy-five feet high.

A little later, Mrs. Potter Palmer wanted a woman to do the sculpture work on the Woman's Building at the Chicago Fair. There were no professional women sculptors in America thirty years ago. As far as Miss Yandell knows, Harriet Hosmer was the only American woman sculptor at that period and she was over sixty years of age and living in Florence. Miss Yandell went to Chicago, signed the contract and executed the sculpture on the Woman's Building, for which she received one of the seventy-three medals given the "Designers of the Columbian Exposition." Only three of these were given to women. Thus she created for women the profession of sculpture. During this time in Chicago, she studied in night school at the Chicago Art Academy.

After finishing the sculpture on the Woman's Building, she worked for and with Mr. Philip Martiny. It was in his studio at Jackson Park and under his supervision that she executed her statue of Daniel Boone, which was made for the Filson Kentucky Historical Society and was erected in front of the Kentucky Building at the World's Fair. The costume and gun as well as the powder horn and tomahawk belonged to Daniel Boone, so the details are authentic.

Miss Yandell was the first sculptor, male or female, to get to work in Jackson Park, Chicago, 1891, and, not having done anything in the art school larger than three feet, her statue nine feet for the caryatides for the Woman's Building promptly fell down. Not discouraged, she put in butterflies and armature and built them up again.

After the work was finished in Chicago, she went to New York and accepted a position as assistant to Mr. Karl Bitter. With him she had the privilege of working under Mr. Richard M. Hunt, the great architect, and of executing a large part of the figural ornaments for the Breakers at Newport and the Astor house in New York. It was at this period

that Mr. Bitter suggested she should become a member of the National Sculpture Society. There were only male members in it then. J. Q. A. Ward was its president. Daniel French, Karl Bitter and Philip Martiny were Miss Yandell's sponsors and the battle royal was fought as to whether a woman could be a member of the society or not. These men won out and Miss Yandell became the first woman member of the National Sculpture Society. There are now a great many gifted women belonging to this society and it has been proven that art is neither male or female. It is the work that counts no matter who does it.

A year later Miss Yandell went to Paris to study with Rodin and McMonnies, and to perfect her drawing. She worked three seances a day at drawing at the Academie Vitti and Carlorossi, putting in over twelve hours drawing—drawing, for it is all in that.

In 1896, she received the commission from the Tennessee Centennial to execute a statue of Athena. This was a copy of the antique and forty feet high. She arranged an exhibition of sculpture for the Tennesse Exposition and brought over the first Rodins exhibited in this country, including the famous *Eve* and the *Penseur*.

At the Pan American Exposition she planned and executed a fountain, an art feature which received a bronze medal.

In 1906, she was decorated for her work "Officier d'Academie" by the French Government.

In pre-war days when the huge amount of travel to Europe and on the continent made Americans familiar with the lovely gardens, especially of England and Italy, and the adaptability of our own outdoors dawned on them, there was a great inspiration toward garden making. It was Miss Yandell who first saw what could be done with sun-dials as an art subject. Returning to America, she created the first group sun-dial, and was for the third time a pioneer.

The first sun-dial that she placed in a beautifully designed garden created a sensation. It was not the usual engraved plate on a column. The whole object was a representation of the *Four Seasons*, worked out with the poetic sentiment that marks her work. It is an artistic group, using the wing of the bird *Time* held by the figure of summer as a gnome on her sun-dial. Since that time, variations of this form have been popular in gardens.

In 1900, there was a competition for the Carrie Brown Memorial Fountain at Providence. There were twenty-two submitted under ciphers and seals, and only one other design by a woman. Miss Yandell won the job and again they refused to give it to her because she was a woman. But this time, the mayor of Providence and the Women's Clubs stood by and the award was made to her over the heads of twenty men. The fountain group shows *The Struggle of Life* for the development of the soul—spiritual things, not for life to get food and material things. Body and soul are represented by two twelve-foot figures: Duty, Avarice, and Passion, represented by three ten-foot male figures trying to prevent the rise of the Soul on her wings—The main composition is an X; the flying lines and valves of light, shadow and silhouette are delightful.

When the commission to do the Bignotti Memorial was given Miss Yandell, she exclaimed:

"It must be so fine that its fame will make persons stop over a train to look at it."

Whether or not she reached her ideal, critics agree that it is a masterpiece. The fountain is built of bronze and granite and stands twenty feet high. There is a lower basin, and above, the central group seen through a veil of mist, the water spouting in numerous small streams up from a pipe in the main basin and also falling from above. It is full of color and movement; intellect and spirituality are combined. *The Struggle of Life* is one of the few groups in the world with five figures.

Enid Yandell

Miss Yandell has done some beautiful bronze heads of children that are fine examples of her talent and skill.

When the World War broke out, Miss Yandell was in Paris at work on a heroic statue of an Indian with fishes for a fountain for Watch Hill, Rhode Island. It was shipped the week before war was declared. Miss Yandell stayed in Paris, organized the "Appui aux Artists" and assisted in the organization of the "Orphelins de la Guerre." The Appui fed over two million people during the war—artists, their assistants, wives and children, and left a permanent fund which awards a purse each year to some young and struggling artist. She returned to America in 1916 and took charge of the Bureau of Personnel, American Red Cross, Atlantic Division, where she worked until after the Armistice.

Miss Yandell's home is at present Edgartown, Massachusetts, where she has had a summer school for eighteen years and where she is at this time working in her big studio on the Kentucky Pioneer Memorial for Harrodsburg, Kentucky, a heroic group of three figures, where for the first time the pioneer mother is in sculpture.

Miss Yandell is a member of the Daughters of the American Revolution, of the National Sculpture Society, Municipal Art Society, National Arts Club, National Art and Crafts Society, National Scenic and Historical Preservation Society, Cosmopolitan Club, Women's Republican Club.

ASHLEY, JESSIE, lawyer, writer, suffragist, born in New York City, daughter of Ossian W. and Harriet A. Nash Ashley. She belonged to a conservative New England family of culture and more than comfortable means, the ancestors of which came to this country in the Mayflower.

Jessie Ashley, who died in 1919, was a practicing lawyer in New York City, a lecturer at New York University Law School, a leader in the suffrage movement before votes for women became a popular slogan, a pioneer in the birth control movement, an ardent feminist, an active member of the Socialist party and later of the I. W. W., and finally the absolute pacifist who refused to give money, services, or any kind of support to the war.

Miss Ashley was educated in private schools and abroad. Through her brother, the late Clarence W. Ashley, Dean of the New York University Law School, she became interested in the study and practice of law and she entered that school. While in the university she organized the College Suffrage League, of which she was president. In 1902 she received the degree of LL.B., a year later her LL.M. and was admitted to the New York State Bar. She began the practice of law, establishing her own office and devoting her attention mainly to corporation law, in which she won considerable success. At one time she filled the position of private quizzer of men and women for the New York State Bar Association and for the University Law School examinations. She was also a lecturer in the woman's class. In 1912 she ran for associate judge in the Court of Appeals on the Socialist ticket. She was far on the road to success, in the usual meaning of that term, when she became convinced that it was more important for her to give her energies to the great issues which were confronting women and the workers of the world. It was her idea that thousands of lawyers were eager and able to do what she could do in the conventional practice of law and the protection of the property rights of well-to-do clients, while very few persons with her training were interested in unpopular causes.

Miss Ashley is credited with having been of much benefit to the labor movement in the strikes at Lawrence, Massachusetts; Little Falls, New York; Patterson, New Jersey and the first woman's waist maker's strike in New York.

Her outstanding qualities were: a very clear penetrating intelligence, which made it impossible for her ever to fool herself or fool

others in the slightest degree; an extraordinary vision which made her foresee as inevitable developments which have taken place since her death; an unfaltering courage which never allowed her to compromise on a principle in order to give herself a comfortable hour, or to give a cause in which she was interested a temporary triumph based on expediency; and a flame-like spirit of revolt which scorched the timid, the selfish and the compromising. Miss Ashley was one of the rare people with qualifications for leadership who was ready to do the small jobs as well as the large. Though treasurer of the National Woman's Suffrage Association, she never minded addressing envelopes or distributing leaflets. She was an expert in the law concerning labor difficulties and strikes, yet took time to feed the children of strikers. She was a student and a writer yet she picketed with the shirtwaist strikers and the National Woman's Party, marched with the pacifists and with those who celebrated the release of Ettor and Grovanetti. She was herself arrested for distributing birth control leaflets, and found time to help every man or woman who appealed to her for personal assistance. She impoverished herself by furnishing bail for pacifists and radicals and found leisure to write personal letters to her comrades who went to jail for their principles and hers.

Miss Ashley was at one time Treasurer of the National Women's Suffrage League, Member of the New York County Lawyers' Association, The Women Lawyers' Club and the Women's Municipal League.

PORRITT, ANNIE G. (Mrs. Edward Porritt), educator, reformer, was born in Manchester, England, in 1861, coming to this country in 1883. She was the daughter of John Stubbins Webb and Mary Hannah Drauss Webb. Her father came to this country from Sheffield, England, in 1849 and located in Dekalb, Illinois. In 1850, he brought over his wife and in 1854 became a naturalized American citizen.

Mrs. Porritt is essentially a pioneer reformer. Like "Leatherstocking," her place is in the outposts. When a movement becomes at all popular she's off for fresh fields. She has been a lecturer on current topics, a teacher of psychology, an ardent suffrage worker, concentrating on the National Woman's Party, and has done an amazing amount of work both as speaker and in the publicity work. She is now managing editor of the *Birth Control Review.*

Annie G. Webb was twenty-four when she came to this country in 1885, and she declares that she came because this was the only high adventure she could manage in a sheltered life as a girl of the Victorian era. Yet her life had not been sheltered as other girls of her class were sheltered. She had amassed a pile of diplomas and certificates from Elmswood College, Lancashire, from College of Preceptors, London, and other places. She had begun to take a medical course at Glasgow University, and had been out in the world earning her own living for several years.

The first five years in America were spent in New York. She was very busy teaching in various schools and after a couple of years began lecturing on current events—work in which she achieved quite a success in the later eighties. In 1890, she joined the staff of Miss Porter's School in Farmington. Her chief reason for leaving New York was "that work piled upon me so fast that I was tired of it." She wanted to try something else, and had seen almost nothing of America except New York, as she had gone home to England each summer for her vacation.

In 1891, she married Edward Porritt—then a journalist in London, where the first years of her married life were spent. But the call of America was too strong. Both she and her husband experienced it, for he had worked for a year on a newspaper in St. Louis. Also the itch for writing had seized him and he wanted to write books as well as newspaper articles. So, loading himself with all sorts of commissions for English newspapers, they re-

turned to America, and for eight years he wrote his English correspondence in Farmington, and his books also—books which were too solid and serious for "best sellers" but which brought him fame and much consideration among those who knew.

In 1901, they returned to England for a long stay, and settled for a time in Hitchen, about thirty-five miles north of London. It was a lovely old-world town, and they gathered a choice circle of friends around them. But 1903 saw them back in America, and this time they made their home in Hartford, for there were four children to educate and the Farmington schools did not come up to their requirements.

During the years from 1900 to 1910, Mr. and Mrs. Porritt traveled widely, not for pleasure directly, though the trips were usually more delightful and interesting than mere pleasure trips well can be, but in search of journalistic material. They spent four months in South Africa at the close of the Boer War. They went from end to end of the United States and the Dominion of Canada, and learned to know the British Isles as "even Americans rarely know them." They saw something of France and other European countries, but it was the English speaking world that was most interesting to Mr. Porritt.

It was in 1908, that Annie Porritt's interest first turned to suffrage work. All her life, declares Mrs. Porritt, she had been an intense feminist, and at first the suffrage for women did not greatly attract her. It seemed too trivial and too superficial a thing to meet the deep-seated disease of male dominance and to Mrs. Porritt's mind women needed to own themselves more than to vote. But Mrs. Porritt decided that after all it was one step, and she began to see that until woman had made it there was little chance of her ever becoming a real person. Mrs. Porritt says:

"I wanted votes for women rather because I felt that men would never consider women to be human beings like themselves until they were placed on a political equality than because I thought they could get much by voting."

So, she joined a tiny group in Hartford to work for the vote. Connecticut was stony soil, and they made very slow progress, in spite of the devotion and ability of the workers. In 1915 she saw with approval the rise of a more militant suffrage group, a group which, leaving aside the old slow state by state work, concentrated on getting an amendment to the United States Constitution.

At this time the older body, the National American Woman Suffrage Association, departing from the tactics followed by that brave pioneer, Susan B. Anthony, were fumbling the Woman Suffrage Amendment, and it was with joy that many saw Alice Paul come into the field. They had become tired of being so very ladylike about asking the men for the vote and they rejoiced to make a nuisance of themselves and thus call insistent attention to their demands. Mrs. Porritt says: "I cannot say that I personally like to do the things that Alice Paul set us to do. But I approved of them, so I helped to picket the White House, to keep the watch fires burning near the Suffrage Headquarters, and to pester congressmen and senators, and did my little best to swell all sorts of parades and demonstrations, while using my pen and the journalistic experience I had gained with my husband to help in the publicity work for the National Woman's Party."

As everybody knows, the Amendment was passed and ratified in time for the women to join in the elections of 1920. People have often reproached the enfranchised women for not being so eager to vote as they were to win the right to vote. "Personally," says Annie Porritt, "I have done my duty as a citizen whenever it has been possible; but I must confess that it does not thrill me to vote for A., of whom I do not greatly approve, in preference to B, of whom I strongly disapprove. I wanted the right to vote in order that I might shed something of the disability

which in the eyes of men attached to my sex. Inside me, I was thoroughly content to be a woman—what woman is not? What woman is there on earth who is not secretly convinced of the superiority of her own sex? But so far as opportunity and freedom are concerned it was idle for me to pretend that we women had ever had a fair deal. I wanted to be a woman with every path of life as open to me as it would have been had I been born male instead of female, and the vote was to me chiefly a symbol of equality."

There was plenty still to be done to make that symbol a reality. The League of Women Voters was formed, and she approved its work. But there was no thrill in it. It was good hard genuine work, without any sense of adventure. But there was a field where one could still be something of a pioneer, and for awhile Annie Porritt went into Social Hygiene work—the fight against venereal disease, the effort to banish the taboo on sex instruction, and to bring about a cleaner, more wholesome world in which little children would not get their souls smutted with nastiness for lack of clean, wholesome instruction in regard to the most vital matters of life. Annie Porritt worked with Doctor Valeria H. Parker, first in her War work in Connecticut and in the Connecticut Social Hygiene Association, then in the Inter-departmental Social Hygiene Board at Washington.

"But," says Mrs. Porritt, "there was something that had a greater call for me than Social Hygiene, and that was Birth Control. So when the opportunity arose for me to join Mrs. Sanger's little group and to take up the managing Editorship of the *Birth Control Review*, I gladly welcomed it. In 1921, I had lost my husband, and it was necessary to have work that would support me. But the work was never task work. It had a call and interest that exceeded all that I had found in Suffrage or Social Hygiene work, for it meant a more intimate emancipation of women—a release from the age-long bondage which they must endure so long as they are compelled to bear children without their own consent—to bear child after child against all reason and desire."

Mrs. Porritt says: "What will come next I do not know—or at any rate I do not care to predict. But if I am still to enjoy life, I must be not in the great army of the converted, no matter how excellent work they may be doing. I must be among those who are still reviled and unpopular, and my only feeling about Birth Control work is that it is becoming too popular. The fight is almost won. The enemies are disappearing, and soon it will be universally acclaimed as not only expedient and desirable from a practical point of view, but the only conduct that is morally possible to reasonable and conscientious people."

WHITEHEAD, JUDGE REAH MARY, Justice of the Peace for King County, Seattle Precinct, State of Washington, lawyer, former Assistant Prosecuting Attorney of King County, is a native of Kansas City, Missouri. Judge Whitehead is the daughter of Stanley Whitehead, a native of England, and Esther Gideon Whitehead. On her mother's side, Judge Whitehead is descended from John and Samuel Cranston, of Rhode Island, both of whom served as governors of the province during the seventeenth century. John Wesley Gideon, Judge Whitehead's maternal grandfather, of Scotch parents, was a "circuit-rider" in Illinois.

Judge Whitehead holds a unique position as the first woman Police Judge in the State of Washington, and as the youngest judge and youngest woman to be admitted to the bar, or made a Prosecuting Attorney. She has been elected three times to the office of Justice of the Peace, each reëlection receiving a larger vote than in the former, thus effectually ansering the queries: "Why are women needed in our courts?" and "Have women made good in political offices?"

Reah Whitehead's mother says that before her child was eight years of age she discovered

that she was much fonder of reading than of dolls. The gift of a beautiful doll would be greeted with cries of delight, but in fifteen minutes she would find the doll standing on her head in some corner, while Reah would be curled up in an arm chair reading a book. "At that time" says Mrs. Whitehead, "the theory that there is no sex in mind was not popular, but I made up my mind that she should follow the thing which most interested her, and with the example of my mother, who had persevered in her study of medicine against much opposition, before me, I encouraged her to study."

Circumstances changed and financial needs sent Reah Whitehead early to studying shorthand. She acquired a knowledge of it with marvelous rapidity, and at fourteen she entered the law office of a family friend. For two years she continued her studies at night school.

A story is told of her at this time, which illustrates her unselfish character. She had heard her mother express a desire for a volume of Flammarion's and finding it was not to be had in the local book stores, ordered it from New York, and came lugging it home—a heavy volume, for which she had sacrificed a third of her precious first month's salary. "Yes, mother, I remembered that you needed an umbrella but that would wear out and you can have this book always."

Then an opportunity came to go to Alaska, at a large increase of salary. Reah Whitehead and her mother spent nearly a year in Skagway, Alaska. It was in Alaska that Reah Whitehead had her first experience of court reporting, and there also entertained for the first time the thought of making law her profession. At this time she was still a young girl, with her hair hanging down her back. In Alaska, too, she acquired some much needed confidence for, small and delicate, she still looked like a child. In Alaska youth was no barrier. Accomplishment was the criterion.

After the year in Alaska, Reah Whitehead returned and completed her law course at the State University and passed her bar examinations. She was the youngest woman admitted to the bar in her state—probably any other state.

After the completion of her law course, she was soon appointed a deputy in the office of the Prosecuting Attorney of King County, where she remained more than six years, acquiring much valuable experience. By that time the sordidness of much of the work seemed too great to bear continuously. She found herself growing pessimistic and resigned. Soon afterwards, she stood for election to the office which she still holds, now serving her third term.

During the first year of office she kept a record of cases in order to discover what per cent affected women. Judge Whitehead says:

"Of course every criminal case affects some woman, directly or indirectly; but even in the civil cases, I found that in quite fifty per cent a woman was either a defendant, a plaintiff, or main witness, and in from seventy-five to eighty per cent, at least one woman appears as witness. Are women needed in our courts?

"The woman's viewpoint, plus the man's, equals human business," says Judge Whitehead, "the work of the courts is only another part of the larger housekeeping."

Several important pieces of legislation, in the interest of women and children, stand to the Judge's credit. Soon after going into office a case was presented, through which she discovered that there was no law in her state providing for the care of an illegitimate child by the father, though the "lazy husband" act was in force. She drafted the "Filiation Proceedings" bill, which, indorsed by various women's organizations and somewhat amended, became a law to cover such cases.

The Woman's Industrial Home bill was also of her writing. This bill provides a reformatory for women guilty of lesser crimes, who should not be sent to the penitentiary. The state had had for years such an institution for young men, first offenders, but no provision

was made for women. This need was brought very forcibly to Judge Whitehead in one instance, when she kept in her own home for months a young offender against the law because there was no place to send her but the penitentiary, among harded criminals, or to a cell in the county jail.

"Little Reah" Whitehead, delicate, refined, reserved, whose great blue eyes look out upon the world so compassionately, gives one the feeling of great reserve strength. There is sincerity in her hand clasp and in her smile; a poise and dignity, and yet a great simplicity in her demeanor; such a womanly woman that it makes one marvel even more and more at her courage. She is a perfect refutation of the popular superstitution that a woman in public life must be aggressive or become "mannish," hard and cynical. And this woman was in office before women secured the suffrage.

Judge Whitehead has, too, many of the so-called womanly accomplishments. Her friends say she is famous for her making of clam chowder, which she provides when indulging in her favorite pastime of tramping in the woods and mountains.

That is what she loves most; the great out-of-doors and tramping, though she does not care especially for high mountain climbing. "I like best," she says, "to go to our summer place down the Sound—a place where the woods and water meet—when I get stale and am tempted to feel that life is not quite worth living. A few days three miles away from a telephone quite restores my love for human nature, and I am ready to be at it again."

A list of Judge Whitehead's clubs and societies include: Woman's University Club; Seattle Business and Professional Women's Clubs; Seattle Women Lawyers' Association; State, National and Local Bar Association; Women's Pioneer Auxiliary of Washington; Phi Delta Delta (legal sorority); League of Women Voters; Woman's City Club; Women's King County Republican Club.

Reah Mary Whitehead is the daughter of Stanley and Esther Gideon Whitehead, the former a native of England. Mrs. Whitehead was a native of Illinois, daughter of John Wesley Gideon (born in West Virginia, of Scotch Covenanter parents), a minister of the Methodist Episcopal Church in Illinois in the early nineteenth century. This grandfather preached against railroads, as an innovation not sanctioned by the Almighty. Mrs. Whitehead's mother, Melissa Cranston Gideon, direct descendant of a Cranston of Rhode Island, studied and practiced medicine, being one of the pioneers in that profession among women. John Cranston, ancestor of Melissa Cranston Gideon, served as Governor of the province under the royal charter, from 1676 to 1678, and died in office. Samuel Cranston, Governor from 1696 to 1698, also died in office, which would seem to indicate that the colonial governors saw strenuous times. The Cranstons were Scotch, who settled near Providence, Rhode Island, about 1638. The name is preserved in the present manufacturing town.

BROWN, HELEN GILMAN NOYES (Mrs. William Adams Brown), philanthropist, was born in New York City, October 12, 1868, the daughter of Daniel Rogers Noyes and his wife, Helen Adia Gilman Noyes. She belongs on both sides of the house to New England families of distinguished Colonial descent.

Mrs. Brown has a distinguished record of service to her city. As social worker for years at the Union Settlement of the upper east side, as a tactful club woman, as an enthusiastic Vice-Chairman of the Sulgrave Endowment Committee of the Colonial Dames, she has shown a very real gift for organization and financial acumen as well as the sympathetic training in the human art of living together.

Mrs. Brown has associations both with the east and with the west. The failure of her father's health forced him to leave New York and much of her childhood and early girlhood was spent in the brilliant climate of Minnesota.

At the age of fourteen, she was sent back to her father's state of Connecticut to continue her education at the famous school for girls conducted by Miss Sarah Porter, sister of Doctor Noah Porter, president of Yale University, at Farmington. Mrs. Brown and her cousin, Katherine Ludington, were roommates at this school and passed some happy years in the old village with its elm-shaded paths, its quiet streams, its white colonial homes and its dignified meeting-house to which Miss Sarah Porter, the dean among the head mistresses of the period, and a woman of remarkable force and ability, weekly conducted her pupils. Miss Porter was sometimes accused of taking a little nap in the corner of her high pew, during the long sermon—but the explanation given was that she could safely do so because she had such complete confidence in the minister:

On leaving school, Mrs. Brown spent a winter in Vienna, to continue the musical instruction begun under Karl Klauser at Farmington. In Vienna she worked under the direction of Leschetitsky and, with a gifted musical friend, Miss Eliza Coe Brown of New York, who later became her sister-in-law, enjoyed the spectacle of winter life in that gay and friendly city. Through the kindness of the United States minister, Mr. Phelps, the two young Americans were admitted to certain court functions. They can never forget the majestic but kindly figure of the old Emperor, the slender elegance of his beautiful and unfortunate wife, and the pride and beauty of the Austrian ladies who composed the court circle.

Upon her return to America Mrs. Brown paid a visit to Hull House, then at the height of its fame as a center of social work. Miss Jane Addams was at that time the most powerful exponent of a new ideal in philanthropy. At Hull House, all classes, the privileged and the unprivileged, met on terms of complete equality. Everyone was considered to have something to give. There was no thought of working for men and women from above down. One worked with one's neighbors on a basis of mutual sympathy and respect. This visit, though brief, constituted the turning point in Mrs. Brown's life and the impressions received there controlled her interests and activities for many years.

In 1892 she was married to William Adams Brown, Ph.D., D.D., of New York, clergyman, author, professor, Fellow of Yale University and patron of the Metropolitan Museum of Art. Her husband was one of the founders of the Union Settlement on the upper east side of the city and into this new enterprise Mrs. Brown entered with all her heart. For years the promotion of the interests of the Union Settlement was her chief preöccupation. She helped to form the first Woman's Auxiliary and was for sometime its president. In the neighborhood of the Settlement lived people of many races and creeds, sometimes strongly antagonistic to the Christian religion. The leaders of the Settlement life worked from avowedly Christian motives; but it was constantly necessary to find a meeting ground upon which persons of all shades of belief could come together in efforts for the common good. The discipline of such a situation could not fail to develop an impartial and tolerant attitude of mind. The value of Mrs. Brown's long service to the city through the Union Settlement was recognized in 1919 when she was elected to membership in the National Institute of Social Science.

When Mrs. Brown became president of the newly formed Cosmopolitan Club of New York in 1909, she brought to the position no experience in the technical art of Club management—but much training in the human art of living together. The club was under the guidance of a group of gifted and creative women who made personality the test of eligibility and who desired that the charm and interest of the club house and the club life should be due directly to the personal contribution of the members. With such purposes, Mrs. Brown was in entire sympathy,

and the years of her presidency were delightful to her. Her gift of drawing many women together for joint effort found its fullest scope and, as a result of the harmony which existed among its leaders, the Cosmopolitan Club was soon established in unique and attractive quarters, with an enviable reputation and adequate financial resources.

The outbreak of the World War brought a call to heavier responsibilities. Entering with enthusiasm into the plans of the National War Work Council of the Young Women's Christian Association, she became its publicity chairman and later its vice-chairman, serving as its head in the absence of the chairman in Europe. (During something over two years of existence, the National War Work Council received from the nation through the National Board of the Young Women's Christian Association almost twenty-two millions of dollars, probably the largest sum ever entrusted to women for expenditure in the history of the world. See the official reports issued in 1918 from Young Women's Christian Association headquarters, 600 Lexington Avenue, New York.)

At the request of the War Work Council, Mrs. Brown crossed the ocean in 1918 to inspect the stations established by it in France for the use of the French women munition workers, of the Signal Corps operators of the American Army, for our Red Cross nurses in many hospitals and for certain employees of the French Ministry of War. With Mrs. Herbert Lee Pratt, Mrs. Francis McNeil Bacon and others she reported at headquarters to General Pershing, Commander-in-Chief of the American Army, on the work carried on by the Young Women's Christian Association for the women connected with our army. The uniform worn by Mrs. Brown when making this report, can be seen at the National Museum at Washington, as a part of the collection of war uniforms worn in service by American women, which was arranged by a committee of the National Society of Colonial Dames of America.

The Government of the United States not only appealed for economy in the use of food during the war, but also for its production in larger quantities. In order to aid the farmer to obtain additional seasonal labor at a moderate price and thereby facilitate increased food production, an emergency organization of women was formed called "The Woman's Land Army." This patriotic organization accomplished results of undoubted value. Groups or "units" of young women were formed, drawn mostly from the ranks of industrial workers or from the colleges. In 1918 such "units" existed in twenty-one states with an enrollment of more than 1500 "farmerettes." Many farmers were ready to accept gratefully the help they offered; and the capacity of women to perform efficiently various sorts of farm work was abundantly demonstrated. The possibilities of a career in agricultural work were set before the minds of a large number of young women, who, since the close of the war, have chosen to devote themselves to such pursuits. Mrs. Brown was the National President of this organization during the last year of the war and worked in intimate coöperation with the Department of Labor at Washington.

At the close of hostilities, Mrs. Brown remained with the Young Women's Christian Association as the national finance chairman of the National Board. The country was exhausted by its vast war effort and was temporarily unresponsive to altruistic appeals. The raising of the annual budget presented exceptional difficulties. Mrs. Brown made speaking tours throughout the country and pleaded for continued support of the work so efficiently conducted by the Young Women's Christian Association, for self-supporting young women.

It was not until 1922 that she could take a much needed rest. In the summer of that year, she went to Europe with her family and served through the following winter as a member of the World's Committee of the

Helen Gilman Brooks

Young Women's Christian Association, which has its headquarters at London. In the spring of 1923 she was sent by the World's Committee to Paris as the American member of an informal friendly delegation, the English members of which were the Countess of Portsmouth and Lady Parmoor. The object of this mission (which was everywhere most courteously received) was to lay before leading French women some aspects of the international situation in the Ruhr.

While still in England Mrs. Brown was chosen president of the National Society of Colonial Dames in the State of New York. This is an historical and patriotic society which, among other activities, maintains at Van Cortlandt House, in Van Courtland Park, New York, a beautiful little colonial museum. The house is visited annually by thousands of foreigners and on every Saturday afternoon during the school year by hosts of children of all nationalities from the public schools of the city. Mrs. Brown was shortly after appointed National Chairman of the Sulgrave Endowment Committee of the Colonial Dames by Mrs. Joseph Lamar, the president of the National Society of Colonial Dames of America.

The old Washington home at Sulgrave, England, where George Washington's forefathers lived for a hundred and fifty years, was bought in 1914 by the committee in charge of the celebration of one hundred years of peace between Great Britain and the United States, from part of the proceeds of a fund raised in England by popular subscription. The restored manor was open to the public in 1921 and was formally dedicated, with much ceremony, as a "House of Peace" and a common shrine of pilgrimage for English-speaking peoples. The National Society of Colonial Dames of America at their Biennial Council in 1923, assumed responsibility for raising one hundred thousand dollars, the income of which should care in perpetuity for the repair and maintenance of this historic home, the chosen symbol of friendship between two great nations. The whole of this fund was raised within a year of the commencement of the effort and the permanent preservation of the lovely Tudor manor has been assured by the action of the Colonial Dames.

Mrs. Brown is deeply attached to her summer home "The Tree-Tops" at Seal Harbor, Maine, where she has lived since 1900; she and her husband have been leading spirits in building and sustaining a church for the village of Seal Harbor and she was also the first to start a movement for a kindergarten which has now for many years been a source of pleasure and benefit to the village children.

Professor and Mrs. Brown have four children: John Crosby Brown, born in New York, December, 1892; William Adams Brown, Junior, born in New York, November, 1894; Winthrop Gilman Brown, born at Seal Harbor, July, 1907; and Helen Gilman Brown, born at Seal Harbor, June, 1910. William Adams Brown, Junior, is a traveler and author. He lived in Russia immediately after the abdication of the Czar and edited a newspaper in the Russian language in the interests of friendship with America. When this was no longer possible, he returned to America, crossing Siberia with the homecoming Czech army. He has published a book on his experiences in Russia called *The Groping Giant.*

Apart from her family, Mrs. Brown has always found her greatest happiness in her work with American women. Her trust in them is founded on long experience and leads her to look with sympathy and understanding at many of the new phases of the life of the American girl. Her faith in the young lends something of the brilliancy of youth to her anticipations of the future. She is an ardent advocate of the League of Nations and of work for world peace.

Mrs. Brown's father was Daniel Rogers Noyes, born in Lyme, Connecticut, November 10, 1836, through whom she descends from the Reverend James Noyes, rector at Cholderton, England, who emigrated to

Boston, 1634. His son, of the same name, also her ancestor, after being graduated from Harvard in the Class of 1638, helped to found Yale University and was one of the first trustees. Mrs. Brown is tenth in descent from Richard Warren, twelfth signer of the Mayflower Compact; seventh in descent from William Coddington, first governor of Rhode Island; eighth in descent from Anne Hutchinson, pioneer in the movement for the intellectual freedom of women, who came to Boston with Governor Winthrop and is commemorated by a statue in the Boston Public Library; and is a great grandniece of Edward Dorr Griffin, president of Williams College and one of the eloquent clergymen of his day. Through her mother, Helen Adia Gilman, she descends from Governor Thomas Mayhew, lord of the manor of Nantucket, Martha's Vineyard and the Elizabeth Islands; from the Reverend Chanler Robbins of Plymouth; and from George Bethune, who arrived in Boston in 1710 and through whom she has a strain of French blood.

Mrs. Brown is a member of the Colony Club, Cosmopolitan Club, Albemarle Club (London), Colonial Lords of the Manor, Colonial Dames, Mayflower Club, National Institute of Social Science, World's Committee of Young Women's Christian Association.

MYGATT, TRACY DICKINSON, was born in Brooklyn, New York, March 12, 1885, the daughter of D. S. Dickinson and Minnie H. Clapp Mygatt. The first American Mygatt was Joseph Mygatt, who came from England, in 1633, and settled in Connecticut. On her mother's side, Miss Mygatt was descended from Roger Clapp, who came from England early in the seventeenth century.

Tracy Dickinson Mygatt is a playwright of distinction. While writing for the professional theatre, she has been intimately connected with the Little Theatre movement in this country, and has had plays produced in Little Theatres in Maine, Colorado, Massachusetts, Wisconsin, Illinois, Oklahoma, Ohio, and New York. Besides the literary beauty of such published plays as *Children of Israel*, and *Good Friday, a Passion Play of Now*, there is in her work a tense dynamic power. It seems evident that this comes in part from her years of vivid contacts with the more dramatic aspects of our social life. For, starting as a philanthropist, she has passed, pushed on by stirring events, from suffragist soapbox to militant pacifist. Nowhere so closely as in aggressive pacifism, do her dramatic and social beliefs fuse; for the famous Amnesty for Political Prisoners Parade of Christmas Day, 1919, was on her initiation; and she dedicated her play, *Good Friday*, to the Conscientious Objector, for whose release she joyously marched up Fifth Avenue.

Miss Mygatt says: "Perhaps it is because I was only born in Brooklyn, and not in a waving corn-field, or down a rocky gorge, that the scenes, as I look back, seem pretty tame. Perhaps it was because I felt them tame that, happy though I was on the whole, even from the very beginning I sought refuge in my child's imagination. My mother has told me of the tiny thing who, never satiated with the generous allowance of tales read and told all day by an adoring family, would sit straight up in bed, night after night, after the light was out and the door shut, "telling herself stories" out loud, till an enthusiastic outbreak would give away her activities, and at last earnest entreaties would drive the small head, bristling with its "rag curls" to a reluctant pillow. I know there was a back yard,—"garden" we called it, in which my brother Harry and I spent many delightful hours, with a turtle named, in a fit of youthful irony, "Fly-Away"—(eventually he revenged himself and did!—) beneath a peach tree that once grew two amorphous green peaches! And there were the usual dramatic ventures (but not much more than the usual, I think, despite later developments), best of which was our impersonation of Mr. and Mrs. Santa Claus.

The more sombre background was New York itself, the slums, not far from the old home in West 46th Street, the notorious "Hell's Kitchen" of those days. Although the school, Misses Graham's, to which Miss Mygatt was sent was uptown, there was, for the sensitive young girl, a few blocks of squalor to be passed each day. Especially the mothers and the wretched women soon to become mothers hurt her, and it seems to have been these visual images, cut deep into her memory, that focused as soon as she was out of college into her founding of the Chelsea Day Nursery for the babies of working mothers.

Bryn Mawr itself, to which she went when she was nineteen—the disabilities of a frail childhood bravely overcome—was a delicious fulfillment of the things she loved best. The mere fact of getting away from New York, not only to her adored Maine in the summers —but all the year round, and to so beautiful a place as Bryn Mawr, meant keen happiness to the girl. There was only her detested biology to mar it:

"How I loathed that ill-smelling laboratory!" she writes—"the laboratory in which I spent wretched hours thoroughly capable of taking the speck of dust under my microscope for the internal economy of a spirogyra! Here was no legitimate scope for my imagination, and after putting up a losing fight I retired for the time being, followed by flunknotes and black despair!" Her fiasco here coupled with an illness that first winter necessitated a curtailing of her work, freshman year, which delayed her graduation one semester. Like so many difficulties, however, that extra semester proved the greatest blessing in her college life; for through it the shy, dreaming girl who, she tells us, had been a terribly "bad mixer" came to really know the classmate, Frances Witherspoon, with whom she has lived ever since. Miss Witherspoon, forced home three months through her mother's illness, and Tracy Mygatt became close comrades, "a model," Miss Mygatt laughingly tells us, "for many of our married friends!"

Even at Bryn Mawr, walking the campus on moonlit nights with her Oxford Book clasped tight, there was something of the conflict which, she tells us, still exists in any place or condition of beauty.

"I know I was always conscious of two sets of factors in my world,—that there was an ideal place of escape in plays and stories and poems, and there was on the other hand a sorely tried human race, whose men and women were often poor and unhappy and that somehow I, who had had so much, ought to help them. I can't say I always wanted to; I did and I didn't. Incessantly there was conflict,—the feeling of 'noblesse oblige,' and yet the lure of my ivory tower."

The first step for Miss Tracy out of the "ivory tower" was the founding of the Chelsea Day Nursery, in 1910. There had been desultory contacts with settlements, but babies seemed the logical beginning. She tried to persuade her Rector to start one in the parish-house of Zion and St. Timothy, the church of which she had been a devoted member all her life. But though it was located on the West Side, where nurseries were admittedly badly needed, he had other work in hand—less modern work, she mentally criticized!—and although he helped her with his influence, she was forced to look further. For weeks she prowled on the West Side, among a clergy and laity everywhere granting the need, but asserting that "this is a very peculiar district." She felt they were simply trying to evade her, and with the delicious confidence of her A.B. in her pocket she grew only the more determined that she would plant the nursery. At length Doctor John Elliott, of the Hudson Guild Settlement, came to her rescue. His experience backing her enthusiasm, the project was undertaken. Miss Mygatt raised the initial pledges and the nursery was started. In those days "15 and 5-cent" taxis were unknown and the girl wore out plenty of shoe leather. There were

haughty butlers, and cross society women, who got very uncomfortable under this personal attack of a girl whom they knew to be right. She tells of the rich dowager who crawled out of her obligations by the amazing statement that she couldn't care about a Nursery because she'd never had a baby! "I've always wondered how many she thought I had!" the enthusiastic girl exclaimed when telling of this adventure.

There intervened a period of "ivory tower," for, her nursery established with a competent board (it still exists at 346 West 27th Street), she took herself off with Miss Witherspoon to Bryn Mawr, this time to live in a "heavenly garrett." Here they read and tutored and went on long tramps, very happy to be again in the country. And here again came the call to action. On an unfortunate day for them, they found out about the Child Labor Laws of Pennsylvania.

This was a step beyond philanthropy. Already Miss Mygatt was skeptical of the ultimate good her nursery could accomplish, and they worked for an amendment of the laws. The measures failed, probably owing to political graft, and, heartsick and indignant over a failure that meant privation and illiteracy for these boys of the coming generation, they turned to Woman Suffrage as the logical solution. "Women would care!" M. Carey Thomas, at that time the brilliant President of Bryn Mawr, had been an early champion of suffrage, and they had listened—a little dubiously—to the English militants in undergraduate days. Now Suffrage was a live issue, a cause, and a gloriously unpopular cause. They embraced it joyously and became the first organizers of the Woman Suffrage Party in Eastern Pennsylvania.

"When every other woman in my block has signed, then I will sign!" ran the "spirited" slogan of the Pennsylvania housewife. That sort of thing got Miss Mygatt's blood up. It fairly drove her to soapbox oratory. The fact that neither girl could speak, was no deterrent. Like so many others, they proceeded to do it! With Frances Witherspoon, and Lucy P. Carner, now General Industrial Secretary of the Young Women's Christian Association, on the fourth day of July, 1912, outside Fairmount Park, Tracy Mygatt delivered her first public challenge, mounted on a teetering sarsaparilla box. Of course it was industrialism she stressed, in this and the innumerable meetings that followed. Women in Industry, and —evenmore important—the little children who should never have been let in. Hers was a call to comfortable and incredibly ignorant women to bestir themselves, to remember they were their sister's keepers. Margaret Widdemer's poem,

> "I have shut my little sister in from light and air,
> For a rose, for a ribbon, for a wreath across my hair," . . .

was often on her lips when she addressed those club women, whose placid dividends were often stained by just such suffering. And that passionate call of Elizabeth Barrett Browning, "Do you hear the children crying, oh, my brothers?" to our shame is still too tragically pertinent even today. For some months she found real fulfillment; then, tired out, with a heart somewhat the worse for wear, she desisted. But not, she tells us, before many an amusing incident had forced both young women to drop their tenseness and laugh.

One story, which she wrote up afterwards for a Philadelphia paper, as the *Bed of the Suffragist*, is about a woman doctor who took them home after an arduous day at a county fair. It was very late that night—"Too late to get out," she says, that they discovered the lady was a practical joker, and that the delightful rambling old house was a private asylum, where a semi-demented patient screamed at 2 A. M. "They never gave that beastly doctor the satisfaction of knowing they had been scared!" but the next night, they "slept in the partitioned room of an old farm-house, with half a dozen children comfortingly snoring in the next bed."

Then there was the woman who considered herself an ardent supporter of the cause, who owned half the surrounding acres of a most inaccessible Pennsylvania Dutch district. Invited up there to speak, they were favored with an interminable Grange discussion, followed, as their turn approached, by the lugubrious singing of "From Greenland's Icy Mountains," and the serving of ice-cream. "At last," recounts Miss Mygatt, "chafing at the bit, we rose and delivered an impassioned address. The farmers, placid and replete, slumbered and slept. Late that night, as two dog-tired suffragists climbed into bed, before the milk-train should snatch them from their breakfast pickles, this inimitable hostess, handing over the $2.15 of the collection to our outraged hands, cheerfully remarked,'Anyways, there was nothing smaller than a nickel!' "

Posed as *Justice* on the suffrage float of the famous parade after the inauguration of President Wilson in 1912, when the surging drunken hoodlums of Washington spoke their mind in rotten eggs, Miss Mygatt went on doing what she thought was her bit, and in 1913, aware that Suffrage would soon come into its own, passed over into Socialism. At the same time, she and Frances Witherspoon moved back to New York, where they have lived ever since. Speaking and writing went on. For Miss Mygatt, a socialist soapbox was not so different from a suffragist's, and many a person, coming to speak to her after a street-meeting, would amuse her by saying, "I didn't know a person like you could be a Socialist!" They were to learn that she could. At this time, on the Socialist ticket, she ran for the Legislature, where she hoped one day to arrive, and meet in Albany the bust of her great-great-grandfather (John Tracy), who had been Lieutenant-Governor. Also at this time, she became editor of the woman's department of the *Social Preparation for the Kingdom of God.*

This was a socialist organ, published by Episcopal clergy, where she could plead with cultured, leisured women to help their working sisters achieve social justice. It was with her morals she cared for justice, she writes.

"My mind was always reaching after that subtler, elusive synthesis of rightness with mystical beauty. On a bitter night in February, 1913, I found some of it. The Reverend William Norman Gutherie initially, I think, on my appeal, permitted us to house and feed two hundred men, hungry and out of work, in the beautiful parish-house of St. Mark's-in-the-Bouwerie. I shall never forget that snowy night. There was a mystical quality to that bread, to those thick sandwiches and steaming coffee, as we passed them out, in that densely crowded room, to those weary, huddled figures kindled into life by the leaping fire in the great hearth, under the Botticelli Spring, and the dim Della Robbias! For days thereafter, the press rang with tales of the menacing "I-Won't-Works," who were "raiding" the Churches, demanding food and shelter of Christendom. Day after day, we went among the clergy, particularly of the liberal Episcopal Churches, and at night, when the hungry hordes arrived in one of them, we would be there, smoothing the way. Of course many of the clergy knew the men were basically right; and it is a fact that these picturesque "Church Raids" focussed attention on the vast unemployment crisis of 1913. So that when Frank Tannenbaum, who in old St. Paul's, had celebrated his twenty-first birthday with the dear old Vicar's arm round him, was sent to jail for "raiding.' the Roman Catholic Church of St. Aloysius, he went cheerfully. He has since become a well-known lecturer and prisoner-reformer."

And then the war! From the first it was inevitable that Tracy Mygatt should hate and resist it to the very depths of her being. In that first September of 1914, with a thousand other women dressed in deep black, to terrible muffled drums she marched down that Fifth Avenue, which, less than three years later blazoned with flags, was to hail America's entry into the war.

"They did not hail *my* entry," she writes: "they never will. As a little thing, with my brother, each Decoration Day I had been dressed in the colors and taken with my grandfather, proudly wearing his Sons of the Revolution button, to see the soldiers. As a grown woman, I rebelled against the incredibly costly madness. No war for any purpose whatever shall ever claim me. And this is the most honest and commonsense patriotism I can offer my country. In spirit I am as intensely a Conscientious Objector as those brave men who went to prison rather than commit what to them was murder, men in whom I became greatly interested while serving on the board of the Bureau of Legal Advice; men to whom I dedicated my play, *Good Friday, a Passion-Play of Now.* If I am ever faced with their drastic choice, I hope I shall have their courage and go to prison, there to exercise my spirit, at least, in freedom."

Miss Mygatt says that she has thought a great deal about these prisoners of peace. Never, perhaps, more vividly, than on that Christmas Eve of 1919, when, the preparations completed for the Amnesty Parade, the eleventh hour prohibition of the Police ringing in their ears, she called up a friend, to ask if he would furnish bail should they be arrested next day. But how worth while they thought it, that next shining Christmas morning, when, on the gleaming new snow they marched from the Church of the Ascension, where Doctor Percy Stickney Grant had welcomed them, on to the churches of New York, calling them, with their own Christmas carols and their own glad tidings of good-will, to release America's War-Objectors, on this Birthday of the Prince of Peace! Again, of course, the press carried scare-heads—it was a time of incredible hysteria—but through these very headlines, at last, up and down the country, people knew that certain men had resisted war, and gone to prison for it, and that certain Christians wanted them released.

From the first, Tracy Mygatt conceived the World War in terms of the betrayal and crucifixication of humanity. With David Starr Jordan, Emily Green Balch, her friend, and a handful of determined others, she lobbied in the ante-room of Congress up to the Declaration of War. "The most awful night of my life," she writes, "that solemn Holy Thursday breaking into Good Friday—how black for suffering humanity many of the Congressmen themselves seemed to guess." They talked with them imploring them to vote against the Declaration of War. "Many of them wavered. They knew as well as we, that in this, as in all wars, sinister motives of greed would presently make bitter mockery of constitutional liberty at home, and the sacrifice of strong young bodies in the trenches." In a tense House, at 3.15 Good Friday morning, the little peace party, with bowed heads, passed from the ante-room to the Galleries, where they heard the roll-call which carried the Declaration of War. A few moments before it began, the late Mr. Mason, Representative from Illinois, had read, on the floor of Congress, from the Bible we had brought to him, the account of the Betrayal in Gethsemane.

Four days after the Declaration, Miss Mygatt's foot was broken in a street accident, and this, necessitating a stay in the hospital, proved a turning-point in her life; for an incident in St. Vincent's suggested a play,—(*Points of Honor*, since produced in New York by Clare Tree Major)—and because of the encouragement given her at this time, she yielded to an old desire to do imaginative writing, and began to write plays.

Points of Honor, would indeed be a descriptive title for all her plays. "Points of Honor," —scruples—the delicate inhibitions and compulsions deep down in people's minds, of which they themselves are sometimes barely aware, but which flare out as tense, dramatic reactions, transforming lives, changing destinies, saving souls, and breaking hearts. Some of these, not perhaps the best, are published, as *Children of Israel*, *Bird's Nest*,

Grandmother Rocker, and *Good Friday*. These and a number of others have been rather widely produced in our Little Theatres; but the best, after narrow escapes at production in New York, are still making the managerial rounds. *Dan'el Brewster's Marriage*, her New England play, was forecasted by one of the prominent producer as "It would be an artistic success, and a financial failure." One of the best productions given her was that at the Neighborhood Playhouse, one of the first Art-Theatres of America, where they produced her one-act play, *The Noose*. In this, play first, propaganda second, Miss Mygatt gets over in no uncertain terms, her passionate protest against lynching. It is a powerful play of the South—she had spent happy months there with Miss Witherspoon, a Mississippian—in which she interestingly and fairly makes a Southern white woman the fine-grained protagonist. Thus, from time to time in her plays, does she still get over some of the dynamic quality formerly confined to her speaking and editorial work. Critics have commented on her wide range.

Miss Mygatt sings a little paean of praise to those who have been her constant helpers. There is her mother with her sacrifices that procured her leisure in which to work and the loyalty that served as a spur in her blue moments. There is her friend, Frances Witherspoon, whose keen criticism and excellently constructive ideas have been her constant inspiration; and Miss Mygatt insists on including her beautiful white Persian cats.

"Each," she says, "has sat approvingly on page after page of script as it fluttered from my fingers. When I was tired of work, or my characters wouldn't make love properly, each downy ball has suffered himself to be gathered into my arms, while a purr that fairly shook the house has restored my shattered nerves." In her play, *The Tiger in the House*, the cat has received his tribute.

BAKER, ELIZABETH GOWDY (Mrs. Daniel B. Baker), portrait painter, was born in Xenia, Ohio, daughter of Reverend George W. and Ellen Graham Gowdy. On her father's side she is a descendant of James Gowdy, who came from North of Ireland in 1707 and settled in Newcastle, Delaware. On her mother's side, the first American ancestor came to this country from Scotland about 1700 and settled in Virginia.

Mrs. Baker is a portrait painter of original and dramatic power. Her portraits are life-size, often full length, and all carefully studied likenesses of her sitters, easy and natural in pose with a carefully arranged background. She is represented in museums, libraries, and public buildings by her portraits of many important men and women. Mrs. Baker has developed an unusual, pure method of water colors, and her large water-color portraits are unique and beautiful.

Mrs. Baker's grandfather, James Gowdy, was one of the leading citizens of Xenia and Doctor John Graham was a widely known clergyman of Ohio. She was educated in Monmouth College, Monmouth, Illinois, and studied art in New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Rome, Florence and Paris.

Mrs. Baker has painted all her life. As a very little girl she took her chair over to her grandmother's and would draw for hours; the first sale of a picture, which she remembers, was when she was twelve years old. She showed so plainly her interest and capacity to draw that she was excused from household tasks. But she was always a tireless worker and very ambitious. Whatever was difficult had her enthusiastic study until it was mastered.

When she was nine years old her father died and her mother, a remarkable woman, was left a minister's widow with five small children—all of whom she sent through college. Elizabeth's uncle, the Reverend William T. Findley, pastor of a Presbyterian Church in Newark, New Jersey, learning of her ambition in art, made application for her at Cooper Union and invited her to spend the winter in their home. Her expenses were

paid by her mother and an older sister, Joella, and she stopped her college course for awhile and spent her first winter in New York, studying at Cooper Union, when she was seventeen. Her early ambition was to become a designer and she took the medal for that; but, coming under the influence of the President of Cooper Union, was advised by her to work for much higher things than designs. She thought Elizabeth capable of reaching the topmost heights in Art, even portrait painting and from then on, it was portrait painting that became her goal.

Except at the very start, when she first came to New York to her uncle's, she made every cent, with her art, that she spent in studying. She learned every new wrinkle in "art" and went back home to teach it, to get the money with which to pay for her own serious study. At nineteen she was Professor of Art in Monmouth College while herself a student there. Whatever she did, she concentrated on her profession; she read of pictures and painting, she saw pictures and studied them and she painted at all hours, everything. She worked in all mediums intensely, being intensely interested. When studying in New York she took three classes a day, morning, afternoon and evening. Her health was superb and she always worked with elan.

Back of her at all times was her mother who believed in her highest success and encouraged any effort to attain it. Quite recently a two volume history of the Gowdy family has been published, tracing it back to its remote beginnings. In it she discovered that she comes of a race of sea-kings, Vikings—who went out and took what they wanted. They were a people invested with exhaustless energy and restless activity and their insatiate passion for adventure impelled them to undertake those daring excursions that served to contribute their rich, red blood as a vital property into many lands and among many races. They conquered and held Normandy and produced William the Conqueror with whom they invaded England. They went into Scotland and into Ireland and into America. Their passion for conquest drove them on and that passion has been handed down and moves Elizabeth Gowdy. Choosing art as her profession in life, she has never stopped, was never satisfied with her attainment. At seventeen she determined to try to reach the highest in art, to become a portrait painter.

She always worked toward it. She saw and studied the great portraits. She early found that of all pictures, portraits were the most often unsatisfactory and she decided that no one should ever own one of hers unless it had been enthusiastically accepted.

For a time her portraits were all in oil. Her work was by the direct method, she was ambitious to get the color just right on her palette and to place it exactly where she wanted it on her canvas and then not to work into it. Like all artists she worked with water color for small pictures. But she had no use for water color white, considering it merely as an easy way to cover up imperfect work, as interfering with the transparency and beauty of the color. For the same reason, she had no patience with the use of tinted papers.

Becoming convinced that pure water color was the most beautiful, the most truthful to nature and learning that it was the only permanent color, she began trying to use it seriously and to cover large surfaces with it. There was no one to teach its use as she wanted to use it and she was told it was impossible. This only added to her interest and her desire to use it. Difficulties that stopped others made her the more determined to secure the result she was after. And slowly she became more and more proficient in the serious use of water color, without relinquishing her full object —never making any excuse that it was impossible in water color. At first her paper had to be made for her and even now she finds it not easy to get. She is the only artist who uses water color as she uses it.

Her portraits are life size, often full length, very carefully studied likenesses of her sitters —with the sitters soul looking through the eyes. They are easy and natural in pose and the background is as carefully studied as any part of the picture. She is kept busy all the time and has painted many important men and women, being represented in museums, libraries and public buildings as well as in private homes throughout the country.

She has many reasons to believe in the permanency of her work. One of her portraits went to Los Angeles to a portrait show and just after it reached the Express office, there, a fire compelled them to put it in a concrete cellar which became filled with water while putting out the fire. The picture stood in the box submerged in water for forty-eight hours and the paper was soaked off its canvas back and fell to the bottom of the packing box, the ornaments were melted off the frame. Though the picture was thought to be totally ruined it was taken to an art store and carefully restrained—when it was found to be absolutely unchanged.

Mrs. Baker paints in either oil or water color, but the transparent purity of her water color keeps her oil palette free from all but clear colors. She sketches rapidly, usually with oil and a palette knife and loves to paint anything. She spends months abroad sketching and studying pictures. She is beginning to exhibit her landscapes and marines but generally is so busy with her portraits that she can pay but little attention to exhibitions.

Feeling keenly the dignity and beauty of water color she objects to its halting, timid use and especially to its use with body color, which robs it of all transparency. She believes in the two mediums, oil and water color but not in an "imitation oil." She felt that exhibitions in the name of water color, with a mixture of body color, pastels, black and white, obscured the charm of pure water color and organized *The Aquarellists*, an association of forty leading painters in pure color and is its President.

Invited to exhibit and to have her summer studio at The Lake Placid Club, she spent the summer of 1924 there. Many, then, for for the first time saw the beauty of large water color portraits. Mrs. Baker's husband, Daniel B. Baker, was a student of art before they met and has always been intensely interested in her work. They have one son.

WHITE, MARTHA E. DAVIS (Mrs. True Worthy White), writer, lecturer, was born in Hopkinton, New York, the daughter of Philo A. and Anna S. Lobdell Davis. On her father's side, Mrs. White is from early American stock, mostly English and Welsh, who came over in 1640. Her first American Davis ancestor came, prior to 1632, from Wales to Massachusetts. Her father's maternal line, Converse, was descended from Roger de Coigneries, of England, who came into England, 1066, with the Norman Conqueror and received a grant of land, recorded in the Doomsday Book. On her mother's side, there is a French grandmother. Her mother's family, the Learned, were noted Colonial and Revolutionary officers, and scholars. Their first American ancestor came to this country prior to 1632. In that year, William Learned and his wife, Goodith, were admitted to the present First Church of Charlestown. Colonel Ebenezer Learned first settled at Oxford, Massachusetts, and at one time owned 1000 acres of land.

Mrs. White is a writer of essays and short stories, and a lecturer before women's clubs. She served many years as Chairman of the Department of Literature and Library Extension of the General Federation Women's Clubs and is Civic Director of the Massachusetts League of Women Voters, where with her pen as well as with her classes, she urges women to do their duties as citizens. Her book list, *Relating the Literature of Our Times to the Problems of Our Times*, has had a widespread influence over the reading of club women.

Martha Davis was born and brought up in that upper section of New York State that retained the customs of pioneer days long after machine-made and sophisticated civilization had made its way by iron rails to the Pacific Coast.

She was educated in the local district schools, the literal "little red school house," supplemented by tutors and prepared for teaching in the Potsdam Normal School. Mrs. White speaks of her formal education as slight, even much neglected. She had, however, an unusual training from her grandfather, a devoted student of the Bible and eighteenth century authors, and from her father she received a thorough grounding in mathematics and politics beyond the young women in far more advantageous centers. Mrs. White says:

"I remember those long winter evenings, dark at four o'clock, dinner over then, the neighbors gathered in a dimly lighted room of huge proportions with shadowed corners into which children could withdraw and listen, listen to my father who was the interpreter, the reporter, the seer, of that isolated community. Politics, philosophy, homely life events were touched with the vision and certain decision of the real thinker. Then a quiet step was heard on the long piazza, the door opened and grandfather Davis came in. He had turned from his afternoon's study of the Bible and Plutarch's *Lives*, of his poets (Pope, Young, Dryden, sometimes Shakespeare), and naturally, simply, he discussed what he had read, tested his judgment of certain passages, taking it quietly for granted that these rural simple people cared as he cared. When he found us in our corners, he placed me on his knees, probably because I was the littlest, and to a gentle jogging, we learned to know by heart Pope's *Essay on Man*, Young's *Night Thoughts*, Mrs. Heman's *Hymns*, and much else by hearing the lines repeated so beautifully night after night as we fell asleep.

"At lessons my father was a martinet. He made us use our brains, get results. 'What is it you want to know?' 'What have you to start with?' 'How can you use what you have to find what you are after?' 'Figures won't lie.' 'Don't guess. Think.' These were his pedagogical methods. How much occasion I have had for gratitude and recognition of this environment in which things and formalism played no part."

Mrs. White considers that she had a great advantage in seeing life in terms of the pioneer. Her family had crossed with the first group of settlers to the northwest side of the Adirondack Mountains and taken up land in what is now Fort Jackson and Skinnerville, New York. All her early life was passed in a "home-made" environment. They had what they raised, wore clothes from the backs of their own sheep, dyed with butternut bark, ate home-made food, even home-made maple sugar, and lighted themselves to bed by hand-dipped candles. Their culture was of their own creating, their amusements also. In speaking of this time, Mrs. White says:

"We were dependent for all minor ailments on herbs and these were prepared and prescribed by Aunt Sophia, a type of mendicant-tramp-philosopher, who has in passing out of civilization taken much color from life. She was an herbalist, almost a botanist, a bit of an astronomer, a bit of a vagabond. I see her now coming over the hill a quarter of a mile away. My mother sighed, the children rejoiced. Aunt Sophia was an event and took the place the movie, children's books and the boy-scouts take today. Her coming meant a visitation. It meant expeditions into the deep woods for roots and herbs, mysterious gathering of certain barks, wild cherry, butternut and birch for brewing and dyeing, incantations with a willow wand in search of water, candle dipping in the front room, spinning the long white rolls into yarn for stockings. It meant that the children were for the time being turned loose with Aunt Sophia and as her satellites took part in these

wanderings and activities. Every root, tree, flower, bird, grass, shrub, came to be known familiarly, its name, its nature, its use. I never walk in the woods without homage to her who taught me how to walk in a wood as one's familiar friend."

Martha White took her first position at the age of sixteen as a teacher in the public schools. Mrs. White writes:

"I taught a district school, going away from home a few days after I was sixteen years of age. My first day an earthquake occurred, but other factors were equally strange. I who knew little of school, had now to teach a school. I compromised by teaching children as I had been taught. After that term I could always find opportunity to teach, and soon found myself teaching college preparatory subjects to one pupil in the routine of classroom work, where I had twelve other classes to teach."

From home schools to Massachusetts schools was but a step, and Mrs. Davis soon was preceptress of a private school, Proctor Academy, Andover, New Hampshire, teaching English and French literature. She went on because she felt it deadly to keep in the same trench year after year. She is still experimenting with new fields of work, that is, fields that require from her constantly new preparation. Thus speaks the pioneer blood.

In 1889, Martha Davis married True Worthy White, educator. Mr. White was born in Methuen, Massachusetts.

As a writer, Mrs. White showed early signs of talent. In speaking of her first efforts in writing, she says that in those early days her manuscripts were mailed in the trunk of a hollow tree, where squirrels found them and made a better use of them than usually falls to the lot of first stories. They lined their nests with the pages of these sentimental romances. But Martha Davis White had from earliest childhood a very distinct ideal of service. This may account for the early decision the little girl made that her writing would never serve more than a temporary purpose. She turned to journalism and has never cared to collect her scattered pen children. Her one book is *The Massachusetts Primer of Citizenship and Government.* Her more valuable work has been published in *The Atlantic Monthly, The Outlook, The New England Magazine,* and she has contributed to the women's journals. As a journalist, Mrs. White was the editor of a feature page in the *Boston Record* during the last days of the campaign for women's suffrage. She is the editor of the *Bulletin* of the Massachusetts League of Women Voters, a monthly publication. She writes it for the most part and publishes it. Speaking of journalistic writing, Mrs. White finds it the most engrossing and vital job. Her own output of about 300,000 words each year always bears the news stamp, but subtly it conveys the teacher's message.

Mrs. White's interest was drawn towards club work early in the movement. In speaking of this she says:

"When I gave up teaching, after my marriage, I missed the job so much, that I sought another way to teach. Women's clubs offered an opportunity for platform work and I became a "lecturer," preferring classes of five or ten lectures to single engagements. Contemporary literature and current events were my subjects.

"I saw the club movement at close hand and realized it as a great step toward the progressive education of mature women. Very soon I joined Julia Ward Howe's Club, the New England Women's Club, and organized the Woman's Club of Arlington, where I then lived."

Later Mrs. White became the Chairman of Literature and Library Extension of the Massachusetts Federation of Women's Clubs. Seeing the desultory character of women's absorption in current novels and plays, she undertook to relate those of some real worth to women's interest in civics, social relationships, industrial and questions. These book lists were eagerly sought. When her work had

become widely known she was invited to lecture in many places.

Mrs. White, for four years, served on the Board of the General Federation of Women's Clubs and did much constructive work. For five years, Mrs. White was civic director of the Massachusetts League of Woman Voters. She has done much pioneer work toward forming the ideas and ideals of the club women and through them the nation at large.

A list of Mrs. White's Clubs include: New England Woman's Club; Women's City Club of Boston; Massachusetts League of Women Voters; Legislative Council; Foreign Policy Association.

Martha Davis White comes of a very interesting lineage. On her mother's side were the Learneds. One very famous Learned, Ebenezer, was noted for benefactions to educational bodies and libraries. Her mother's grandmother, Angelique de Secor, was the daughter of a Frenchman who came to this country with General Lafayette. She married Darius Lobdell, of Dutch descent, and was noted for brilliancy in conversation and longevity.

SCHMIDT, MINNA (Mrs. Julius Schmidt), costumer, daughter of William and Friederike Leonhard Moscherosch, was born in Sindelfingen, Germany, March 18, 1866. On the feminine side, her ancestors were good housekeepers, usually the mothers of large families; on her father's side, lawyers, diplomats, soldiers, teachers, authors, tradesmen and farmers.

For three decades a creator of historic and fancy dress costumes in Chicago, Mrs. Schmidt is not merely a dealer in costumes, a genius in her particular field, but she is a designer, and a connoisseur of art in woman's dress as well as an expert authority on all textiles. The founder of an institution which does an enormous amount of profitable business, she is also the creator of two collections of figurines, one showing the style of dress and coiffure of women through three thousand years of history, the other depicting the prominent women of Chicago from the beginning of that city as a rude military stockade down to modern times. Her intense loyalty to the country of her adoption, and especially to Chicago, has made her a public benefactor, a generous contributor to its civic and historic wealth. In rising from poverty to affluence, with its attendant opportunities for self-development, travel, study and benevolent service, she has proved conclusively that a woman can become whatever her imagination can picture.

The eldest of seventeen children, the little girl who in later years was destined to do so much for herself and womankind found in the small German town where the family lived but few opportunities for satisfying her ambitious nature. There was only a grammar school for girls, and with parents in very meagre circumstances and allowances for education given only to boys, she received little even of this rudimentary instruction.

One incident of these early days may be recorded as a proof of what the future might hold for the eager child. At kindergarten one day the children were told the story of *Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs*. It fired the imagination of the child Minna and she ran home that evening so full of the story, with such a vivid picture of the characters in her mind, that she felt impelled to bring them into actuality. Thrilled with the masterful feeling that she could create, her tiny fingers all a-tingle with the desire to make what her imagination saw, she rushed to her doll-house and set to work manufacturing the little princess of the story. She was not long in finishing and dressing *Snow White*, and then—of course there must be seven more figures to represent the seven dwarfs. Where —*where* could she find so many little men? Puzzled, troubled, she appealed to her mother, who promptly told her she was crazy to think about such a thing at all; she would do much better to be looking after some of the household tasks, she said.

Crestfallen, but undaunted by the reproof,

the child of five turned to some of the unending drudgery for awhile, secretly determined to take her problem next to her grandmother. The latter proved equal to the emergency. She not only lent a sympathetic ear but said she would help make the seven dwarfs, and proceeded to show the little girl how small potatoes for the bodies, sticks for the legs, wire for arms, carved chestnuts for heads, gray wool for hair and beards, could easily be assembled into the desired number of little men. It took a week to finish them all up and dress them, then she carried her doll-house with the princess and the seven little men to school and was the envy and admiration of all the other kindergarteners.

This incident furnishes the key to Mrs. Schmidt's unusual character and personality. It showed that keenness of imagination which was to characterize her later years, and the deftness and skill of hands in which lay a tremendous undeveloped power to bring the object of her mental vision into reality. It was an incident prophetic of a triumphant future filled with examples of the result of this same keenness of vision supplemented by the skill of the hands to bring into realization on a large scale the material things of life.

As the child grew on to young girlhood she became weary of the incessant toil necessary in the raising of a large family, disgusted with the small home town conditions and the future she saw there, and determined to break away from it all and seek adventure, education—whatever there was to be found in the great school of life. She was born with the dislike for small things. Mediocre standards were not for her, nor the beaten path of the crowd. She was suffocating in the small house; she wanted freedom. Consequently she dreamed of the world beyond the border of the town, the ocean, tunnels, mountains, palaces—some day she would find that big world, find it and conquer it, even though she must overcome so many, and such tremendous obstacles.

So she studied hard, making the most of such educational opportunities as were offered. Always keenly alive and mentally alert, she became conspicuous for her quick thinking and her willingness to take on any extra work at school. On exhibition days, or in emergencies, it was she who was called upon for recitations—and she was always ready. At fourteen she finished grammar school—which was all the little town afforded—and was graduated with honors. Immediately she prepared to begin the working out of her greater destiny. She had heard of a sewing school in Stuttgart, founded by Queen Katharine of Wurtemberg, which gave the students a chance to work while learning. She now left Sindelfingen and entered this school. This was the severest test, for many times tears and prayers took the place of evening meals, but she learned the foundation of constructive sewing. The age of eighteen found her in the position of governess in Frankfort-on-the-Main, the birthplace of Goethe, the residence of Rothschild. Here she studied in an evening school the art of dancing and bodily training for two years, then came a call from Chicago for a governess—to train children and sew—which she answered, and was accepted. Fortified as a teacher, a dancer, well grounded in creating modern and festive clothing, full of romance yet willing to work, able to pay her way in the steerage—she came to America, to Chicago, in 1886. The following year she married Julius Schmidt, who came to Chicago that same year.

The duties of wife and mother did not prevent her from carrying out the ambitious plans formed in early youth, and in 1894, with two children, Edwin and Helmut, she began to coach plays and to teach dancing, in the summer appearing as a solo danseuse and in the winter supervising her classes. All the time she was studying, absorbing, thinking, in ever-widening circles. She upset the tradition that dancers must be trained from childhood and founded the Locust Studios to teach the art of physical training, dancing, costuming and make-up—her pupils ranging in age from six to sixty. Here she taught the

doctrine of self-preservation, not by "resting" but by exercise. Following the theory that gymnastics make the body strong, graceful and enduring, and that by the determination required to pursue this training, the mind is strengthened, she stressed the duty of acquiring a healthy body, a strong mind, an inspiring soul. In her studio, love of beauty and art was fostered. By proper forms of dancing the awkward beginner was transformed into a person of physical grace and ease. After proficiency was gained, beautiful costumes were adopted; corresponding with the improvement in posture, carriage and movement, the student acquired a mental refinement, the true beauty of health. In this studio work she caught the glimpse of a new race—a race freed from the handicap of civilization and redeeming itself through the remedial activities of the dance.

This studio work failed to give full outlet to her energies, however. There was something lacking. A vast amount of inherent power in her shapely hands was not being utilized. Her mind went back to the days when as a child she dressed her dolls to characterize her brain fancies of the fairy tales of the day. To make this talent useful, to harmonize it with the needs of an adult world—how could she do it? These cogitations led to the discovery that there was in the swift-growing city of Chicago a great need for a costume shop which could supply with authority and absolute fidelity to detail period and fancy dress costumes to colleges, clubs, schools and society folk for plays, parties and masquerades. Thus she struck the true note, for in aligning herself on the serious side of the spirit of fun represented by the masquerade, she was selecting a work in which she not only could exercise her most pronounced instincts and talents, a work that utilized both imagination and manual dexterity, but it was a field giving unlimited opportunity for research work, making it necessary to delve into history, literature and religion.

Approaching the task in this spirit, Mrs. Schmidt's success as a costumer and designer was assured beforehand, and from the first day of her venture the business grew, throve and flourished, her reputation as an authority became known to ever-widening circles, and it was but a few years till she was able to buy a plot of ground and erect a building to house the tremendous business thus created. She was also able to realize her desire to travel, and to give to others according to her own generous instincts. With a deep-rooted belief in the blessings of the simple life, it was not pleasure that beckoned her, but an intense longing to see, to learn. Devoid of fear, whether of man, woman, disease or death, as the horizon opened out before her she resolved to do whatever she wanted to do. If she was in Arabia and wanted to ride a camel, she rode it; in Palestine, she rode a donkey with as much nonchalance as she rides a horse in Chicago's Lincoln Park. While in Jerusalem on one of her journeys abroad she conceived a fancy to inspect the Leper Home there, and did it, her utter disregard for personal safety quite astounding the attending Sisters.

If, as her fortune grew, she felt disposed to take along some one who could not afford the trip, she did so. But always she went with a woman's eyes, for observation and study. Like the busy bee, gathering honey for its hive, she wanted to bring back to America, to "her Chicago," the rich artistic and intellectual treasures of the Orient, of Italy, of France, Spain, Switzerland, Germany, England—of everywhere.

Always in these observations it was the clothes worn, and the manner of wearing, that most attracted her. Before she had gone far in her observations she made the discovery that there was nothing new in clothes—everything had been used before. The museums, temples, castles, attracted her. Naturally she was drawn to those departments where figures and costumes were shown. In Kensington Palace she was fascinated by the study of a collection of dolls. Her quick eye soon detected the lack of proportion, absence

MINNA SCHMIDT

FAUST
QUAKER
1840

QUEEN ELIZABETH
1820

1895
ROMAN LADY
QUEEN VICTORIA

of symmetry, especially in the hands, to which apparently, no particular attention had been given, as they looked queer and ugly. She could do better, she thought.

Always vitally interested in the sphere of women, her observations and reflections led her to devote most of her thought and effort to woman and her costumes. She gradually conceived the plan of depicting woman and her varying mode of dress through the ages—but it must be done in a thoroughly scientific, artistic and accurate manner, using figures correct in proportion and as near the subject in feature as possible. No flat figure, such as a photograph or drawing, had ever or could ever show this with fidelity. She must therefore make the figures herself, which meant manufacturing models in wax, attaching the hair, painting the face, then designing and making the dress, being careful in the latter not only to get the correct design but the right kind of material.

It was a daring conception, but with the same spirit in which, as a child of five, she determined to have *Snow White*, and the dwarfs, she determined now to see these more mature brain-children materialize. Her son, Helmut, who is a sculptor, painter and musician, helped her.

Beginning with Eve—a comparatively easy task as to costume—she started on the slow journey through the ages. First the subject was modeled in clay to the minutest detail, then a plaster cast made of the model, the wax afterward being poured into this mould. When the wax was set the mould was removed, the figures chiseled and finally colored with oil paints, each made as near as possible a replica of the subject. While the wax was still warm the hair was attached—not glued on bodily but the root of each hair was imbedded separately in the wax. In this operation there was the same fidelity to detail as in the matter of clothes, so far as the details could be learned through the records of history and literature. For example: Eve was depicted with very long black hair, with no covering for the head. Next came the Cave Woman, also with long flowing hair, but slightly more elaborate dress, changed from fig-leaves and thorns to the skin of some animal. Egypt, Greece, Rome next appeared, then followed women of the Bible, Noah's wife, Deborah, Miriam, Delilah, Jephta's daughter, and Lot's wife, the latter a beautiful crystalline figure with delicate diaphanous draperies. Following these were Esther, Rachel, Leah, Ruth and Naomi, and later Martha and Mary.

Reaching the year 500, we find that the lady wears her hair in two heavy braids, with a very simple dress. There is little variation in costume now till the Byzantine-Crusader periods, when the headdress appears, to be conspicuous through the fourteenth century, and the Renaissance. Reaching into tradition and literature, Mrs. Schmidt brought forth from the eleventh century Lady Godiva—minus her famous horse—an easy subject to dress, as she appears clothed only in her long loose hair, as though prepared for her famous ride. The lovely Lorelei comes soon after, with little clothing and long hair. From the pages of English history comes Anne Boleyn, to be followed later by the beautiful and tragic Mary Stewart. This same period ushers in the Puritan, plain and severe. From 1730 to 1786 Mrs. Schmidt's creations indicate the popularity of the "corkscrew curl," varying with white powdered wigs, and enormous skirts. The wretched Marie Antoinette comes within this period. Then follows unhappy Josephine of France, ushering in the age of the empire gown. Madame Recamier appears with scant clothing—perhaps this is why she is referred to by chronicler and historian as "wrapped in mystery." Beautiful Queen Victoria is present in her coronation robes, and from 1835 to 1860 comes the big skirt, an age that knew the brilliant Eugenie, once Empress of the French, who, it may not be generally known, was the grand-daughter of a United States Consul by the unromantic name of Kirkpatrick.

After that the figurines of Mrs. Schmidt's creation become queerly familiar to those who have passed the age of innocence. Big skirts with bustles, big skirts with flounces, long full skirts with trains, long plain skirts "forty miles around the bottom," dragging in the mud and collecting all the microbes off the streets; mutton-leg sleeves that protrude so far as to necessitate the wearer's turning sideways to pass through a door; then the hobble, split up to the knee; and finally, the "flapper" style of 1924, plain and simple, the skirt eight inches above the ground. Thus is visualized, in one hundred twenty wax figures reduced in proportion to one-fourth the average woman's size, a pageant of woman's dress through three thousand years of history and literature. All beautifully made and clothed are these brain-children of Mrs. Schmidt's—but how many who have been privileged to view them in her big Chicago establishment would suspect their cost in years of research, expenditure of time, money and patience, the many trials to procure the waxen figures in variety and suitability to personage and period?

Always eager to do something for the great city that had done so much for her, Mrs. Schmidt had for some time been seeking to devise a plan by means of which she might make, through her art, some fitting contribution to the material or historic wealth of Chicago. Naturally, she wished it to be something that would appeal to the feminine mind. In the course of her deliberations she discovered that practically nowhere except in the yellowed pages of a newspaper was there any record of the women who played a conspicuous part on the stage of Chicago when the background was a flat prairie covered with flowers of rainbow hue, and those who had been useful in the development of Chicago along the lines of culture, religion, philanthropy, political equality, civic betterment, art, music and literature. Even the Chicago Historical Society possessed few portraits or memorials of women, although Miss McIlvaine directing head of the Society, had been on the quest for such objects for years. As to the biographical dictionaries, it was discovered that nine-tenths of the space in such volumes was given over entirely to men.

Therefore, Mrs. Schmidt conceived the idea not only of rescuing from oblivion the names of these worthy women, but of immortalizing them by the same means employed to depict woman's dress through the ages. As soon as her objective was fixed in her mind, she sent out requests for authentic data to guide her in the faithful representation of both features and costume. As many Chicago women had by this time been induced to serve on the Board of the Society and the majority of them were the daughters or granddaughters of the old pioneers, Mrs. Schmidt was fortunate in securing their coöperation, and family Bibles, photograph albums, daguerreotypes and miniatures, as well as wonderful early fabrics, were assembled and put at her disposal.

The same process of casting the figures, the same fidelity to proportion, an extra amount of care in copying the features, were employed in this work. In some cases it was possible for her to make the costume out of the actual material worn by the women in real life. The plan was to include in the collection figures representing prominent women from the year 1803, which marked the establishment of Fort Dearborn (which later became the city of Chicago) down to modern times. Among these women were Mrs. John Kinzie, the first white woman to take up residence at Fort Dearborn, in 1804; Mrs. Gurdon S. Hubbard, whose husband was a descendant of the famous Governor Salstonstall of Connecticut; Miss Nancy McVicker, who married Edwin Booth; Mrs. Mary Livermore, and the wife of Abraham Lincoln. Among the more modern type were Mrs. Potter Palmer, Doctor Sarah Hackett Stevenson, and Ella Flagg Young.

After five years of painstaking labor the collection was completed at a cost of $5,000, and in the spring of 1924, in commemoration of her thirtieth year in the costume business,

Mrs. Schmidt announced her intention of donating the seventy-two wax figures to the Chicago Historical Society, there to be put in suitable glass cases and kept on view, as a reminder of what Chicago had produced in the way of noble women who had been a benefit to humanity. Her presentation of these figures was made the occasion of an impressive ceremony, attended by the socially elect of the city and by descendants of some of the women represented in the collection. On another occasion, when visiting the Historical Society Museum, Mrs. Schmidt noticed among the visitors viewing these figurines an old man, standing before the case talking to himself, the tears rolling down his cheeks. Wonderingly, she approached him and asked the cause of his tears. "This one"—and he pointed to a white-haired woman of the group, "reminds me of my mother; this one, of my daughter; that one, of my wife in her wedding gown." What greater tribute could have been paid to the fidelity to detail evident in this work?

Four or five years previous to this event—indeed, at about the same time she conceived the plan—life developed for Mrs. Schmidt an entirely new urge. She always had wanted a college education, which business duties, buying real estate, or family ties had heretofore prevented her obtaining. She now resolved to have it—at fifty-four! She entered preparatory school, was graduated, then entered the evening school of Kent College of Law in Chicago. After four years of evening attendance, during which she did not miss a single evening of five school nights a week, she was graduated, receiving the degree of LL.B. This achievement created widespread comment, and made her the subject of commendatory newspaper articles throughout the country.

This, then, is the record made by Minna Moscherosch-Schmidt in her forty years on American soil. Now at the head of the largest business of its kind in the midwest, where as many as 6,500 costumes are rented out in a single day, she has crossed the ocean nine times, traveled all over the world, and won a law degree. If there is a dream as yet unrealized it probably is that of eventually winning back the modern woman to the lost art of needlework; of popularizing the making of beautiful and artistic garments in the home; of eradicating from the mind of the modern girl the foolish notion that in order to be tastefully gowned she must purchase at enormous prices garments designed and made abroad, and planting in its stead the ambition to create, to design, to build with her own hands the things of beauty she craves. To this end she is writing a text-book, and is trying to have created in a progressive University a Chair devoted to this industrial art.

Her fortune and her success have not won her away from the simple life. Despite her right to the title of LL.B., she is equally proud of the more ancient, more homely titles of wife, mother, grandmother, sister, aunt and friend. A believer in universal sisterhood, she expects to use her legal knowledge not for personal gain but in the interests of women, or the poor and unfortunate. Chicago has been kind to her, and she has repaid that kindness by generous contributions to public charity, hospitals, old people's homes, orphanages, and by giving generously to many causes that affect the artistic and civic life of the city.

Mrs. Schmidt is a member of many clubs and societies, among them the Chicago Historical Society; Art Institute; Alliance of Professional and Business Women; Women's Association of Commerce; founder of Chicago Costumers' Association; Friends of the Opera; United Charities; Travelers Aid; Girl Scouts; Illinois Women's Athletic Club; Hull House Woman's Club; Prairie Club; Women's Roosevelt Club; Civic Theatre Association; Speakers Bureau; and Chicago Bar Association.

LANDES, BERTHA E. KNIGHT (Mrs. Henry Landes), politician, philanthropist, was born at Ware, Massachusetts, October 19, 1868, daughter of Cordelia Cutter and Charles Sanford Knight. Her mother is a direct descendant of English pilgrims, who came to Massachusetts Colony before 1630, according to tradition descended from a son of King Canute, of Denmark. On her mother's side also, she traces back to the Cutters, who came from England to Watertown, Massachusetts, about 1626. A deed still in the possession of the family is a transfer of land in Massachusetts, in 1630. The ancestry of both father and mother is English.

Bertha E. Knight Landes is an apostle of civic righteousness and holds a unique place as the first acting woman-mayor of Seattle, Washington. She has held various political offices in Seattle: a member of the City Council of Seattle, Washington, May 1922; President of the Council for 1924; presiding officer of that body and acting-mayor, in the absence of the mayor. Not only through political agencies has Mrs. Landes exerted a tremendous influence upon her city, but through the medium of clubs as well. She has been president of the Woman's Century Club, City Federation of Clubs, Woman's City Club—the latter of which she was the organizer.

Bertha Knight was educated in the Public Schools of Worcester, Massachusetts, later doing college preparatory work in a private school and being graduated from the University of Indiana, majoring in history. As a young girl, delicate health made her school work irregular but she had the best of home influences, a father and mother of old American stock, of that sterling uprightness, and devotion to duty, that "plain living and high thinking," that has produced, so many of our best in literature, arts and statesmanship; the typical American. She read much and did a lot of thinking in a quiet way, but it was the urge of circumstances, the desire to be of help, which caused her, rather regretfully, to leave her home affairs for "municipal housekeeping."

In January, 1894, Bertha Knight married Henry Landes, of Carroll, Indiana, a graduate of Indiana University, with an M.A. from Harvard. The following year they came to Seattle, for Mr. Landes had been appointed to the chair of Geology in the College of Science, University of Washington, of which he is now the Dean.

Mrs. Landes says she cannot remember when she began taking an interest in civics. Busy with a growing family—Kenneth Knight Landes, B.A., Washington, 1921, a son, is now working for his doctor's degree at Harvard and is teaching at Wellesley College; another son and daughter died in childhood, and an adopted daughter is the other member of the Landes household—she was much the "home body," scarcely going outside of the University's circle and her church for social intercourse. Mrs. Landes does not consider this quiet, domestic era of her life wasted, but very desirable and valuable. She says:

"Yes, the discipline to which a mother is subjected in bringing up her children has been of great help to me. Experience is a wonderful teacher."

But being elected president of the Women's Century Club (organized in 1892 by Carrie Chapman Catt) in the beginning of the World War, some of the city's needs were brought to her attention, especially through her appointment on Mayor Caldwell's "Unemployment Committee." It was in fact the suggestion of a man, one of the same committee, who advised that she "file" for the Council, that set her thinking about this great problem. In the effort to supply the unemployed with work, wider opportunity was afforded to study the subject. This was augmented upon being elected president of the City Federation of Women's Clubs, and later she organized the Women's City Club and was its first presiding officer. This organization holds weekly luncheons, where civic needs and problems are discussed, and the functions

of the various departments of city government described. Through this natural contact women are lead to form intelligent opinions and create an intelligent public sentiment, desiring and determined to see the fruition of ideals.

It was the Women's Club that urged and sponsored Mrs. Landes' candidacy for the City Council, though many men shook their heads, declaring that "a woman could not be elected to that body."

That the campaign was managed very simply and inexpensively, proved beyond doubt how able and economical women were, as campaign managers. A committee of five was formed, with some publicity from two newspapers. These were not newspapers of the largest circulation and importance. As has been the case in so much of the suffrage and other reform work, the big newspapers were non-committal. The committee brought out just one poster and had some cards printed. A chairman, a woman, was appointed in every precinct in the city. These precinct committee women appealed to their friends and neighbors to reach the voters and ask them to help elect a woman to the City Council, in order that the women might have representation. They did not find fault with the men, nor anything they had done, but asked it as their due, and the result surprised the most sanguine. The candidate made a number of speeches, addressing mainly women's organizations wherever she was asked.

Two members of the Campaign Committee, who stayed at the auditor's office in the City County Building on the evening the election returns came in, said it was as good as a play to watch the facial expression of the men, the old politicians, as Mrs. Landes' poll kept rolling up. Surprise, incredulity, gave way to amazement. "Just look at that now!" "Did you ever see anything like it?" The answer was "No. Never before in the history of the city."

Mrs. Landes' plurality proved to be the greatest ever polled for any candidate in Seattle. Evidently there were many men who believed it a good idea to have women in the municipal housekeeping. In spite of the dolorous predictions that it was impossible for a woman to be elected to a place on the City Council, she polled twenty thousand more votes than any other candidate in the election.

The President of the Council and Chairman of the Conference Committees may be found each morning at her desk in her office at the City and County Building. Always smiling and good humored, maintaining a calm exterior however faltering inside, she has won her way to the hearts of all.

Bertha Landes says: "My great desire is to serve as best I may be able; to realize the hopes and ideals with which I entered. It all depends upon the coöperation and support of citizens."

So far, Mrs. Landes has been able to secure the passage of much needed laws to regulate cabarets and dance halls, providing official chaperons and discontinuing all-night and Sunday dances. The traffic and zoning laws also come within the jurisdiction of this council woman, and as acting mayor, she is head of the Police and Public Welfare Departments.

It is indeed rather a large order, and it is being followed with much satisfaction by many who hope, with Mrs. Landes, that the time is not far distant when the universities will give more attention to civics as a profession worthy of the application of the best minds. Such a course would be a thorough preparation for citizenship, and, made compulsory, would eventually eliminate the outgrown systems of partisanship and the spoils system.

Mrs. Landes' own viewpoint of women's place in civic affairs is summed up quite simply by her own words: ". . . . and I believe that the conduct of civic affairs is to be quite as much a part of woman's province as of man's; indeed, it is but a larger house-

keeping, and as man and woman share the responsibilities of home-making, I believe they can work together to best advantage for the general good in civic matters, too.

"The home is the foundation stone of our national life. Government centers around the home and exists for the benefit of the home and the family. This is especially true of city government, where my interest chiefly centers. All measures for physical improvement, such as grading and paving, the laying of water mains and sewers, all matters of sanitation, food inspection, garbage removal and the like, building inspection, regulation of utilities—water, light, transportation,—the making of budgets and raising of taxes, the public safety, including police and fire departments and moral conditions, all these matters most vitally effect the well-being of the home and in them the woman has as great, if not a greater, interest than the man.

"Therefore, woman should have a part in the solving of these problems, being qualified by home training and experience to take her place with man in working out the problems of the larger home—city, state, and nation."

Soon after Mrs. Landes' took up the work in the Council she realized the need of women knowing more about the city government; how it functions, and its many problems, in order to be intelligent and helpful citizens. There was the necessity for women's ideals being translated into the moral and social life of the community; and so she organized the City Club to study the city's need. A crying need was to provide proper recreation, occupation for free time.

They found the cabaret licenses allowed all-night and Sunday dances, with colored women in the cloakroom as the only attendant. As one member against two on the license committee, Mrs. Landes labored some time to bring the others to her way of thinking. They seemed not to have realized the situation. "Men do not like innovations," declares Mrs. Landes, "they proverbially dislike housecleaning time, you know. Personally, the men members have been courteous and helpful; on the whole, the support has been good. Women feel more keenly the evils to be eradicated. They effect her more vitally.

"With maturity should come wisdom. I know it brings courage. Ten years ago I doubt if I could have stood for what seemed right as I have been able to do. It has not been easy. Many measures have taken months of strenuous effort, but right does win. After all, it is only the breaking down of prejudices and conservatism. These must be eliminated before we can hope to accomplish much.

"Clubs are preparing women for civic activities and they will be factors of increasingly large moment in every issue involving cleaner, better government, for 'that passionate spirit for uplift and reform' is growing."

Mrs. Landes gives much time to speaking before women's organizations on the need of intelligent citizenship, not only for city but state and nation as well, urging the duty as well as the privilege. It is little enough to do, she thinks, to express our appreciation of the work of the martyrs of former generations.

A list of Mrs. Landes' clubs include: Woman's University Club; Women's Commercial Club; Century Club; City Federation; Women's City Club; Chamber of Commerce; Music and Art Foundation.

Professor Landes' ancestors came to Virginia in pre-Revolutionary times from Germany, going later into the then Far West Indiana Territory, where they took an active part as patriots. Mr. Landes' father enlisted when but eighteen years of age to fight in the Civil War.

Mrs. Landes' mother was a direct descendant from a Cutter who came to Massachusetts Colony from England, about 1626. A deed to land in Watertown, Massachusetts, dated 1630, is still in possession of the Cutters, who according to tradition are descended from a son of King Canute, the Dane. Mrs. Landes' father, the son of English pilgrims to

New England, was also a Civil War veteran, leaving his wife and five children in order to serve his country.

STEVENSON, CHRISTINE WETHERILL (Mrs. William Yorke Stevenson), dramatist and producer, was born in Philadelphia, in 1878, the daughter of Samuel Price and Christine Northrop Wetherill. On her father's side she belonged to old Quaker stock, the first American Wetherill, Christopher Wetherill, coming from England to this country in 1681. He went back for his family in 1683 and settled in Burlington, New Jersey. Mrs. Stevenson's mother was also a descendant of this Christopher Wetherill. Through her mother, she was descended from Thomas ap Evans, who came from Wales in 1697 and settled in Philadelphia. This grandmother of Mrs. Stevenson's belonged to the family of Cadwalladers. Through her mother's paternal line Mrs. Stevenson is descended from an Earl of Northrop who left England for Holland, thence coming to America in 1681.

Mrs. Stevenson's name is associated in the east with Philadelphia's Art Alliance, which she founded in 1915. Its object was to afford every form of art its opportunity for greater expression, although her own interests turned more directly to the theatre. In the west, California identifies her with the Pilgrimage Play *The Life of Christ* transcribed by her and first produced under her direction in 1920. Since then it has been given every summer for a season of from eight to ten weeks in the beautiful natural amphitheatre of El Camino Real Canyon, in the foot-hills of Hollywood. This production has attracted people from every part of the country. They view it with the same awe and reverence accorded to the Oberammergau Passion Play, the only religious presentation with which it is comparable.

According to her cousin, Mrs. Kenneth J. McCarthy, who knew her as a girl, Christine Wetherill was always an unusual child. She never cared to play with other children or to enter into their games and amusements. Her one delight was to dress up. She loved to act and was never so happy as when she could induce her little companions to act with her. With all the qualifications of a born leader, it was as natural that she should direct as for them to follow and carry out her dramatic plans. She arranged her own plays, rehearsed them, and took part in them.

She received her schooling at Mrs. Comegys' school in Philadelphia. At the age of nineteen she married John Rice. Her life with him being unhappy, she returned to her parents. A year before her marriage she had begun to take singing lessons. It was found that she had a very good voice. Not long afterwards she went abroad where she continued her lessons. She studied with Mme. Marchesi in Paris for two years.

On her return to this country her interest turned to the theatre. With a group of amateurs she gave a number of productions in Philadelphia. One was Maeterlinck's *Sister Beatrice*, which she had translated and adapted. Maeterlinck wrote to her, congratulating her on this version, which, he said, was the best he had seen. She gave two or three performances of this play at the Broad Street Theatre. Later she was asked to do it professionally at the Little Theatre. It ran there for three weeks but this was her only professional venture. The other plays she put on were given with amateurs.

In 1909, she married William Yorke Stevenson. For several years after this she led the social life of a woman in her position but always keeping in touch with the theatre. In 1915, she established the Art Alliance in Philadelphia. It began its existence on a hundred dollar subscription, in one little room. Through her father's civic interest and her own faithful efforts, it grew into its present headquarters—two houses thrown into one—at Walnut and 18th Streets. It is now about to expand into a large and handsome building of its own.

In 1917, Mrs. Stevenson went to California, drawn by the feeling that there was something there she was to do. She had friends living in Hollywood who were theosophists. They made their home in Krotona, the theosophical center, where she joined them. While living there, reading and studying, she was impressed with the natural charm of the setting in the hills which, she believed, would lend itself admirably to an open air production of Edwin Arnold's *Light of Asia*. With all the enthusiasm and creative energy of her dramatic nature she threw herself into the project. Walter Hampton came across the country to play the role of Budda. Money was not spared to make the production as artistically and symbolically perfect as possible.

Encouraged by the success which marked this venture of hers, she felt convinced that she had found the place for still greater endeavors. With Mrs. Chauncy Clarke she then bought a number of acres in the natural amphitheatre, now known as the Hollywood Bowl. Her plan was to make it a link in a chain of Art Alliance centers that should reach across the country from Los Angeles to Philadelphia. When she began work with the committee, however, she found that they regarded it as a community interest. She readily admitted the value of this but as her own ideal was for a national movement, she decided to buy another place in which to establish the great art center of her dream. She succeeded in purchasing thirty acres nearby in El Camino Real Canyon, which seemed well adapted to her purpose. This was to be the home of the Art Alliance devoted to the production of great religious dramas.

Mrs. Stevenson had had no religious training, not from prejudice but because it played so small a part in her earlier environment. Her spiritual awakening came when she read and produced *The Light of Asia*. She was led by her interest in this to delve into the stories of the other great masters known to the world, with the view of dramatizing their lives. She admitted afterwards that until she began studying the life and teachings of the Christ with this object, she had never opened a *Bible*. As she meditated over the truths she found in it, she was carried away with them and dedicated herself to the work of giving the world a sincere and inspiring portrayal of the drama of the Christ. It became her life work.

The amphitheatre she had chosen was wonderfully adapted to her plan. The walls of the brush-covered canyon, rising abruptly from a simple, rocky platform, almost meet and become a part of the stage setting. It seats nearly two thousand people and the accoustics are so nearly perfect that a whisper can be heard all through it. Later when Mrs. Stevenson went to Palestine for further research and inspiration she learned for herself that, in color and form, she had found another Palestine.

The first production in 1920 was given with the coöperation of a band of earnest men and women, who made up for lack of stagecraft by the spirit of religious fervor that filled them. Under Mrs. Stevenson's direction, they put into it a sincerity that carried the truth of the words they uttered—and every word is taken directly from the New Testament—to the hearts of their hearers while Henry Hebert reverently visualized the Christ figure before their eyes.

The play has been given every summer for five years and with every repetition its appeal grows stronger. Changes have been made but only in the groupings and scenes to accentuate dramatic values; for it was one of Mrs. Stevenson's beliefs that without change there can be no growth.

Believing, as she did, that the world wants the religion of Love, without creed or dogma, she made the Pilgrimage Play speak to young and old, saint and sinner alike. She felt that if but one soul were touched by the message of the Great Teacher, her dream had been realized.

Over her signature in the program of the play Mrs. Stevenson wrote:

"The Spirit of Truth within the artist is his art. . . In a dramatic production the painter, the musician, the actor, can only be true to his own art by the utmost fidelity to the whole production; and, in a production presenting spiritual truth his fidelity to his own interpretation and to the artistic integrity of the whole must be further augmented to include a fidelity to the spiritual truth he, with other artists employed, has been called upon to make manifest. Only genius of this synthetic and sympathetic kind can be called upon in this sacred work; as no art that would dominate the Play with its own form, instead of becoming a servant to the Truth of the whole, can live within it.

It is this subtle integrity to the Spirit of the Play that makes our music the only suitable setting for it. With consummate art has the musical setting been subordinated to the whole, so that it does not intrude upon the simplicity of the scenes in the wilderness, where Jesus is shown teaching the simple fishermen His doctrine of Love and Faith. . . . The many references in the Bilbe to the use of music on all manner of occasions show how deeply it appealed to the Hebrew nature. The score is colored with some of the characteristics of the ancient Jewish music and the atmosphere of the Gregorian modes, and is symbolic of the Play's spiritual concept.

The Play has become such a coördinated effort that it is difficult to give the departments their usual classification. Any improvement in the art department is strictly dependent upon the lighting, the lighting plant in turn must be adapted to the architectural effects and the exigencies of the stage management that extends over several acres of the mountain side. And so it is that earnest effort and self-effacing and devoted labor are building a beautiful form that we hope will be a worthy vehicle for the sacred message of the *Life of Christ.*"

At Mrs. Stevenson's death, the rights of the Pilgrimage Play, the costumes and equipment, together with the amphitheatre, buildings, and eighteen acres of land in which they are situated, have been given to the Pilgrimage Play Association, with the sole proviso that the play be produced for ten consecutive years. This is to ensure it against outside policies and to protect it from commercial exploitation for it is Mrs. Stevenson's gift not only to California but to the world.

Mrs. Stevenson translated several plays and poems from the French. Her free translation of Rostand's *Song of the Stars* is considered the best one transcribed into English.

Christine Wetherill Stevenson has wrought better than she knew. She has builded into that temple in the hills of California a lasting thing which even after her name is forgotten will go on with its poetry of spoken word, its appealing beauty of color and light, its cup of pure water for the thirsting soul, its message of love to young and old, saint and sinner.

The gentle spirit of Christine Wetherill Stevenson has gone on to other spheres, but her memory lives in that place among the hills where pilgrims from all over the world will gather year after year, to witness the story of the greatest tradegy and the greatest triumph, and there renew their soul's faith.

FRY, GEORGIA TIMKEN, the daughter of Henry Timken, a well-known citizen of St. Louis, was born in that city in 1864. She came of an ancestry of strong individuality, men and women of sterling traits, several of whom are not unknown in the world of affairs. Miss Timken received her early education at Lindenwood College, St. Charles, Missouri, at that time a leading college in the Middle West for the higher education of women. After graduating she entered the School of Fine Arts in St. Louis, then under the eminent Directorship of Professor Halsey C. Ives, who had secured, as the instructor of the Life Class, a young artist fresh from his studies in Paris, and who had made his own initiate in Art in this School, which was under the aus-

pices of Washington University. John Hemming Fry, the young instructor, brought to this School the best art traditions of the time and inspired his pupils with his own enthusiasm for draughtsmanship as the fundamental element in artistic creation; and it was thus a notable opportunity that opened before Georgia Timken, a girl of exceptional talent. For even then Miss Timken gave evidence of a rare personality that seemed to mark her as a child of Destiny. In common with many other women artists of note she shared some remarkable gifts; but these alone, evident as they were even in her early girlhood, do not fully interpret her. Richly endowed in so many directions, she had such a wealth of possibilities that her comparatively brief sojourn on earth did not permit of their full development. It was always the

"More life and fuller . . ."

that her nature craved. Her vision was never bounded by the Immediate, but she saw Beyond.

As a pupil in Mr. Fry's Life Class, Miss Timken achieved something more than the technique in Art of which she was in pursuit and she so captivated the imagination of the young instructor who conducted the Class that he aspired to the privilege of conducting her progress through life; an aspiration happily realized, and if any beneficent Fate hovered over these two young people she deserves well of classic recognition. It was in San Diego California, in 1891, that John Hemming Fry and Georgia Timken were married, and they soon took up their residence in that Paris which is the traditional Mecca of Art devotées. Mrs. Fry was a beautiful girl, but beyond this she was one who seemed, even in these dawning years of womanhood, to have touched the mystic keys and to have her own awareness of some grand harmony of life. Some note, perchance, of silver octaves resounding in starry spaces reached her, whose music was

"Winged with a heavenly argument."

Not less was John Hemming Fry one who was born to behold the Vision. His way had been companioned by the Ideal, and when these married artists bestowed themselves in Paris, Art was the star by which they set their course. For Mrs. Fry there followed years of enthralling study. And the enchantments of Paris, the marvellous beauty and joyous inspiration of the city of Sainte-Geneviéve, fascinated her. The inspiration of the magnificent galleries of the Louvre; the great music; the incomparable drama presented at the Theãtre-Français, all held them rapt and entranced as in the intervals of study and work they roamed about Paris. Mr. and Mrs. Fry also came into social contacts with some whose names are names to conjure with, and who are not invariably the friends and associates of youthful new-comers. Genius, we know, is privileged in her own right of way; and if Mr. Fry and his young wife would have deprecated the application of that term to themselves, there were yet those whose prophetic gaze discerned something of the yet undisclosed future.

No brief record of the life of Georgia Fry could be limited to formal data; the statistical matter is merely a framework which must be clothed in that abounding and fairly irridescent life that she lived, a life that was kaleiodoscopic in its scenic changes. Both these artists were well endowed with that charm of temperament that is irresistable, he, with his fine distinction of presence and critical appreciations; she, with her radiant vitality, were rather calculated to magnetize the conditions of life.

Mrs. Fry pursued her studies under Harry Thompson and Aimëe Moret; she studied with Gardet, one of the famous Animaliers of Paris; and her work in modelling was to such good purpose that, in the Salon of 1913, she exposed a notable piece of sculpture, "The Bronze Lion." Year after year she exhibited in the Salon; she came to be one of the painters whose works are looked for by the habitués of the splendid spring exhibit made every year in Paris, and Mrs. Fry was regarded

Painting by Helen Watson Phelps

Georgia Tinsley Fry

as one of the strongest of the women painters. "She was a very thorough student," says Mr. Fry of his wife, and she had gained a fairly complete command of her technique. More rare still, she was an accomplished draughtswoman, this admirable drawing is evident in her pictures, *The Sheep-Shearing*, *Watching the Flock*, and *The Return to the Village*, all of which reveal her power in drawing. In her sheep pieces is seen the very quiver of animal life as the flock huddle together; and the subtlety of light and shade, as shown under the play of the gathering dusk, is exquisitely revealed. *The Hay Harvest*, showing an old peasant-woman resting after her arduous day, is another picture before which one lingers.

Still it remained for their Egyptian sojourn, in 1910–11, for Mrs. Fry to grasp the supreme dream of her life. Already they had wandered about all that enchanted region of Southern Italy; finding themselves enraptured with the classic splendor of the art in the Naples Museum—and making all those tours, the *bel giro* of the Italians, to Amalfi, Capri, and the impressive Pompeii; they had known their Florence well; they had taken a villa in Rome for a leisurely sojourn in the Eternal City, where they had lived the three-fold life of study, art, society; always with lavish hospitalities and with friends and guests inclusive of many of the notable people of the day. They found time to accept some of the invitations to the Embassies and the great Roman palaces in which perhaps the most cosmopolitan society of the world may be met. They had watched the wonderful sunset splendors from the Grecian Acropolis; they had seen the Islands of the Ægëan sea bathed in an unearthly splendor of gold and violet; they had listened in the Académe for the voice of Plato; they had read that never-to-be-forgotten inscription on the Arch of Hadrian.

Still it was Egypt that gave to Mrs. Fry a new revelation. For a strong tendency to Oriental mysticism had always been among her distinguishing characteristics. This had lured her on to a rather wide range of study in the occult; and the philosophy and religions of the Far East had captivated her. This temperamental attitude had signally prepared Mrs. Fry for entering into the glory of the land of the Pharaohs and for an intuitive grasp of the spell of Egypt, as well as for a really profound and deeply sympathetic comprehension. Its ancient mysteries intrigued her, and kindled into glow her impassioned imagination.

With a party of delightful friends they had made a leisurely journey up the Nile, and there came a November morning when Georgia Fry first caught sight of the colossal ruin, *The Ramesseum*, whose spell she has so marvellously transferred in the picture bearing that title, which may be, perchance, regarded as her master-piece. This temple is in the plain opposite Karnac; are its ruins forever haunted by the spirits of dead giants? Who may tell? Under that amethystine blue and the rose gleams of an Egyptian sky, Mrs. Fry gave herself up to this marvel of the long-vanished Past. By the magic of her art she fairly transmuted its desolate grandeur into this picture. It is a work that enchains the beholder. The solidity and power of the drawing, the splendor of coloring, and pervading all that inscrutable magic and mystery,—the atmosphere of the dead centuries recaptured and wrought into it,—it is a work that would lend new distinction and value to any gallery of Art. It is little wonder that a fine reproduction of *The Ramesseum* appeared in colors, as the frontispiece of *The Art World* for its February number of 1918.

Another of Mrs. Fry's most important works, reminiscent of Egypt, is *The Sphinx and the Three Pyramids*. There are connoisseurs who would hardly assign to this picture a lesser rank than that of *The Ramesseum*; for if the theme does not lend itself to such resplendence of color, it is still a triumph of artistic achievement in its power to create that strange, etheral vagueness which The Sphinx takes on at twilight. She fairly

captured that atmospheric illusion and made it her own. All who study the fascination that broods over Georgia Timken Fry's transcription of The Sphinx, beyond which are seen the the Pyramids, cannot but feel that some mystic voice spoke to her alone and that her spirit responded to the message of the ages.

Was it always her response to this strain of Oriental mysticism that at times dominated her, that led her on and on? Her very nature continually demanded new horizons. It was by stars that flash from different skies that her course was set. Not only Egypt; but Syria, the Holy Land, India,—she entered into the very penetralia of all.

Mrs. Fry was a born traveller. A keen observation of the world's supreme shrines of beauty, as well as her love for them, was a part of her outfit. Asking little from tradition, she seemed to grasp for herself their hidden meanings, and her artist instinct impelled her to translate them into line and color. One can only think of Georgia Fry as a creature

"Made of spirit and fire and dew,"

intensely endowed with the *joie de vivrè*,—eager in her pursuit of the roses and raptures, faring forth in wingéd sandals to adventure into Beauty, whether in pastoral phases or classic sublimities. A picture rises before the eye,—a summer morning on the picturesque North Shore of Boston where a group of artists were seen about under their white umbrellas, each with palette in hand; while, with rapt expression of countenance, Mrs. Fry gazed on a blue sea mirroring skies as blue as those that bend above the fair Sicilian shores. She was singularly umpretending, with an immeasurable kindness of heart and a generosity of spirit that never failed. It is only in the pages of the Recording Angel that we may find written the good that she did, so unostentatiously, and with such delicate consideration. She was sympathetic and exquisitely companionable, with that art of cordial fraternizing, that *cameraderie*, of which poets and artists seem to hold the secret.

While Mrs. Fry had the artist's unremitting devotion to art, she cared for many other things. With purely feminine delight she lingered over rich fabrics and jewels and she frankly rejoiced in the luxury of her artistic environment. She had an eye unerring for her own costuming, and not unfrequently looked as if she had just stepped from the canvas of an old Venetian painter. To her New York home she brought rich tapestries, discovered in some ancient Tibetian monastery; a cabinet of empanelled jade and ebony that may have held the jewels of a Mahhaberata of India; treasures that harked back to a Venetian Doge; richly-carved mediæval chests; laces, hand-wrought and priceless; rich and curious gems,—all these seemed to be among her rightful inheritance. She adventured into life by every enchanting highway. All these beautiful things speak of her; but yet more,—a lovely daughter, Frederica, graces the home and anticipates with a young girl's ardor the April day of 1925 when she will enter on her sixteenth year. Even as the school-girl, absorbed in severe studies, romance languages, music, and one knows not what, Frederica Fry fills her place as the daughter of the house and as a quite irresistable young hostess to the guests and friends who frequent it.

Mrs. Fry's place in social life was not the least of her interests. Her rich emotional nature gave her great capacity for friends and friendships; she was always a delightful companion and she had a vividness of presence that can never be forgotten. She was an ardent lover of the opera; and to the multitude of appeals to give her social patronage for various worthy objects she responded generously.

With her innate love for adventuring into the less frequented highways of travel, there is something that suggests her own mystic symbolism in that her transition to that Life More Abundant should have come as the culmination of summer wanderings in the Orient. In June of 1921 she sailed for Japan, taking with her a woman-friend as her

by Georgia Timken Fry

THE SHEEP-SHEARING

by Georgia Timken Fry

THE SPHINX AND THE THREE PYRAMIDS

guest and companion, as Mr. Fry was just then detained by some important matters. The two ladies fared forth joyously with the anticipation of returning in the early autumn.

"Ah, Death is one, but the Fates are Three!"

Through unforseen circumstances Mrs. Fry was lead to extend her trip into China. She arrived in Peking in abounding health, but immediately contracted an illness that terminated fatally on the fourth day, and on September 6, 1921, Georgia Timken Fry passed to that realm where they need no candle, neither light of sun, for the Lord God giveth them light!

Two beautiful portraits of Mrs. Fry enrich her home; many of her paintings are on the walls; the books she loved lie about; the friends who held her dear gather in the beautiful rooms; and forever there remains

"Remembrance of a generous beauty found
In none beside, so aboundant and so rare."

The editors are indebted for this sketch of Mrs. Fry to Miss Lillian Whiting, the well-known author of *A Study of the Life and Poetry of Elizabeth Barrett Browning; The Florence of Landor; The World Beautiful*, and many other outstanding works.

MOSKOWITZ, BELLE LINDNER ISRAEL (Mrs. Henry Moskowitz), social worker and politican was born in Harlem, New York, October 5, 1877, the daughter of Isidor and Esther Freyer Lindner. She is of Russian, Polish and German parentage.

Mrs. Moskowitz has stood for the betterment of social, industrial and economic conditions. The daughter of an obscure and poor watchmaker, she has risen in power and influence until during the Democratic National Campaign of 1924 she stood out preëminent among the women of the convention as the confidential adviser of Governor Alfred E. Smith, one of the candidates for the presidential nomination. Her preparation for this position of confidence was her contacts with many different phases of social problems and city life and administration; her settlement life and her relations with many social welfare organizations; her understanding of the industrial problems and the legislative effects upon industrial and welfare work.

Mrs. Moskowitz, wife of Doctor Henry Moskowitz, of New York City, is of Russian, Polish and German parentage. Doctor Moskowitz is of Roumanian parentage. Mrs. Moskowitz' maiden name was Belle Lindner. She was educated in public schools of New York, Horace Mann High School and Teachers College, where she specialized in literature, psychology and logic. Mrs. Moskowitz has lived in but four houses in New York. She was married in the same house in which she was born.

She did not lead a specially sheltered life. There was no desperate poverty, but poor.

The late Waltner Lindner, solicitor of the Title Guarantee and Trust Company, was her brother.

At eighteen, her formal education stopped and she became engaged in social service work. While in school she studied reading with Ida Benfey Judd and also Heinrich Conried, whose favorite pupil she was.

Her first social work began with coaching plays in settlement houses, and the first thing she did was to put on her own version of *Puddin' Head Wilson* at the Educational Alliance on East Broadway and Jefferson Street. A Boys' Club of the Educational Alliance produced this play under her direction.

As Director of Entertainments and Exhibits, she began her first work with the Educational Alliance at $500 a year, and at the end of the year was earning $1,000. She lived at the Settlement for three years, and it was while with the Educational Alliance that she first met Henry Moskowitz, then only a boy, but head of the Madison House Settlement, which was around the corner.

During this time she also met Charles H. Israels, a successful architect, who was a

leader of a Boys' Club at the Educational Alliance. He was of Dutch parentage, one of the nephews of Josef Israels, the famous Dutch painter. Mr. Israels built the Hudson Theatre, the Hotels Warrington and Devon. He designed the exterior of the Hall of Records for those who had the contract for the building. It is said to be one of the most beautiful public buildings ever erected.

Belle Lindner married Charles H. Israels in 1903. Three children were born of this union, Carlos, Miriam and Josef. During this marriage Mrs. Israels continued active in women's organizations and social service work, giving particular attention to organization.

In 1911 Mr. Israels died, and the support and education of the children fell upon the shoulders of Mrs. Israels.

In 1912, Mrs. Charles H. Israels, who had become exceedingly interested in the betterment of social conditions, and believed that legislation was the only way to cure evils, seconded the nomination of Oscar Straus for Governor on the Progressive ticket, at Syracuse. She became active in suffrage.

In 1909 Mrs. Israels had her first legislative experience, when she formed the Committee on Amusement Resources for Working Girls. This committee resulted from her experience as a Director of the Council of Jewish Women. In this capacity she became particularly interested in the delinquent girl and she sought for causes rather than consequences. From her own life and what she had learned with the Council of Jewish Women, she was convinced that amusements played an important part and believed that proper protection of amusement places and proper kinds of places were in a large way an answer to the problem. In this work she worked very near to the city administration and counted as one of her close friends Mayor Gaynor.

Through the friendship of Henry Moskowitz, Mrs. Charles H. Israels became manager of the labor department of the Dress and Waist Manufacturers' Association. She remained there from 1912–1916, adjusting over 19,000 cases. Her interest in industrial problems grew. She made a deep study of labor legislation. Through this work she became conversant with legislation as it affects labor and social problems. In this capacity she often appeared before the Board of Arbitration of which Justice Louis D. Brandeis was chairman, representing the manufacturers.

She was associated with Grace Dodge in her girls' work and was a member of a small committee of six or seven with Miss Dodge, which formed the Travelers' Aid Society, which has since become such an important national protective league.

In 1912, Mrs. Charles H. Israels, with the help of Mr. Henry Moskowitz, put through legislation on the licensing of dance halls.

In the 1918 State Campaign, through the request of Judge Abram I. Elkus, Mrs. Moskowitz became Chairman of the Women's Division of the Citizen's Committee for the Election of Alfred E. Smith, which had one little room in the Biltmore Hotel. Mrs. Moskowitz' job was to organize the women not officially associated with any party.

From the very beginning of Mrs. Moskowitz' career, all lines seem to have lead from the Educational Alliance, where she held her first position. It was while there that she met Joseph M. Proskauer, who taught one of the Boys' Clubs. Judge Proskauer was the partner of Judge Elkus, and recommended to Elkus that Mrs. Moskowitz would be the woman to organize the women for Smith.

As the work progressed Governor Smith began to rely upon Mrs. Moskowitz' judgment.

Mrs. Moskowitz had her first experience of being asked for her opinion on politics by a prominent politician. She was absolutely awed when she was called into an inner room, where the leaders of the party were, and asked to state frankly her opinion on certain subjects.

No friendship developed between the candidate and Mrs. Moskowitz during this cam-

paign. She was a woman in charge of the Women's Division, and in such capacity she was consulted. But little by little, Alfred Smith began to realize that the woman who headed his women's division was indeed a clever, keen and conscientious lieutenant, with ability to organize and to lead—an asset any political party would be glad to possess.

One day following the election, Governor Smith telephoned Mrs. Moskowitz and suggested that she bring down such social welfare workers as she should select to hold a meeting and plan how to carry out the social welfare legislation that the platform called for. At this conference the Governor's Reconstruction Commission was thought of and suggested. Mrs. Moskowitz is far too modest to take the credit, but it is generally conceded that the idea was hers.

The Governor's Reconstruction Commission was appointed. It was never official, but was very active and one of the Governor's favorite organizations. Mrs. Henry Moskowitz was appointed secretary. She developed an intensive program. The greatest stress was laid on housing, health, foods and markets. This was following the war, and housing conditions were very serious. Through this Commission considerable attention was given to the reorganization of State government, and the program of the Housing Committee created great interest indeed.

Mrs. Moskowitz was later appointed Secretary of the Governor's Labor Board appointed to assist him in settling labor disputes. At this time there was the actors' strike, Interborough strike, and others of importance. As secretary, Mrs. Moskowitz sat with three employers represented, three laborers represented, and three private citizens.

In the 1920 Democratic campaign for Governor Smith, Mrs. Moskowitz managed the publicity. Following the defeat, she became Secretary of the Educational Council of the Port of New York Authority, of which Alfred Smith was a member.

By this time the ex-governor and Mrs. Moskowitz were close friends and their work threw them together often. From 1920 until the 1922 campaign Mrs. Moskowitz was interested in doing everything she could that might bring Alfred E. Smith back again as governor of the state. At the Syracuse Convention in 1922 she was along as one of the lieutenants, and those who were there know that she did effective work. She again handled the publicity in this campaign for Alfred Smith. Again she took an active part at the Convention of 1924. She was one of the directors of the committee to secure the presidential nomination for Governor Smith. Governor Smith's fourth campaign for the election to governor she is once more secretary of the Citizens' Committee for his election. She is general director of the publicity forces and of the policies of that particular campaign.

During the Democratic National Convention in New York City, Mrs. Moskowitz was a member of the Committee of Nine, which made all preparations for the entertainment of the women delegates in attendance at the Convention.

Although the governor is said to have offered her anything she wanted in the way of an office, Mrs. Moskowitz has refused all offices, preferring to be free.

Among the prominent organizations with which she has been affiliated are those mentioned above and: Secretary of Mayor Mitchel's Committee of Women on National Defense; Member and Director of the Committee of Fourteen; Director of the Women's City Club; Director of Council of Jewish Women; Director of Association to Promote Proper Housing for Girls; Director of Travelers' Aid; Chairman of the Committee on Commercial Recreation of City Recreation Committee; Vice-Chairman of the Josephine Home, Inc., at Mohegan Lake. This is a home for aenemic and undernourished children—her favorite chairty. She is vice-chairman of the Women's Democratic Union.

Mrs. Moskowitz has always led the simple life of an average, ordinary woman. She has

lived in New York City all her life. She earns a fair living, has no social or political ambitions, and runs her home with the thoroughness and interest of a woman who gives all her time to her domestic activities. She finds her joy in working quietly and effectively as a private citizen not in public office. She is a little past forty. She is a motherly, domestic type of woman in appearance and manner. She speaks several languages, and has real executive ability. The women of the city call upon her to help them organize and carry on. A well-known speaker, she is in demand from coast to coast to make addresses.

HOWES, EDITH MARY, artist, practical sociologist, was born in Boston, Massachusetts, November 24, 1855, the daughter of Osborne Howes and his wife Abba Crowell Howes, of Cape Cod; through her mother she traces descent back to John Crow I, also of Cape Cod, and also through Governor Prince she counts among her ancestors Elder Brewster of the Pilgrim band of Plymouth, Massachusetts.

Miss Howes, from her long service as founder and president of the Massachusetts League of Women Workers (1891–1918), her work with the Consumers' League, the establishment of the Trades Schools for Girls, the Girls' Trade Educational League and various other activities, has long been known throughout her state as "the friend of girls." Although her work has reached to nation-wide groups, she has never lost the human personal contact which has made her the girls real friend and helper.

Edith Mary Howes had the good fortune to be one of a large family in comfortable circumstances, to have a father whom one of his business associates regarded as "the most honest man I ever knew," and a mother, who, though she died when Edith was but ten years old, left behind her the influence of a rarely unselfish and saintly character.

Apart from the best education any child can receive, that of a well-ordered, happy home, and the mutual give and take of a large family, her school years were mainly spent in the Everett, a public school of Boston, and a private school, the Gannett Institute. Though by no means a brilliant student, she did fairly well in her studies, but being a rather delicate child was never urged to work hard. She showed an aptitude for versifying (skill doubtless developed by the rhyming games played in the family) and in both schools she read verses at the graduating exercises.

Her father, as a young man, had been master of ships sailing to ports in the Mediterranean and South America and believed that one of the best preparations for efficient and happy living was an acquaintance with foreign countries and languages; so at the age of eighteen, in company with her parents and a sister, who had just been graduated from Vassar, she was taken for a year's travel in Europe. Her early interest in painting and drawing was greatly stimulated by six months in Italy, and on her return she began the study of Art—first in Boston with private instructors and at the Museum School—later at the Art Students' League in New York and for a winter, in Paris, at the Studios of Julian and Colarossi.

One of the greatest religious geniuses that America has produced, Phillips Brooks, was rector of Trinity Church, Boston, from 1870 to 1892. Like many other young people, Miss Howes was strongly influenced by his preaching and by the ideals of service that he inspired.

In 1886, on her return from her second year abroad, a year spent largely in France, she entered into the work of a non-sectarian evening club for employed girls, that had just been organized by Miss Josephine Allen. This type of club, which endeavored to realize true democracy by its coöperative, self-governing and self-supporting principles, was developed first in New York City by Grace H. Dodge. Though classes in dressmaking, millinery, cooking, and other practical subjects formed a large part of the

program of these clubs (free instruction in hand-work not then being offered in the public evening schools) the programs also included talks, and discussions between women and girls of widely divergent experiences. So, when club principles were lived up to, all met on a level. Girls from offices, stores and factories were associated on committees with college graduates and young women trained in social life. It was here that girls with day-time leisure learned not only lessons in true democracy, but the needs of their working girl friends.

"To Have and to Share" was the motto of the National League of these clubs formed in 1897. Miss Howes became the first President of the National League, atlhough already President of the Massachusetts League. She tried to embody the club spirit in a League song written three years later when she retired from the National Presidency. One verse of the song reads:

Some can give their vigor, gaiety or health,
Some their rich experience,
Some their ease and wealth,
Sympathy or insight,
Patience to forbear,
Each can give a portion,
All have gifts to share.

In 1895 she took an active part in the movement to establish a shorter day in department stores of Boston and in 1896 became the first President of the newly-formed Massachusetts Consumers' League. She aided the next year in the organization of the National Consumers' League. Both of these Leagues were devoted to the education and coöperation of the purchasing public and in promoting better and more humane conditions for workers (especially women and children) in business and industry. A Legislative Committee of the Massachusetts League became the forerunner of the State Child Labor Committee.

Following the example of the New York City club leaders, who established the first Trade School for Girls, that later became a publicly supported school, in 1904, the Boston group, under Miss Howes, started a similar school. It was so successful that in 1910 it was taken over by the School Committee of Boston and the State Board of Education. Under the name of Girls' Trade Education League, the group that established the Trade School, continued its work for girls who must earn their living at an early age, by publishing studies of employments open to girls, their advantages and disadvantages. These bulletins had a wide circulation through the country. The Girls' Trade Education League also coöperated with the Women's Municipal League in developing the Placement Bureau, now connected with the Vocational Guidance Department. Miss Howes now serves as Chairman of Advisory Committees of the Trade School and the Department of Vocational Guidance.

Because of her home duties and her absorption in work with and for girls, art work became a secondary consideration. For several years she had a studio in Boston and at Cape Cod, and contributed to exhibitions specializing in water colors. Gradually this work was relegated to the summer months and to periods of travel.

She still holds her membership in the Shawmut Working Girls' Club, now thirty-eight years old, and is Honorary President of the Massachusetts League of Girls' Clubs, having retired in 1918 after serving twenty-six years as president.

When the Girls' Activities Committee of the War Camp Community Service was started in 1917, Miss Howes was requested by the President, Joseph Lee, to serve as chairman. This committee brought together, for friendly conference, representatives of the organizations of Boston interested in recreation for girls. It proved to be so helpful that it has been continued under Community Service, and a mutual interest and coöperation have been developed.

The Women's Educational and Industrial Union, a pioneer in starting enterprises for the woman who seeks to be self-supporting, has

also claimed her interest. For many years she has served on its Board of Government.

Though social work through the community rather than the church has been the method of expressing her desire for human brotherhood, she has been active for many years in St. Hilda's Guild of Trinity Church. This society provides fortnightly suppers and conferences on Sunday evenings for student girls coming to Boston from various parts of the country for music, art, or other study, and by means of a paid secretary was able to give friendly aid and advice to many lonely or bewildered girls.

A club girl once said to Miss Howes, when thanking her for help in securing needed employment, "But it's not what you do, but what you are that helps me." Long ago, Lowell told us in *The Vision of Sir Launfal* that "the gift without the giver is bare" yet often we forget the need and value of the personality, the kindly interest that lies behind the gift.

When she accepted, before a meeting of Massachusetts Workers, in 1918, the Endowment Fund bearing her name, the "Edith M. Howes Endowment Fund to perpetuate democracy," Miss Howes said:

"I am no longer young. Whatever success I may have been permitted to attain, or service I have rendered, is largely due to you girls. Through my first-hand knowledge of your needs, my work for the Consumers' League, the Trade School for Girls and the Placement Bureau was made practical and possible."

This is the reason for her success, that she has kept in close touch with girls, studying their needs and meeting them when they became apparent, guiding clubs of girls to a natural development through their own self-government, encouraging inter-racial contacts and inter-religious sympathies, always holding up the ultimate ideal, that through the democratic control of their own small groups, they get an insight into political government and the problems of their country and become useful and efficient citizens.

Speaking of the future of the girls' clubs Miss Howes says:

"Such a movement as ours is bound to develop slowly, and in all our enterprises and merry makings we have been conscious that enduring club loyalty and fellowship is a truly religious matter and depends on the spiritual growth of the individual and the group for true and full attainment.

Quite unconsciously and in their hours of play and leisure, through committee work and other club responsibilities, girls prepare themselves for citizenship and get training they would never seek in citizenship classes.

Into the hands of a younger generation, those of us who for over thirty years have striven in our clubs to realize truer democracy and a spirit of kindly human fellowship, commit the stirring opportunities of today, and, we hope, some of the ardor and seriousness that animated the pioneers. To meet failures and disappointments without losing heart, and success without undue elation, demands a steady faith in the value of our club ideals."

Miss Howes belongs to the Women's City Club, of Boston, Girls' City Club, of Boston, Copley Society, of Boston.

It was in 1638 that Thomas Howes and Mary Burr, his wife, came from Morningthorpe, Norfolk, England, and settled on a grant of land in the town of Yarmouth, Cape Cod. As one able to read and write, Thomas was permitted to place the title of "Esquire" after his name. Like most settlers on Cape Cod, he and his descendants became seafaring men and later furnished many of the captains and mates on clipper ships that made America famous on the seven seas.

On her mother's side, Miss Howes was descended from John Crow (later Crowell), also a settler in Yarmouth. Members of both Howes and Crowell families intermarried with families distinguished in Colonial days, such as the Brewsters, Princes, and Dunsters.

ROSS, GERTRUDE, composer, musician, was born in Dayton, Ohio, the daughter of Abner L. and Emma Corinne McCreary Ross. Her father was an early pioneer of Ohio, of English descent, who owned omnibus lines throughout Ohio and Indiana before the railroads banished this early form of travel. Through her mother, Miss Ross is descended from the Scotch-Irish family of McCreary, of Baltimore.

Gertrude Ross is one of our most versatile and successful American composers. She perpetuates the spirit of the Golden West in her sincere delineation in tonal color of many phases of western country and life. Her *Three Songs of the Desert*, *Sunset in the Desert*, *Night in the Desert*, and *Dawn in the Desert*, placed her in the front rank of American composers. It may be safely said that all the great contraltos of the age sing *Dawn in the Desert*. As a real contribution to American folk lore she has preserved, harmonized, and arranged some of the lovely old melodies of early Spanish California. Her *Art Songs of Japan* are founded on traditional Japanese themes. For these she learned the Japanese language to make her own translations of the early poems and studied their queer little instruments to absorb the spirit of the country. Miss Ross has written the musical score for the Pilgrimage Play, given every summer in the hills near Hollywood. The Pilgrimage Play is the work of Christine Wetherill Stevenson and is based on the same idea as the Passion Play of Oberammergau.

When Gertrude Ross was a small child her parents moved to Tennessee. Her summers were spent in the rugged mountains of East Tennessee, the spring and fall in Chattanooga, and the winters in Florida. At an early age she showed great love for music and played everything she heard by ear. Her first real study was at the age of ten in Chattanooga, and so great was her progress that at twelve years of age she gave concerts for charity and church affairs. She could read with great ease the most difficult compositions, and was greatly sought after even at fourteen for accompanying, for which she seemed to have an especial talent. When she entered High School the winter journeys to Florida ceased. After her graduation at the age of seventeen, her father planned to travel. To show his two children the United States first they took a leisurely trip through the country, arriving at Seattle in time to see the excitement of the Klondike boom. They came down the coast to settle finally in Los Angeles. Gertrude Ross pursued her musical studies and also attended for three years the Cumnock School of Expression and for one year took special studies at the University of Southern California.

Gertrude Ross married in 1903 the son of a prominent lawyer. A year later her daughter Corinne was born, and this was her incentive for her first composition. As a girl she had studied harmony and theory simply to become a better musician, never with a thought of composing. After her baby was born, friends and relatives heard her singing a plaintive, soothing little lullaby to the baby and discovered it was original. To preserve it for the child she wrote it down with never a thought of showing it to anyone. At the music section of the Ebell Club in Los Angeles, a friend, who had heard this in the home, prevailed upon the young mother to sing it for the music section. A newspaper woman present was much impressed and noticed it in a paper. A publisher saw this notice, and offered to publish the song. Through this natural office of motherhood and the activities of women's clubs, her first composition was inspired and given to the world. Some of our greatest singers have since sung this *Lullaby*.

The marriage proved an unhappy one, and Gertrude Ross in 1910 legally assumed her maiden name. She determined to turn her talents to the support of herself and little girl, although her father wished to give them a home. She studied piano for two years in Berlin, Germany, and on her return to America immediately began accompanying. She toured in the West with some of the great

concert singers. She accompanied for Mme. Schumann-Heink at the San Francisco Exposition in 1915.

Mrs. Ross began depicting the West in music, and has caught the spirit of the western desert, plains, prairies and great mountains. The *Three Songs of the Desert* are faithful atmospheric pictures of three phases of the desert. These songs have been the inspiration of three paintings by a foremost western painter, Arthur Hill Gilbert. Her *Roundup Lullaby* depicts a cowboy singing to the cattle as he rides around the herd at night, quietly soothing them, as the least noise might start a stampede. *The Ride of the Cowboy*, for the piano, makes one feel the wild and free rhythm of the pony.

Mrs. Ross is an indefatigable and ardent student. When she became interested in the old folk songs of the early Spanish California, she hunted out the descendants of the original settlers. They were the old, old ladies who had been taught these songs in their childhood and had continued to sing them in the family, often with their own guitar accompaniment. Mrs. Ross coaxed them to sing for her the lovely old melodies until she could take them down. She caught the very spirit of their witching, broken rhythm and harmonized them, some for voice and piano, some for the violin.

In the same earnest, tireless way, she worked out her *Art Songs of Japan*. A direct contact with Japanese musicians enabled Gertrude Ross to glean at first hand their weird idiom and unusual themes and scales. Here too, she was unwilling to take anything second-hand, but learned the Japanese language to understand the poems and pick out those suitable for a musical setting. She found many very beautiful poems written between 300 A.D. and 700 A.D., which is known as the finest period of Japanese poetry. Mrs. Ross comments:

"I made my own translations. I studied also their queer little instruments, their musical themes, their folk songs, all of which I have tried to use. I tried to keep throughout the spirit of the Orient and not introduce any occidental ideas or treatments."

She has transcribed some music for the Koto and Samosan. These themes and some ancient folk lore form the foundation of her book, *Art Songs of Japan*. The *Pacific Coast Musical Review* states:

"What makes the Japanese songs so charming and, musically, such a contribution to the tonal art, is their perfect blending of Oriental and Occidental conceptions of music."

The *Honolulu Star-Bulletin* states:

"The *Art Songs of Japan* will go far in proving Gertrude Ross' high place in contemporary music composition."

In grateful appreciation of the fine work done by an outsider in preserving their cherished themes and traditions, the Japanese of California, through the Viscount Shimazuba, one of the most distinguished men of Japan, have given Mrs. Ross the "key to Japan."

In 1923 she wrote the entire musical score for *The Pilgrimage Play—The Life of Christ*—given annually in the hills of Hollywood. *The Pilgrimage Play* is the work of Christine Wetherill Stevenson, who put into the work not only her own unusual dramatic talents but, in her desire to produce something very beautiful in America, used unlimited means and spared no trouble to make the production authentic as well as artistic, even going to Jerusalem for the costumes and local color. People make pilgrimages every summer to Hollywood from all over the country to view the unique pageant. They tell of it as a spectacle too beautiful, too illusive to be described, with its natural setting of canon and hills, wonderful lighting effects, its colorful scenes, its poetry of spoken word, the sincerity and reverence that pervades the acting. Only the music had never seemed quite to satisfy. For three years it had been produced with a different score. Of the honor paid Mrs. Ross, she says:

"When they asked me to write one, I

hesitated naturally, thinking of the ones which had gone before. When I finally agreed to do it, there was only a month in which to complete the work. I virtually locked myself in the studio, took the telephone off the hook and worked about fourteen hours a day."

Mrs. Ross wrote her score on the old Hebrew scales—going back of the Gregorian to the very period in which Christ lived. This necessitated the study of Hebrew music and tradition. The shofar is used and many of the old Hebrew chants have been incorporated in the music. Probably the fact that Mrs. Ross spared herself no labor and pains accounts for her success and the colorization of her score with the very characteristics of the ancient Jewish music that symbolize the spiritual concept of the play itself.

Mrs. Ross is at present, besides her composing, giving lectures on the Philharmonic programs. Her talks are addressed to children and precede the orchestral work. She tells them informally the story of the composer's life. Then she has flashed on a screen a theme with a phrase of words to sing to it. She has the children themselves sing it, then the orchestral strings play it, the wood instruments repeat it. This is repeated with the second theme. She has ingeniously figured out that by giving something definite to listen for they feel themselves a part of the program. She says of this work that there is no more important phase of musical education than training the child-mind to listen. As they grow up they will learn to understand and enjoy music because they are on familiar terms with it.

Mrs. Ross' compositions include: numerous songs whose characteristic feature is their nobility of text and oneness of poem and music; piano pieces, violin and cello solos, a Ballet for orchestra, the musical score for Charles Ray's picture "The Courtship of Miles Standish," incidental music for two plays, choruses for women's voices and arrangements of folk songs of different countries. She joys in writing songs which breathe the great out-of-doors, such as *The Open Road, At Close of Day, Four Sonnets to the California Hills, Delight of the Out-of-Doors, Ride of the Cowboy and A Roundup Lullaby.*

JOHNSON, GRACE MOTT, sculptor, was born July 18, 1882, in New York City, a daughter of Alfred Van Cleve Johnson and Laura Mott Riverdale. Her father's first American Johnson ancestor came from England to New Haven, Connecticut, in, or about, 1640. Her grandfather, Professor Ebenezer Alfred Johnson, held the chair in Latin at New York University for fifty years and there are numbered many professors and clergymen among her forebears. Her mother was also of old New England ancestry.

Grace Mott Johnson is recognized as a sculptor of animals along most original lines. Loving horses from her earliest childhood, they have had a dominating effect on her art. In 1909 she exhibited a fine bas-relief of *Percherons* at the Paris Salon and her *Plow Horses Turning*, illustrated herewith, is one of her cleverest pieces. Elephants, too, have been a parallel influence. "Mighty of the Ringlings" in plaster, now at the Grand Central Galleries, is a portrait of one of the big tuskers of the circus. Her chimpanzee frieze in bronze, exhibited at the Armory Show, won well-earned praise and affords an example of a third line of interest. While Miss Johnson feels that sculpture in the round is the fullest artistic expression yet she has a decided feeling for work in bas-relief and is now doing a most original piece, an elephant frieze cut directly in stone. She believes there is no end to what can be done in animals and bas-reliefs.

In her grandfather's old homestead on the Gun Hill Road, now in Van Cortlandt Park, Grace Mott Johnson began her career at an early age. Her grandfather was professor of Latin at New York University. His had been a family of scholars. The first Johnson coming to New Haven from England in 1640, most of the men had been connected with

Yale University. Miss Johnson's mother died when she was but two years old and soon after her father, a Presbyterian minister, with strong personal views on religion, resigned his charge for conscience's sake and devoted himself to studying and teaching the "Word of God" according to his own convictions. In this scholarly and devoted atmosphere the little girl received her first impressions which were to direct her talent. It was the animals all about this country house that attracted her and she began when very young to draw them from memory. Her earliest artistic efforts were associated with her church going. To keep her quiet during the sermon she was given a piece of paper and a pencil and allowed to work at her fancies with them. These first sketches were especially of horses in action. When a mere infant, Miss Johnson declares that she had become passionately enamored of the sorrel mare that her Aunt Fanny drove and ever after horses have been her joy and her inspiration.

Then her father remarried and took her away with him into New England, where for six years he lived in various towns, preaching his religion.

Her love of all animals received a fresh impetus when her father at Bennington, Vermont, took her to Barnum and Bailey's Circus. On a frosty morning she watched them unload the great caravan; the wild animals, the performing ponies and even the stuffed "Jumbo," recently killed in a railroad accident. She followed the horses and a half dozen elephants down to the brook to be watered. The elephants interested the little girl greatly. Their enormous size of course, but somehow, Miss Johnson explains, even at that age, six years, she had an intense fellow-feeling with them and an identification. Form, movement, eyes, sounds, actions, scent, everything enthralled and stimulated her.

At the age of seven, the little family returned to her grandfather, who had given up the homestead, condemned by the city for Van Cortlandt Park, and had bought a larger place in the country outside of Yonkers. Here all the remaining years of childhood and adolescence were spent with her father's increasing family, four half-brothers and two half-sisters, and, what was more important, the old sorrrel horse, "Carry," still living, and the cows and calves, cats, dogs, chickens, ducks and the rest.

They had a strange childhood, these seven little Johnsons. The father became a recluse and kept them more and more from any contact with the world, not allowing them to go to school and permitting them no playmates; finally allowing no visitors. Being a remarkable teacher himself, the father was able as far as his conscience allowed him to give them a broad education but always the burden of the instruction was the Word of God. It made the very atmosphere they breathed.

"That is the reason," Miss Johnson asserts, 'that I am a naturalist.' By the time I was seven I was a believer in nature and science as opposed to the oppressive spiritual Puritanism of my father."

A thrilling event of these days was the coming of the coal teams. Many teams with many tons struggled up the steep hill out of Yonkers with the winter coal.

The visible power, the clash of the harness, the shining hides and hot active muscles, the reek of sweat and foam, the eyes and individuality of the horses, every name of them she learned from the drivers as they stood "blowing off" by the bins thrilled her. No impression of horses has ever exceeded this, "and," says Miss Johnson, "the study I made those years when my father gave me a holiday to watch it all stands me instead today."

She was fortunate at this time to get some lessons in natural history. A cousin, a boy of fourteen, whose father was connected with Yale University, visited the family. He had seen and heard something of the genealogy of the horse in the museum there and when the girl cousin spoke of the hock of the horse as a knee that bent backward he opened her eyes to the whole range of comparative

Plow Horses Turning; *above*, Detail from Monkey Frieze in bas-relief

by GRACE MOTT JOHNSON

anatomy by explaining that it was really a heel. This confirmed the young girl in what she wished to believe and study, our affinity with the animals. She saw that even structurally we are all alike. She began to apply the knowledge to her drawings and then began a period of realism and attempt at scientific and photographic accuracy.

As she grew toward her teens the father took the children to the Central Park Menagerie and the Museum of Natural History and once to the Metropolitan Museum of Art, where Rosa Bonheur's *Horse Fair* swept this girl lover of horses off her feet. Other canvasses of animals fired her ambition and she determined to be an animal painter too.

Although she had made up her mind to be an animal painter, she had already become interested in modeling. Snow was her first medium and she did in this a life sized figure of a horse lying down. Then she was driven to modeling elephants because they had thick enough legs to support them in the material used. She tried, too, carving animals out of soap and blocks of plaster with her jack-knife.

In 1900, the Johnsons moved to Munsay, Rockland County, New York, where the daughter of the house worked for three years with her brothers on the farm. In the necessary work she established for all a turn and turn about without reference to sex. As the eldest, she assumed some extras as cooking the breakfast and kneading the great quantities of bread, but jealously maintained the equal division of dishwashing and other house work among the boys, and claimed her full share of the field work, especially with the team. She identified herself with her two oldest brothers as the "youths," while the younger ones were called the "children."

Of this time Miss Johnson tells how they were cut away from all semblance of being a gentleman's children, except in their speech and in their ignorance of farm ways and terms; how she aspired, as the leader of the gang and head of the "Johnson Brotherhood," to be a capable farm hand, welcoming the chance to handle the horses and cows while she studied them, and to develop her muscles and feel herself more "manly." This was in place of the college denied her by her father's scruples! Through it all she managed to continue her drawing of animals, establishing regular hours for study. The horses she plowed with, the cows she milked, were her models.

So for three years it was plowing, harrowing, cultivating, mowing, both with scythe and machine, pitching hay, driving in the load to the village for yeast cakes and necessities, grooming, harnessing, feeding and watering the team, cleaning stables and milking cows, doing everything turn and turn about.

"There was much noise and jollity," adds Miss Johnson, "and original verses, letting genius bubble out in any youthful, happy way."

For it was happy times to the original young creatures. A proof, it would seem, that even farm labor is either drudgery or interesting work, according to the minds and spirits brought to it.

Here in those long days plowing the lot behind the wood pasture, she made compositions of the plowing horses. She learned "Plow Horses Turning" by heart, as it were, to the very fraction of a second when the nigh hock begins to follow the far hock and the silhouette of the maned necks against the sky was photographed on her memory.

When the time came to choose her career, Miss Johnson insists that in spite of the work it was hard to leave the farm for she had gloried in it, from the exercising of the team in the snow, all around the year to the apple harvesting. She felt it a strain, too, to leave her father. Though for many years they had not been of like mind, she knew that her resolve to go back into the world would be regarded as a kind of treason.

This young woman of twenty-one made her choice. She left on her bicycle with all her worldly goods strapped on it. Over the Hudson and down the Albany Post Road,

with a heavy heart, she rode back to the old Yonkers home where her Aunt Fanny lived alone. During the summer she went to the Zoo and drew. When fall came she entered the Art Student's League. She studied drawing under Kenyon Cox but soon joined the modeling classes, and worked from life under H. McNeil, Gutzon Borglum, and James East Frazer. She had definitely chosen her medium. She had found her life work in a clay bin.

"I did not do this," Miss Johnson explains, "to learn to be an artist but to learn what was taught, something about methods of work and to gain technical experience."

This was Miss Johnson's first contact with the world and with young people of her own age; the first time she had been under a school roof, or in a city save for a few hours once a year when her father had bought them clothes.

Miss Johnson found that the influence of these instructors was deadening, with the exception of Borglum, who was less academic and who, while he opened his students eyes and minds to many fine things in art, let them work out their own salvation. Miss Johnson made studies in clay of animal groups and was awarded first prize for composition. Her desire was to make animals alive and she refused to finish a piece if she could not do so in the spirit with which it was begun.

Miss Johnson, in speaking of her attempts at color work, tells of trying her hand at painting landscapes in the summer school of the Art Student's League at Woodstock, New York, under Birge Harrison and John Carlson. She found, however, that she could not take a vital interest in finding motives such as were desired by the school or in painting according to a method. She seemed to be slow in handling colors so that any aspirations she still indulged of becoming an animal painter were abandoned and she turned to modeling exclusively. She began to do work in bronze and exhibited some pieces in the New York and Pennsylvania Academy.

The summer of 1908 she spent on the Hartman's stock farm in Columbia, Ohio, studying pure-bred Arabs and other breeds of horses as well as the blooded cattle on the place. Miss Johnson relates many interesting observations of her work here. She declares that if one hangs on a barnyard fence for hours one will see all kinds of behavior. In doing a "portrait" from life she has had a horse become so bashful and embarassed that he would turn completely around in his stall to escape her gaze.

When Miss Johnson was twenty-four she married Andrew Dasbury, one of the League Students, and they went to France to study. She leased a studio in the Latin Quarter, Paris, and walked the streets, studying the splendid Percheron draft horses. A bas-relief of them she exhibited at the Spring Salon, Paris, 1910. Then she came under the spell of Auguste Rodin. She became impressed by the Gothic Architecture, the ancient sculpture she saw in the Louvre and especially by the Assyrian reliefs showing lion hunts and wild horses which she saw in the British Museum, London.

The climate of Paris and city life to which she could not seem to adapt herself proved disastrous to her health and she was obliged to return home where in her native air she soon recuperated and in 1911 her son, Alfred Van Cleve Dasburg, was born.

Miss Johnson bought a seventeen acre hillside place and studio in Woodstock, New York, where she worked on *Oxen Plowing*, made a frieze of zebras and became interested in sheep. A bas-relief of Wapiti modeled at this time is owned by John Carlson of Woodstock, the painter. It is placed in his living room over the fireplace.

Twenty-five years after her first sight of elephants under canvas when a little child holding her father's hand, she received her acquaintance with the circus. She was eager to make a study of elephants. She received carte blanche from the elephant trainer and became officially connected with the show

whenever she could pick it up on the road or in New York. She carved a large old elephant, called Bebe, out of a block of plaster while sitting literally between the fore feet and trunk. Bebe was interested in watching the work, twiddling the sketching paper in her trunk and feeling around the wheelbarrow in which the worker sat without disturbing it. Thrilling experiences Miss Johnson had with the elephants, and friendly. Nothing seemed to her so sagacious, so capable and so handy at work and nothing, when frightened, so terrifying and so uncontrollable. She watched the elephant, the "Mighty," grow up from a little fellow to the big bull he was when she modeled him in clay in her Yonkers studio. Her "Mighty of the Ringling Circus" is considered of her best portraits. It was exhibited at the National Sculpture Society Show at 156th Street, in the summer of 1923.

Six years she worked with the circus, where she found models for her wonderful elephant frieze which in her studio she is now cutting directly into stone.

While at the menagerie, Miss Johnson began her third definite interest, adding a detailed study of monkeys to the horse and elephant enthusiasms. Some of her finest work is with chimpanzees. At her studio is an unfinished figure in the round of an orrang-outang, which died before she could finish it. The head and shoulders are finished and it ends in the solid rock, as if rising out of the rocks with the weirdness and solemnity of an ancient Budda.

And so this determined young sculptor went her way, quietly working out her own ideas of studying animals, becoming intimate with their personalities, going wherever opportunity beckoned.

In the winter of 1923 a chance came to go to Egypt. This had long been a dream. To see the Arab horses, to watch the camels of the desert in action, and to study the marvelous art treasures. To Miss Johnson it seems that the Egyptians in their sense of design, character, and simplicity—that is, the subordination of detail and what is superficial to the essentials of form—achieve what modern art cannot approach.

"We who are taught to look for construction, and anatomy surfaces, lose sight of the most important form and expression, that which primitive races and children see and which is the basis of all art."

Miss Johnson has never cared to work for competition, in monuments or anything that would limit her imagery. It is animals that have always attracted her and she feels that few people are in sympathy with animals themselves or their sculptural forms.

Miss Johnson is intrigued by the possibilities of bas-reliefs. Her ideals are the animals depicted in the walls of the ancient cave dwellings in Spain and such animal representations as remain to us of the Egyptians.

She admits that sculpture in the round is the fullest and completest artistic expression, yet in bas-relief she claims there is not the same limitation, especially in the field of animal sculpture which to her mind is almost infinite and as yet untouched by modern artists. The chimpanzee frieze in bronze, which is illustrated herewith, is an example of her work in reliefs.

Miss Johnson has carved many bas-reliefs in plaster and cut some directly into stone. The largest of these last, at present under way, represents seven elephants picketed in line as at a circus, waiting for hay.

Miss Johnson is now in New Mexico with her son working on her studies of camels made in Egypt. While there she rode them and observed them constantly. She believes that they will be most effective in bas-relief as well as their Arab drivers. She will also study Indians and Indian ponies and the large animals still found on the western mesa.

Although exhibiting single pieces for years before, Miss Johnson had her first general exhibition in 1917, at Mrs. Whitney's Studio Galleries on West 8th Street, New York City, where she demonstrated her place in her profession. In the exhibit at the Whitney Studios in 1923 she also had a small but sig-

nificant collection of sculpture. She has exhibited at the International Exhibition at the Armory Show and in the French Salon.

SCARBOROUGH, DOROTHY, educator, novelist, short story writer, was born in East Texas, near Tyler, the pine region of the state, the daughter of Judge John B. and Mary Ellison Scarborough. Her grandfather was Irvin Scarborough, a Louisianian, owner of many acres and many slaves, whose older sons enlisted early to fight for the Confederacy. His youngest son, the father of Miss Scarborough, ran away from college to join his older brothers in the Confederate Army, where he remained until mustered out. Miss Scarborough's maternal ancestors were also pioneer settlers of the South. Her mother was a daughter of Doctor Zachariah Ellison, a physician and wealthy planter of East Texas.

Miss Scarborough holds an assistant professorship in Columbia University. Her specialty is fiction writing. Miss Scarborough is the author of an outstanding novel, *In the Land of Cotton*. It has produced a strong impression because of its sincerity and its truth to conditions. The very story of cotton is behind it, its power, its earthwide influence, its thralldom over all the life of the South. Her doctor's thesis at Columbia University was on *The Supernatural in Modern English Fiction*, which the *Bookman* announced as a thesis that was a "best seller." This lead to two anthologies, *Famous Modern Ghost Stories* and *Humorous Ghost Stories*. Miss Scarborough fills her leisure time working on stories, poems, essays, and articles in diverse veins, which are published at various times in *Harpers Magazine*, *The Century*, *The Dial*, and other high-class periodicals.

Dorothy Scarborough's father was a judge well-known in the legal circles of Texas. In his youth he ran away from college at seventeen to join the Confederacy and served until the end of the war. After the war was ended and the Scarboroughs were impoverished by the freeing of the slaves and post-war conditions, young John Scarborough rode on horseback from the plantation home in northern Louisiana to try his chances in the new State of Texas. Here Dorothy, the youngest of four children, was born in the eastern pine section but was taken in her babyhood to the treeless plains of western Texas before she was old enough to remember. Dorothy's earliest memories are of the mesquit trees, the burning splendor of sunsets, the illimitable distances with their freedom and boundless life. She early learned to love the prairies as others love the mountains or the sea, and felt a kinship with them.

Many stories are told of Dorothy Scarborough's adventuresome childhood. Once, at the age of three, she spied a carpenter at work on scaffolding near the roof of a two-story building and climbed up the ladder to join him. The shock of her sudden appearance so unnerved the carpenter that he had to call for some one else to remove the child, while he stopped work for the day. At another time, at the age of five, the young madcap departed with a small boy explorer of her own age to make a jaunt into the wilds. The entire town became alarmed at their prolonged absence and the masculine population turned out on horseback to search for them, since wild animals lurked in the region. After hours of search, the truants were discovered seven miles from home, tired but undaunted.

During all her childhood, Dorothy was a queer combination of tomboy and bookworm. She cannot remember when she learned to read, but she vividly remembers her strategy to elude solicitous elders who tried to keep her from reading too much. When other schemes failed, she would climb a tall tree with her book, secure in the conviction that critical female relatives could not follow her there, nor could the servants ascend to snatch her volume from her. She found trees a good place too in which to muse over the stories which she meant to write some day.

While still in early childhood, Dorothy moved with her family to Waco. In the

public schools of Waco she received her elementary education and later entered Baylor University. Dorothy Scarborough studied Greek and higher mathematics—when her feminine companions were quite content with lighter subjects—and took her B.A., one of the youngest in her class and one of the youngest ever to graduate from the university.

Books still lured her, so she went back to Baylor for graduate study and specialized in English, with French and German as minor subjects. She won a fellowship in English in Baylor, after taking her M.A., and remained there for two more years, studying and teaching.

From early childhood, Dorothy had constantly written. Always she had desired to be a writer. Before she was in her teens she had written stories, sketches, verse, which were published in Texas papers and magazines. While she was an undergraduate she did book reviewing for the *Baptist Standard*, whose editor, Doctor J. B. Cranfill, was a neighbor and family friend. She won a prize in a statewide short story contest, conducted by a magazine destined to perish soon afterwards.

The winning of this prize, however, had a permanent effect on the young writer. She must write, and she must learn how. After her fellowship at Baylor, she won a scholarship in the University of Chicago, where she spent two summer sessions in taking courses in special writing.

Miss Scarborough was appointed instructor in English in Baylor University and held that position for several years, during which time her mother and father both died.

She next went to Europe, where she remained fifteen months, studying and traveling. She spent the academic year doing graduate work in English at Oxford University, England. At this time fewer women were enrolled than now, and a very limited number of American women. One of her compatriots writes most amusingly of Miss Scarborough at this time:

"She settled down at Oxford for the winter —if Dorothy Scarborough can be said to settle down for she is so vividly energetic that instead of subsiding in a rut she is more inclined to level off the rut.

She brought with her to Oxford her keen power of observation, which enabled her to appreciate the pictorial and intellectual values of this venerable seat of learning. But she did not allow the local traditions, which seemed as unbudgeable as granite, to settle down on her and stifle her American freedom, her southern instinct of sociability and hospitality. Most of us there that year suffered ourselves to be entombed in those monumental rules and regulations through timidity, inertia, or a feeling that it would be hopeless to try to change what had existed so long. Dorothy Scarborough, being of the stuff of which pioneers are made, refused to sit down with meek hands, resigned to spinister teaparties, which were the extent of social activities permitted to women students. A few years later Oxford became more modernized in its recognition of the rights of women students and who knows how much of this may be traced to that one small American woman who inaugurated this tense but cheerful revolution. Some one in the inner circle of Oxford spoke of her as a social missionary to the place. Her hospitality extended to the English and foreign students, as well as to the Rhodes scholars. Her weekly "at homes" were affairs at which one could be sure of meeting interesting people in an informal way. Dorothy Scarborough was working hard in Oxford in those days, delving deep into the history of the English novel, studying the Gothic romance, and taking learned courses in half a dozen of the colleges."

At the end of the year, Miss Scarborough went back to teach at Baylor University. Her energy displayed itself in numerous activities. She taught a Bible class of college men at the First Baptist Church, the membership of which she built up from six or seven to two hundred. She organized and taught the

first course in journalism given in Texas. In spare moments she wrote stories, articles, sketches, verse of both light and serious nature. Her first published book was *Fugitive Verse*, dealing mostly with aspects of southern life. Poems from this collection have been reprinted in various anthologies.

In 1915, Miss Scarborough came to New York to work for her degree of Doctor of Philosophy in Columbia University. She had already spent a summer there in study of short story writing.

Here again Dorothy Scarborough's pioneer spirit and her craving for individuality asserted itself. For her degree of Doctor of Philosophy she wished to do something other than the traditional years of chasing down an Anglo-Saxon suffix, or delving in dusty research for forgotten facts. She wished to pursue her research along live subjects, and write her dissertation on a topic that had fun and life, and a chance to express some individuality, as well as scholarship. She won permission to make a study of the supernatural in modern English fiction and preceded to consort happily with ghosts, witches, devils, vampires, and were-wolves. The result was praised for its humor as well as for its scholarship. It was reviewed at length in scholarly and academic journals in both Europe and America for its contributions to literary knowledge, and in popular papers for its entertaining and witty charm. Critics were startled over the light humor that played about such serious subjects and the *Bookman* announced the volume as a thesis that was a "best-seller."

While Miss Scarborough was still a student in Columbia, she was appointed instructor in English and had been teaching a year, giving courses in short-story writing, when she received her Doctor's Degree in 1917.

The next book that Dorothy Scarborough wrote was also along unexploited literary lines. *The Supernatural in Modern English Fiction* had dealt in a cheerful spirit of comradeship with such forlorn, despised, and feared beings as ghosts and their confrères. Now she turned to another neglected phase of life and wrote a book in praise of porches. She had often noted the fact that while there were many books describing gardens, houses, and inhabitants, that nobody had written a book about porches, the most important and attractive features of home life. Again she took up her crusader's pen and flourished it in honor of "the porch." Her *From a Southern Porch*, describing life as the author viewed it from a certain country porch in Virginia, is a series of narrative essays. She progressed from front piazza to back, from porch dining room to kitchen porch, from the roofless veranda to the sleeping porch, and studied life as she saw it. She described white people and colored folk, animals, birds, insects, reptiles, flowers, trees and everything imaginable, in a style as cheerful and as lazy as a southern porch itself. One critic said of it, "It is the sunniest, funniest, laziest, craziest, gypsyiest, typsiest book that the bounty of destiny has ever brought to this reviewer." The book was affectionately reviewed all over the country, North and South.

Dorothy Scarborough returned to the supernatural for subject matter, and published the two anthologies, *Famous Modern Ghost Stories* and *Humorous Ghost Stories*. These were widely reviewed, the *New York Times* Book Review giving a whole page to the *Humorous Ghost Stories*, in addition to a discussion of *Famous Modern Ghost Stories*.

Besides the writing of books, Miss Scarborough filled her leisure time working on stories, poems, essays and articles in diverse veins. For a year and a half she was on the literary staff of *Books and the Book World*, of the *New York Sun*, as special critic of the short story and fiction reviewer. Later she wrote fiction surveys for the *Bookman*, reviews for the *Dial*, and other criticisms.

Then Miss Scarborough published her novel, *In the Land of Cotton*. For years she had been fascinated with the literary possibilities of cotton. As a child she had seen the cotton-

fields all about her, had seen their beauty of leaf and flower in spring, their expanse of sturdy plants in summer, the wide snow of their opened bolls in autumn. She had felt the comedy, the poetry, the tragedy, the romance in the lives of the cotton farmers, both black and white—from the hired hands to the tenant farmers and large plantations owners. She had shuddered over the evils of the convict leasing system in the cotton fields, had felt the pathos of the childlife that was stunted and cheated of its chance because mere babies had to work long hours in the fields. She felt the thrill of the power of cotton, its earthwide scope of influence, its thralldom over all life in the South. Something of this might of cotton she tried to put into a novel that was something more than a mere story of persons. The story of cotton was behind it all, dominating all life, crushing and blessing by turns.

The book produced a strong impression because of its sincerity and its knowledge of conditions. Soon after its publication Miss Scarborough was invited to Texas to address the Texas Women's Press Association at its annual meeting, which was held at her old home, Waco. She was the recipient of many honors and courtesies during her visit to Texas. The University of Texas invited her to deliver the literary address at commencement—the first time a woman had been so honored. Baylor University conferred an honorary degree, Doctor of Literature, upon her, and the Poetry Society of Texas held a special meeting in Dallas in her honor. Various literary and academic societies gave receptions and other functions. She received from the mayor and city council of Fort Worth a warranty deed to the city of Fort Worth.

Miss Scarborough has just finished for publication a book on which she has worked for some years, *Negro Folk-Songs from the South.* Before she left Texas she was, for one year, president of the Texas Folk-lore Association and had begun a study of negro folk-songs. In her travels each summer in the South she has for years collected examples of negro songs, and has a large and very valuable collection of material not heretofore published. The first volume of her studies along this line will be published shortly by the Harvard University Press.

Miss Scarborough has been promoted, first from an instructorship and lectureship to an assistant professorship in Columbia University. Her specialty is the instruction in fiction writing, and many of her students have been successful in their published work. She writes as she finds leisure from her college duties, and her work has appeared in many publications, including: *Harper's Magazine*, *The Century*, *The Bookman*, the *Dial*, *Pictorial Review*, *Everybody's*, *The Saturday Evening Post*, the *New York Evening Post Review*, *The Saturday Review*, the *International Book Review* and others.

CARNELL, LAURA HORNER, educator, was born in Philadelphia, Pennyslvania, September 7, 1867, daughter of Lafayette Carnell and his wife, Rebecca Wood Ayars. The first American Carnell ancestor, Joseph Carnell came from Darlington, England and settled in Pennsylvania between 1786–1790. On her mother's side, Miss Carnell is descended from an Englishman, Robert Ayars, who landed in Westerly, then Hopkinton, Rhode Island, in 1664. The line of descent names Caleb, son of this Robert, his son, Stephen, then another Caleb, and his son, the father of Mrs. Carnell.

Laura Horner Carnell is the Dean of the University Corporation of Temple University and a lecturer in the College of Liberal Arts. Although gifted in teaching, she has proved herself especially as an organizer. With Temple University from its beginning, she worked up to the Dean's position. She filled it in fact long before it seemed best to acknowledge that the University had a woman in that position and to her is owed much of the growth in numbers and standing of the University.

Her mother had inherited the belief that the best gift that could be given to a child was a good education. She determined at any cost to give her two children this preparation for life.

There never seems to have been any question as to what each child wanted to do. The boy began simple experiments in Chemistry and Engineering in earliest childhood, and became a successful chemist, contributing valuable discoveries in his own particular field. The daughter early showed her interest in Literature and Art. When quite young she was an omnivorous reader and tried her hand at both poetry and prose writing. Her chief interest in play, however, was to be a teacher, so it was understood that her career should follow that trend. She went through the city school system and was graduated from its Normal School an honor student, the simplest public function filled her with nervous apprehension, and she was too shy to take much part in its social activities, few as they were at that time.

She received an appointment to a teaching position in the Public Schools of the city, which position she held for seven years. She availed herself of every opportunity to continue her studies. She had been disappointed that she could not go to College upon the completion of her Normal School work, but her brother must go to College and it did not seem financially possible for both to go. She took special courses in literature and the languages, and as soon as the Universities opened their summer schools, began to attend them. She was fond of travel and tried in each vacation season to see some new place—going abroad at the first opportunity.

While she taught in the Public Schools she became much interested in the work being done in a nearby church by an unusual man who had just come out of New England, and who was startling Philadelphia by the rapidity of his movements. She drifted into this church one day, as she was too late to reach the one for which she had started, and heard a sermon different from any in her experience. She knew neither the preacher's name nor anything about him. A few months later a friend invited her to this same church to visit the Sunday-school. Here she met face to face the man whose greatest life work she was to help build up.

He seemed to realize from the first that the timid young teacher who had drifted into his life could be of service. He asked her to do first one thing and then another. He found that she needed only a suggestion to organize a piece of work and to see that all the details were carefully carried out. She became President of the Young Women's Association, secretary of the church's building committee, organized its activities for the raising of money, and was the teacher of one of its largest Bible classes,—all while she taught school five days of the week.

Among the enterprises of the growing church were some evening classes for young men and women who wanted to secure more education than their opportunities in life had afforded. These were growing so rapidly that the preacher saw they must be organized into a recognized school, to be of greatest value to these young people. He was a man of vision, never letting the present obscure the future. He applied to the courts for a charter for this school and Temple College sprang into existence as an undenominational and co-educational institution. Very soon work was demanded of a college grade and the right to confer degrees was sought and granted. It now became apparent that in order to do good work at night there must be a force of full-time teachers. It being exceedingly difficult at that time to get a sufficient number of teachers with proper qualifications to carry on the night work. With the ever-increasing number of students, it was decided to open a day department, with a staff of full-time instructors. The day department of Temple College was opened in 1892. In 1893, Miss Carnell was invited to take a position in it as Principal. She had become so interested in all

the work of its President and Founder, Russell H. Conwell, that she did not hesitate to give up her position in the Public Schools, even though Temple College offered her less salary than she was receiving. In fact, the routine of the class-room had become rather monotonous and she was ready to step out into a field that promised an opportunity for greater activity.

Before going into the College she asked the President what were to be her duties. He said he did not know, and told her to find them. There was a man Dean, also recently appointed; she asked him, but he did not know, having hardly found his own duties. She had been there only a few hours when she discovered that while there were many students there seemed little order or system, so she simply set herself to work to gather up the loose ends. She wandered around the school, which then occupied two old houses, and brought together into the small room assigned to her all the students who seemed to have nothing to do; there she organized classes for them, and in many cases taught them herself. In a week's time she had to have the largest, instead of the smallest, room in the buildings. During the rest of that year she managed this group, took a back seat in faculty meetings, and studied the whole situation.

Instead of the little church in which all this work had commenced there had grown up the largest church building in Philadelphia, on its main thoroughfare. Next to it, ground was broken in the summer of 1893 for a College building, and in May 1894, the building was dedicated and Temple University moved in. In the fall of that year the President was abroad and the Dean of the College ill in a hospital. The young Principal had to face the opening of the College alone. The new building brought hundreds of new students, both for its day and its evening classes, with scores of new wants. The President had taught her that whenever there are human needs, we should try to meet them. Classes were asked for—classes in law, in dress-making, in training for special teachers, in all sorts of things. It was rather overwhelming. Day and evening, six days of the week, she was in her office, for she had an office in the new building. Every new applicant for a new subject was told the same thing. "Find nine more people who want the thing you want and we will find a teacher." Some found the other nine in time for that fall session; in other cases some months or even a year or two went by before the new course could be given.

There was no place at that time in Philadelphia where special training in any special line or even in the regular lines, outside of the day public schools, could be given. The evening public schools consisted only of a few badly-managed elementary classes. Its present splendid work had not been dreamed of. In fact, Temple University was very largely to be the instrument to prepare men to develop this system.

On the return of the Dean he found the work growing so fast that it took all his time and the Principal's to look after details, as they had few helpers. The Principal from that time on did little teaching, though she tried to give one course each year, generally in Literature. She enjoyed teaching and liked the direct contact with students. After a year or two, the Dean retired because of ill health and his place was not filled, the Principal doing his work as well as her own. By this time she had the title of Lady Principal. She was a woman and every one was loathe to admit that she was doing a man's work. Some years elapsed before she received her present title of Dean of the University Corporation.

Through all these years the President had been the man of vision, inspiring every one to greater efforts; encouraging the extension of the work on all sides; urging every one on; never seeing a difficulty or a discouragement. He was lecturing all over the United States, on an average of five days a week and preaching twice on Sundays, to the largest con-

gregations in America. Naturally, he had no time for details of organization nor administration of the College that had become a University. This was the work of the Principal or Dean, call her what you like. She was still a student; still perfectly willing to keep in the background. On all public occasions the President represented the University, and she was content to see that the machinery ran smoothly. In the meantime a good organization had been evolved. Schools of Medicine, Law, Dentistry, Pharmacy, a College of Liberal Arts and Sciences, a Teachers College, and a School of Commerce had become well organized entities. Three hospitals had been affiliated. From a few hundred students the enrollment increased to an average of ten thousand students a year.

An illness of the President which made it necessary for him to lay aside his work for a time, compelled the Dean to take a more public place. She found herself asked to represent the University on all sorts of committees and at all sorts of functions. Of course, in the meantime, the status of woman had changed materially and the President and Trustees did not feel quite so sensitive in letting it be known that a woman was doing so much of their administrative work.

During the War, the University became a training camp and went through every phase of the war activities, using its buildings for Liberty Loan and Red Cross Drives, with Miss Carnell always organizing and leading. Her duties made it necessary for her to speak at student functions continually. Frequent calls came from the outside to address women's clubs, educational assemblies, and political groups. She does as much of this as her University duties will permit, and is almost overwhelmed with these demands.

She was very much interested in having women members on the Board of Education of Philadelphia, but refused herself to be a candidate, until a woman was appointed to the School Board. When a second woman member was sought, the women insisted upon nominating her. She was elected and is taking an active interest in everything that concerns the schools.

Her youthful interest in writing has stood her in good stead, though her active administrative life has left no time for any serious literary undertaking. She acted as the Associate Editor of the Woman's Atheneum, a voluminous publication gotten out by the publishers of the *World's Best Essays*, and wrote many articles on various subjects for it. She has written articles and sketches for numerous publications, generally about the work in which she is interested. She is looking forward to the evening time when she may have the leisure to tend a garden and write a book.

Miss Carnell has always lived in Philadelphia, everything that concerns its best good is of interest to her and she is willing to give of her time and her means to forward any movements that will in any way make it a better place in which to live; but the absorbing interest of her life is Temple University and the thousands of students that come annually to its door.

Through her mother, she is a descendant of Robert Ayars, who landed in Westerly, Rhode Island, in 1664, listed on the ship's record as Robert Ayars, gentleman. A few years after, he secured from the King a grant of land in southern New Jersey, where he founded a community of Seventh Day Baptists at Shiloh. This settlement was one of the most enlightened in that part of the country, as the higher education of its citizens seemed a part of its creed. It supported an Academy of Higher Learning through all its earlier history, the Shiloh Academy continuing until taken over by the County as a High School.

THOMPSON, MARY HARRIS, physician, surgeon and philanthropist, daughter of Colonel John H. and Calista Corbin Thompson, was born near Fort Ann, New York, April 15, 1829; died in Chicago, Illinois, May

21, 1895. Hers was an old and respected family, whose earliest American representative, Anthony Thompson (probably born in Coventry, England), had come to this country and settled in New Haven, Connecticut, in 1639.

Mary Harris Thompson was one of the pioneer women physicians of America, the first to open the medical profession to women in Chicago and the West. Her career forms a vital part of the great woman's movement in America, which had its inception during the early part of the nineteenth century. Born and educated in the East, she was one of the outstanding figures of Chicago in the important formative period existing between the close of the Civil War and the end of the century. During the three decades of her residence there, she not only won success and fame as a physician and surgeon, but became foremost in the ranks of philanthropists, founding Chicago's first hospital for women and children and establishing its first woman's medical college. Gentle by nature, and with all the inclinations of the artist, she chose to enter a profession to which her sex was then but grudgingly admitted, and won her way against difficulties and prejudice by force of character, superior intelligence and ability, and her own womanly charm. Her demonstration of what a woman of education and refinement could do in the field of medicine went far toward removing the last barrier that existed against the sex in industry, and helped to settle the long-agitated question of woman's aptitude for professional life and her right to higher education.

In order to give a correct impression of the importance and magnitude of the work of Mary Harris Thompson it will be necessary to picture her against the background of the age in which she lived—an age which produced those other mighty workers for the cause of woman: Emma Willard, Mary Lyon, Elizabeth Cady Stanton, Susan B. Anthony, Clara Barton, Elizabeth Blackwell and others.

At the time of her birth the Union consisted of only twenty-four States and was but forty years old. The bulk of population was found in the East. The present great city of Chicago was still the military post called Fort Dearborn, whose few log cabins housed little more than a hundred souls. There was not a single railroad in operation in the country; there were no automobiles, no telephones. The telegraph was yet to be invented; electric lights had not been thought of, though illuminating gas had been introduced gradually into some of the towns of the East. Four years previously, in 1825, the opening of the Erie Canal from Albany to Buffalo gave an impetus toward the settlement of the Midwest, and added much to the importance of the role water highways played in peopling the country. Although this gave a complete water route from Albany to Chicago, it resulted in little immediate increase in population, and when the town of Chicago was organized in 1833 there were but twenty-eight qualified voters in a population of less than two hundred. It is interesting to note that five doctors were included in this number.

Practically the only employment open to women was teaching or sewing. There were no women doctors nor lawyers. There was no institution where women could train themselves for these professions. There was not a woman's hospital in existence. A girl must educate herself by means of the country schools, finishing off in the few academies or "female seminaries" where higher branches were taught. There was not a college in the country that would admit girls. It was not thought they needed or had the capacity for very much learning. Woman's sphere was held to be in the parlor or the kitchen, and she should keep within her sphere, stay at home and make herself "pretty" and entertaining. To the latter end she was allowed to take on a few of the so-called "polite accomplishments." It required great strength of character in those days for a woman to inaugurate any movement not directly connected with household affairs.

It all looked hopeless enough for the second baby born in the Thompson home, for Mary was next to the oldest of a large family. Still there were some bright spots in the general gloom. Silent forces were at work in her behalf, new thoughts, which eventually by their combined strength and impetus were to bring about the emancipation of woman and develop her into the instrument of usefulness she longed to become, were stirring in the hearts of a few scattered individuals. In this same year of 1829 there were two other individuals in widely different parts of the world who were destined to make their impress upon America and to open up a vast new field of service to women everywhere. They are mentioned here because they were to affect closely the life of Mary Harris Thompson. One was a girl baby who first saw the light in Berlin six months after Mary Thompson was born—a Polish baby, who was later to become known to the world as Doctor Marie E. Zakrzewski. The other, at that time a little girl of eight, playing about her father's estate near Bristol, England, was Elizabeth Blackwell. Had not fate selected these two to do a mighty work, Mary Harris Thompson's life-story would have been very different. When Mary was three, the little English girl was on the Atlantic, with her father and mother and eight brothers and sisters, bound for America, and destined to become one of its greatest pioneers.

As the child Mary grew older she learned much about her grandparents, who had come from Dutchess County to the big homestead near Fort Ann, making the journey on horseback. They had considerable property and owned some slaves. Her grandfather started operating a sawmill and gristmill. After his death, her grandmother, after whom Mary was named, exerted herself to carry on the business, the property being divided among the children when she died. Colonel John Harris Thompson, Mary's father, went into partnership with another man, investing his share in iron mines.

The child who was to stamp herself so indelibly upon the age in which she lived gave early evidence of possessing an unusual character. Born to be a leader whatever her environment, energetic, ingenious, quiet and modest, yet of a sturdy and independent nature, generous, happy, disliking all conventional restrictions, in a modern world she might have made her mark in any one of half a dozen professions. Idealistic, with remarkable powers of perception, there was something of the architect, the designer, the artist, teacher, pioneer, in her makeup. In the little country school which she attended she was the best in her classes. She had an insatiable desire for knowledge. Amusements and other diversions usually attractive to children had no charm for her when something to read or study was at hand, and gradually this craving for more knowledge became a controlling influence. With an affinity for the great outdoors, her earliest ambition was to become an artist. After attending the neighborhood school for some years she began to grow dissatisfied with the meager intellectual fare offered, and took up Latin and some higher mathematics, generally working out the lessons by herself, as teachers for such branches were hardly to be obtained in the country. Later she was sent to Fort Edward Institute, Fort Edward, New York, then to West Poultney Academy, West Poultney, Vermont.

Her father had business reverses, so that at a very early age she found it necessary to do something to earn her living. Teaching was practically the only field open to her, so for a while she taught. But she was not long in discovering that there were great limitations in teaching and that she had little opportunity to measure her own capacity for achievement.

While Miss Thompson was wrestling with her economic problems, a few other women were beginning to make determined efforts to break down the barriers of prejudice which kept them from exercising their rights as human beings. Mary Lyon had established Mt. Holyoke College; Lucretia Mott had

Mary Harris Thompson

pierced the wall that stood between woman and the public platform, exercising her right to raise her voice in public places about public affairs. In Berlin, Marie Zakrzewski was giving evidence of her brilliant intellect, and had ascended two or three rounds of the ladder of success in obstetrical work, only to have further progress blocked by the same obstacles with which women in America were confronted—she was a woman. The women of England had not dared even to think of equal rights. France was a trifle more liberal, but no medical education of women was allowed even there except as concerned the training of midwives. None was allowed to take full medical courses and to receive a diploma.

However, a force other than human was at work, and from the vast number of women of the world, one was selected to receive the inspiration leading to her choice of the high and solitary path of the pioneer, making her the Joan of Arc of the medical profession. Elizabeth Blackwell, living with her family in Cincinnati, had lost her father and was obliged to do something to earn her living. A woman of high refinement, gently reared, she had but one choice, that of teaching, and she found it difficult to endure the hardships of frontier life in the locality in which she began to teach. From somewhere she received the inspiration to enter the field of medicine. It was about the year 1842, while she was still teaching, that she obtained some medical books and began to study alone. She soon saw the hopelessness of obtaining the necessary knowledge in this way, and resolved to make an effort to get into a medical school. The first thought of becoming a physician was repugnant to her, but in time she accepted it as a divine call to service. A force stronger than herself seemed to lead her on and to give her the promise of fulfillment of her high purpose. In 1844 she began to try for admission to some medical college. Everywhere she applied she was met with refusal. Her persistent inquiries continued over a period of three years, and embraced practically every medical college in the country, without success. The presidents of these institutions, vexed and irritated at such a request, repelled her under the excuse that it was "without precedent." Other reasons for refusal were equally illuminating: "You cannot expect us to furnish you with a stick to break our heads with," said one. Another advanced the argument that "woman was taken from the side of Adam to show that her duty and promise was to lean upon man for all time to come." Some of the refusals were based upon "the dependent position assigned to woman, as much by nature as by society, and upon the unheard-of presumption which had inspired the author of such a request with the desire and hope of taking rank in a profession reserved and consecrated to the nobler sex." Others refused because "it would be unbecoming and immoral to see a woman instructed in the nature and laws of her organism."

But "a strong idea long cherished until it has taken deep root in the soul and become an all-absorbing duty cannot thus be laid aside." She persisted in her applications until she received at last a letter from a small university at Geneva which gave her the privilege of entering there. To this little town in western New York she went. Her reception there was probably such as no woman had ever experienced before, or will experience hereafter. The professors hardly knew in what category of natural history to place her, and the students were a little bewildered. In her boarding house she was shunned. As she went to and from college men and women stopped to stare at her as at some curious animal. Everywhere she was greeted with the epithet of "she-doctor." She had thoroughly shocked general propriety, the theory being that she was either a bad woman or insane. In college she was at first allowed only to listen to the lectures. The thought of a woman being present at an operation or dissection was so abhorrent that she was excluded until she made a womanly appeal

through the form of a note to one of the professors. "That dissection was just as much as I could bear," she wrote in her journal. "Some of the students blushed, some were hysterical; not one could keep in a smile. My delicacy was certainly shocked and yet the exhibition was in some sense ludicrous." But she succeeded in sitting through the ordeal in grave silence, thus by her own quiet and womanly deportment giving evidence of that innate refinement and consecration to a noble object which soon won the respectful sympathy and friendship of both students and instructors. At the end of two years she received the coveted diploma, and upon the day of commencement people came for miles around to see the title of Doctor of Medicine conferred upon a woman—the first woman in the world to have this experience. The event excited comment everywhere, the press was full of it, not only in America but in Europe. Some of the comments praised her enterprising spirit; others were full of caustic censure and ridicule.

But she was now confronted with a problem almost as hard as before. In order to become a skilled physician it is necessary to have practical clinical instruction in a hospital. The actual care of the sick and observation by the bedside should be its foundation. Here the future practitioner often learns more in an hour than in weeks of mere book study. There was not in America a single hospital or dispensary to which a woman could gain admittance. As one of the results of Miss Blackwell's example, the Female Medical School was opened in Boston in 1848, the first institution of its kind in the world, but its instruction was purely theoretical—there was no clinical or hospital training available. The hospitals of the city were shut against women. So Elizabeth Blackwell was obliged to go to Paris to secure her hospital training.

The result of Miss Blackwell's admission to a medical college was not to open medical colleges to women in general, as might have been expected, but to close them more tightly against all women in order to still the clamor of the entire medical profession. In 1850 the Female Medical College of Philadelphia opened with a class of forty, but it, like the first school in Boston, was theoretical, without facilities for hospital practice. At the first commencement exercises of this institution prayer had to be offered by a layman because no minister could be found who would take part in the services. In this same year Sarah Hunt, who had built up a good practice in Boston, was admitted to the medical department of Harvard but the male students objected to her presence so strenuously she was asked to withdraw. The following year Elizabeth Blackwell returned fully equipped by her experience in Europe, and went to New York to begin her practice. She not only found herself ostracized by the profession but encountered great difficulty in renting quarters. No one wanted a woman doctor. They were afraid of her. After she finally secured quarters, she made application for the position of physician in the woman's department of a large city dispensary but was curtly refused and advised to form her own dispensary.

In this same year her sister Emily was admitted to Rush Medical College in Chicago, but was excluded the next year owing to a vote of censure passed by the Illinois State Medical Society. After many fruitless applications elsewhere she was finally admitted to the Cleveland Medical College. Two years later, in 1853, Marie Zakrzewski came to America, instinctively seeking an environment favorable for the development which her spirit so ardently demanded. Unable to speak a word of English, she almost starved before the end of her first year, when she met Elizabeth Blackwell, who used her influence to obtain admission for the Polish girl to the Cleveland Medical College. The prejudice against women doctors was still so strong that when women medical students appeared at church or a meeting they noticed a significant withdrawal of all present.

Receiving her degree in 1854, the Polish girl joined Elizabeth Blackwell in New York. Finding the doors of all hospitals and dispensaries shut in their faces, the two women saw the imperative necessity for hospital training and their great need determined them to found their own institution. Strange to note, the opposition to women physicians was far stronger among women than among men. In setting themselves to the task of collecting money to found a hospital the two pioneers seemed face to face with a solid wall of blind prejudice. Women in social life looked upon women physicians as radical reformers and dared not connect themselves openly with them. No one believed that a woman could take the whole responsibility of managing a public institution and at the same time assume the medical care of sick women and children—no one understood the need of a dispensary and hospital for women physicians. After months of hard work and indescribable difficulties, the funds were raised and the two women were able at last to see their dream of a hospital and dispensary come true. Thus came into being the New York Infirmary for Women and Children—the first hospital in the world to be operated by women. It is amusing to note that at the opening exercises no woman was allowed to speak for fear she might speak like a "woman's rights woman."

In 1859, Doctor Zakrzewski was offered the chair of Obstetrics in the New England Female Medical College of Boston (founded in 1848 as the Female Medical School), which offer she accepted. Up to this time it had been a purely theoretical school, and she was anxious to add a clinical department. Harriet Beecher Stowe was one of the members of her Board.

But opposition to women in medicine was far from being ended. In 1859 the Philadelphia County Medical Society not only refused to admit women physicians as members, but pronounced an edict of excommunication against any of its members who should teach in the Female Medical School of Philadelphia, or consult with women physicians or with the male teachers of the women. This edict was approved by the Pennsylvania State Medical Society the following year. However, time and the spirit of progress overcome all obstacles, and the current once turned moves on of itself, broader and deeper. Here and there men of the profession, both in America and in England, were beginning to espouse the cause of the women; the public as a whole was beginning to admit the possible fitness of women to cultivate a branch of science so inexact and so progressive as medicine.

This was the condition of the medical world for women at the time Mary Harris Thompson was beginning to feel cramped by the narrow confines of the teaching profession. There had already been sufficient agitation to make the subject of hygiene and anatomy popular in the courses of study in the women's colleges, and some of the graduates of the Philadelphia and Boston women's medical colleges had gone out into the seminaries and academies as teachers of these subjects. It had been suggested to Miss Thompson that she take up the study of anatomy and hygiene with a view to adding it to the courses of instruction in the school in which she was employed. During her student life she had become absorbed in these studies and now decided to make a specialty of them. Accordingly, she entered the New England Female Medical College, of which Doctor Zakrzewski had but recently taken charge. Her studies acted as a revelation to her and disclosed the fact that she had not only a ready aptitude for the study of medicine and surgery, but a natural inclination for the work. Faith in her own possibilities was strengthened and her strong character was moved by a new impetus. Long before the end of the first course she had decided to become a physician. With the prejudice still existing, this decision required courage, and proves indeed that other than human forces worked in behalf of woman, in that

women of gentle breeding and high and noble character were selected to open this great field to their sex.

As she believed the duties and responsibilities of a physician were very grave and that a life placed in one's hands to save or to lose should be regarded as a sacred trust, she also believed that preparation for the work of the profession could not be too thorough nor too deep. In 1861 she took her second course in Boston. Afterward she went to New York, to secure hospital practice with Elizabeth Blackwell in the New York Infirmary. For a year or more she was assistant physician, and her high purpose was greatly strengthened by association with the pioneer-philosopher who had opened the medical profession to women. After this practice work she returned to Boston to receive her degree of M.D., just before Doctor Zakrzewski resigned from the New England Female Medical College to found the New England Hospital for Women and Children, the second of its kind to be established.

Doctor Thompson, now fully equipped, in every sense of the word, had but to choose the locality in which to begin her practice. She did not wish to compete with Doctor Blackwell in New York or Doctor Zakrzewski in Boston. Philadelphia had its woman's hospital by this time. There remained Chicago, which now gave promise of being the largest city of the great West. Chicago, then, should be her field. She did not have to make the journey on horseback, nor by water, for a railroad had been opened from the eastern seaboard to Chicago in 1853. There were 30,000 miles of railroad in use in the country, and there was every indication that Chicago would become the railroad center of the country in time. Between 1840 and 1850 more than four million immigrants had come into the United States, many of whom had taken up residence in Chicago, increasing the population there to something like 130,000 in 1863. When Doctor Thompson arrived, in that year, she saw a city mainly of wooden buildings stretched across the plain—buildings by the thousands, built with no thought of resistance to fire. Even the sidewalks were made of pine, and the city's single pumping station, which supplied the mains with water, was covered with a roof of wood. Its citizenry might be divided into two classes. There were the more substantial group of men and women from the Eastern States, who adapted themselves readily to the conditions of frontier life, and that element just arrived from European shores. Even as far back as 1837 the population included forty-five male doctors. There were many more than that now, among them Doctor William Godfrey Dyas and Doctor W. H. Byford. There were but two hospitals in the city, Mercy and Marine; but two medical colleges, Rush, founded in 1837, and Chicago Medical College, afterward part of Northwestern University. The Civil War had been raging two years.

How did this great overgrown city accept its first woman physician,—this cultured, intelligent and thoroughly educated young woman—who had come, a total stranger, relying upon her own resources for success? Was she shunned and insulted as were the other few dauntless souls who had preceded her in the profession? It was said that twice before a woman doctor had attempted to gain a foothold in the city but had been obliged to abandon the field after a short time. Knowing that she would find it necessary to combat long-established and not easily eradicated prejudices, Doctor Thompson felt at the outset that her success was problematical. She knew that her arrival in Chicago, to engage in the practice of medicine, would be looked upon by the profession as an innovation, and whether she was to receive from established practitioners a modicum of sympathy and encouragement or was to meet with professional ostracism, as did her predecessors, were questions which gave her no little uneasiness.

While her career was hardly free from

difficulties and embarrassments, her intelligence, culture and thorough womanliness commended her to all with whom she came in contact. In the full tide of her young womanhood, she was a handsome creature, with raven black hair and soft black eyes out of which shone a sweetness of spirit that gave her classical face a rare charm. Chicago soon discovered that it was not only easy to tolerate its first woman doctor but that it had every reason to view her with pride. They found that she was not only a woman of culture and charm who would compare favorably with any of the socially elect of the city, but that she was master of her profession —that she loved it not because of personal ambition but for what it could do for others. That she was a surgeon as well as a physician added greatly to the importance of her career.

She had not long to wait for success. Her patients came from all ranks of society, and she often had large fees for performing important and dangerous surgical operations. Of a warm-hearted, generous desposition, she not only gave her professional services to the poor but followed them to their homes, giving food and shelter where needed. Her patients, rich and poor, became her friends for life. Although she was what was called a "woman's woman," she was always too busy utilizing the opportunities for work that offered to spend time in preaching the gospel of the rights of her sex. Because there was that in her conduct, bearing and utterance which inhibited any suspicion that she was other than a noble and true woman, she received the kindly aid and encouragement of some of the most eminent physicians of the city. In her they found a woman gifted with a strong physique, a brilliant mind, well trained in the best forms of society and thoroughly grounded in the professional principles as laid down by the authorities of her time. Added to a personal charm of manner was ability to estimate the true value of those who surrounded her and infinite tact in dealing with human vagaries.

She soon realized that Chicago needed a hospital for women and children. The Civil War was in progress, and appeals were often made to her in behalf of suffering wives and children of the absent soldiers. The result of these appeals was to hasten her action in an attempt to secure the necessary coöperation and raise funds for an instituiton where poor or unfortunate women and children could receive medical care. She received splendid support from the more philanthropic of the clergy and many warm-hearted men and women of Chicago. A Hospital Association was formed, a building was rented at Rush and Indiana Streets and opened as a hospital on the eighth of May, 1865.

This institution, known as the Chicago Hospital for Women and Children, was the third woman's hospital in the country, and the third of any kind in Chicago. Accommodating fourteen beds, it contained on the ground floor two rooms convenient for dispensary use and a small one for medicines. Doctor Thompson had only the assistance of a young woman medical student in her work here. At the end of a year larger quarters were secured at 212 Ohio Street, where the Hospital remained two years. In 1869 it moved to 402 North State Street, into a large wooden house with grounds. During these first years of its existence, Doctor Thompson had frequent applications from young women students for a place to work in the Hospital and an opportunity to attend regular courses in medical lectures at the same time. With her usual readiness to give aid to others, she applied to Rush Medical College and was twice refused. The next request was made of the Chicago Medical College. Five women were allowed to enter there, but after the first year they were not allowed to return because of the animosity of the male students. Doctor Thompson then determined to open a medical school for women only, and received in this movement the support and encouragement of Doctors Byford, Dyas and other eminent physicians. A faculty was chosen,

with Doctor Byford at its head, the hospital and college incorporated as the Woman's Hospital Medical College and opened in October, 1870. Rooms in the hospital were appropriated for the school and Doctor Thompson was for a time one of its professors. In 1871 Chicago's wooden houses were practically wiped out by the great fire. Doctor Thompson saw the work of years destroyed in an hour, but stayed at her post until all the sick were saved from destruction by fire. She had, at last, to flee for her own life, and drove her horse far out on the prairie, where with a couple of women friends she remained sitting in her phaeton all night.

Up to this time, the charity work of the hospital and dispensary had covered the treatment of about seven thousand patients, all of whom had been taken care of by Doctor Thompson with the assistance of one student. At the same time she had an increasing private practice. After the fire, two questions naturally arose: Could the hospital be brought back to active life, and might a woman physician still hope for a place to work in what was left of Chicago, a mass of blackened ruins? These were discouraging days for the physician and philanthropist, but failure in undertaking was a possibility which seldom had place in her consideration. When prospects were most depressing she doubled her exertions and went on. The need of a hospital for the homeless and suffering was far greater now than ever before. A house at 598 West Adams Street was being used temporarily for a hospital. It opened after the flames died down with "a pair of pillows, a pair of blankets, nine square feet of carpeting and one helpless patient." But the house was soon filled with the sick, burned and wounded. Some way must be found to keep the hospital going. Doctor Thompson was asked to go to Boston and New York and make a special plea in behalf of the enterprise. With characteristic promptness she answered, "No. I can work but I don't know how to beg." Robert Collyer, recognizing the charm of her strong and beautiful womanhood, insisted, and she consented to go.

The calamity that had overtaken the great city attracted world-wide sympathy, and from everywhere came donations and offers of assistance. Naturally Doctor Thompson's mission did not fail, and in 1873 a building was bought for a permanent hospital at Paulina and Adams Streets, another small building on the same plot to be utilized for the medical school. After some years, the house became old and weakened, and contributions were made for a new building, which, planned and built according to Doctor Thompson's ideas, was opened in 1885. This marked a happy day for the founder. While congratulations for her achievement came thick upon her, her only reply in her direct manner, devoid of all trace of self-adulation, was: "If I have helped to make life more comfortable to the poor and oppressed, or made a place for women to work more easily than I have done, the assurance of that is my recompense."

In 1872 the first general training school for nurses was opened in the East, and in 1874 the special education of nurses was commenced in Doctor Thompson's hospital, under her direction.

In the course of her work in Chicago she was received into the Chicago Medical Society; the State Medical Society; the American Medical Society and the International Medical Society. At a meeting of the American Medical Society, she read the first paper ever presented to it by a woman. In 1887 she was a member of the International Medical Congress held in Washington, District of Columbia, where she received distinguished consideration. To quote one writer: "Her admission to these organizations, upon an equal footing with the most renowned physicians of the country, has been a tribute to her superior professional attainments, her strict adherence to the code of medical ethics, and her skill and ability as a practitioner of medicine. It is only when we take a careful survey of the field within which she has

confined her operations that the magnitude and importance of her work becomes fully apparent." In 1870 Doctor Thompson was granted a degree from the Northwestern University (which had absorbed the former Chicago Medical College as its medical department), the only degree in medicine ever awarded to a woman physician by that institution. During the twenty-seven years she had been at work in Chicago the number of women physicians there had grown to almost a hundred, all of whom had been graduated regularly from medical colleges and engaged in successful practice. Hospitals were beginning to open their doors to women; men physicians throughout the country were endeavoring to be polite to their women colleagues.

It has been said of this great pioneer that "for years the title of doctor was denied her." This misunderstanding may be cleared up completely when one reflects that at the time Doctor Thompson embarked upon her professional career she was a young and beautiful woman, and neither men nor women could then bring themselves to address her by the somewhat unpopular title of "Doctor." An incident in the life of Doctor Marie Zakrzewski illustrates this point. When about to appear at some social function connected with the raising of funds for the first woman's hospital, the ladies who sponsored her were extremely nervous and puzzled as to how they should introduce her. She was too young to be called "Madame" and "Miss" did not sound well with her unpronouncable name, while "Doctor"—Oh, no! they could not call her that; and "doctress" was not reputable. So, what? And the question is left for the reader to ponder over. It is evident, in the case of Doctor Thompson, that it was from no lack of respect, nor desire to withhold an honor due, that she was called "Miss" instead of "Doctor."

It has also been stated that when she began to operate, Doctor Thompson was never allowed to proceed unless a male doctor was present. This arose from the fact that she always felt free to call in one of the older doctors of the profession for consultation whenever she deemed it necessary, which is not an unusual thing for doctors in general to do. As there were no other women doctors, she naturally had to consult with one of the men doctors of the city.

As a matter of fact, Doctor Thompson's surgical work was especially noteworthy, because of the very prejudice attending this particular branch of medical service in the hands of a woman. She was conservative, but when she saw the indications clear she did not shrink from the most difficult case and her operative work was characterized by precision and dexterity of manipulation. To quote one authority, writing in 1890: "It is now twenty years since her first operations in abdominal and pelvic surgery were performed, and the degree of success which has attended her operations is evidenced by the fact that several years since, she was called upon to perform the first major operation for women, and for the attending staff of women, in the Woman's Hospital at Minneapolis."

Hers was a nature attracting friendship from every walk of life, but she was especially happy with a few, among them Ella Flagg Young (q. v.) who did so much for Chicago's schools at the same time Doctor Thompson carried on her benevolent services.

At the beginning of 1895, Doctor Thompson and her hospital had done a good work for humanity, in the treatment of many thousands of women and children, among whom were representatives of nearly all nationalities and creeds. It has been said by those who may speak with authority that in no city in the United States could a more admirably managed institution of its kind be found. Through all these years it was the object of her tenderest care and solicitude. Always she was its executive head. As upon her shoulders rested the chief responsibility for its conduct and management, to her is credited in like measure the success of the enterprise. Her efforts in

behalf of the higher education of women have not been less conspicuously successful than her efforts to build up a hospital for sick and dependent women and children. A woman of simple wants, she cared nothing for a great personal fortune, and had a unique and delicate way of bestowing benevolence by saying when payment was proffered for valuable professional services that it was time enough to attend to such matters when the bill was sent.

At the thirtieth anniversary of the founding of her institution, May 8, 1895, a reception was given by the Board of Trustees to physicians, former members of the Board, patients, nurses and internes. To quote from the description of this event by Mrs. George Oberne, for almost a quarter of a century on the Board of Managers: "Doctor Thompson's innate modesty was displayed when she hid her face behind her fan as she heard herself described by one of the older physicians as a young and beautiful girl. She presented a pleasing appearance on this occasion, and bore her honors meekly, though she was the recipient of many compliments and congratulations. She was tastefully dressed in a heavy silk of golden brown, with delicate lace in the neck and sleeves, made up plainly. Her dark hair, which had become silvery white with advancing age, was drawn smoothly back from her noble brow and twisted in a coil at the back of her head. However, her dark eyes had lost none of their brilliancy, and her smile was as winning as in the days of her youth."

In less than two weeks from this date her busy life ended very suddenly. After her death, the name of the institution she founded was changed from Chicago Hospital for Women and Children to the Mary Thompson Hospital for Women and Children. It is said that this honor had been urged upon her but she would not consent to the change of name. She cared nothing for the honor but a great deal for the work.

On January 30, 1905, a portrait memorial bust of Doctor Thompson was presented to the Art Institute of Chicago by the Board of Managers of the Mary Thompson Hospital. The bust was the work of the sculptor, Daniel Chester French, and was the first memorial bust of a woman physician in America. At the presentation ceremonies many beautiful and eloquent tributes were paid to Chicago's pioneer woman physician and surgeon. A quotation from that of W. M. Salter is representative: "I have chiefly personal memories of her—all pleasant and some very tender ones. I recall her cheerful face up in the hills of New Hampshire. I think she was one of the sweetest women I ever knew. I can imagine her grave or sad or perhaps righteously indignant, but I find it hard to picture her angry, and impossible to think of her as harsh or unkind or bitter. Her face had a rare charm. As a girl she must have been a beautiful creature—but it was the sweetness of her spirit that shone out in those soft, rich eyes. We friends who knew her are glad of her likeness here in this public place; she deserved the recognition, for she was one who worked untiringly for better things and better institutions in Chicago. She was one that the Wisest of Men had in mind when He wrote: 'A gracious one retaineth honor.' "

In truth it may be said that the motto on the escutcheon of her paternal ancestors, *In luminum luce*, was an expression fitting for this scion of her race. More light was for her a deep-seated desire.

WHEELER, CANDACE THURBER (Mrs. Thomas Mason Wheeler), artist, and craftsman, was born March 24, 1827, in Delhi, Delaware County, New York, the daughter of Abner and Lucy Dunham Thurber. The Thurbers were of Huguenot ancestry, the name having been originally de Turberville. They came to this country in the eighteenth century and settled near Providence, Rhode Island. Doctor Abner Thurber, her grandfather, went to Salem, Massachusetts, where he married into the Pickering family.

Mrs. Candace Wheeler was the founder of the Society of Decorative Art and a little later, with her friend, Mrs. William Choate, evolved the idea of the Woman's Exchange, to supplement the work of the Decorative Art Society. This extended opportunities to the home woman who was skilled in cooking luxuries and making useful and pretty articles for the home that hardly fell into the distinction of "Decorative Art." Mrs. Wheeler was also the moving spirit of the Associated Artists, which was the moving force of the growth of industrial art throughout the country. Mrs. Wheeler was appointed Director of the Bureau of Applied Arts of the Woman's Building at the Columbian Exposition. She is the author of books on interior decoration and embroidery and allied subjects, and after she was ninety years old wrote her autobiography, *Yesterdays in a Busy Life.*

Candace Thurber grew up on her father's farm, on the uplands of the Delaware Valley, which are really the foot hills of the Catskill Mountains.

Her parents reared a family of eight children of whom Candace was the third—all destined in due time to take their useful places in the varied activities of our country.

Her father and mother had brought with them from their Puritan ancestors the traditions of the sturdy pioneers, well educated in self reliance, habits of thrift and industry, and knowing all the crafts of home making in a completeness seen most often in the early Southern plantations.

Spinning and weaving, both of wool and flax, for winter and summer garments was entirely a matter of course. Both the sheep and the flax were grown on the farm for that purpose. Trapping, curing and preparing of the furs for cold weather wear, were the usual part of the family duties.

Of all food products there was competent handling; the making of butter and cheese, the curing and packing of meats, the drying or preserving of fruits and vegetables provided a well filled larder for family and friends. Sometimes, outside wild food would come to them—as witness a small adventure of the little Candace:

One early summer evening she was sent out to "water down" some webs of flax lying on the margin of a nearby stream. While carefully doing her work, she was annoyed by a big strange dog that followed her about, snuffling and growling. Finally, its attentions became so alarming that she ran home and told of it. Her father and brothers slipped out with their guns and for sometime afterward the family added bear steaks to their menu.

It was easy to discern her New England parentage in the energy and enterprise of her character and the interesting blending of idealism with the intensely practical.

Her father early developed her love of nature and showed her how to express its beauty in words. She often told of going to meet him when he came home at the hour of sunset, and they would take this time from their busy lives to sit on a rock in the upper meadow and watch the day die into dusk and the pale glimmering of the lovely Delaware deepen into darkness in the valley. Then they would walk home, hand in hand, exchanging thoughts, and that night each would find time to translate what they had seen and felt into a poem to be read to each other at their next meeting in their chosen study—the upper meadow.

Candace's grandparents came from Salem, Massachusetts. Her grandmother, Lois Pickering, and her twin sister Eunice, were orphans and lived with their cousin, Timothy Pickering of Salem, who was an active and well known character in New England history, having been Secretary of War, also, Secretary of State under George Washington, and again Secretary of State under John Adams.

Her grandfather, Doctor Abner Thurber, was of Huguenot ancestry, the name Thurber having originally been de Turberville. His family settled near Providence, Rhode Island, and from thence he came to live in Salem.

This young man met and fell in love with Lois Pickering, but his suit was not pleasing to her guardians because of the doctor's frivolous tastes and habits. He loved to play on the violin and flute, and it was even whispered that he was in favor of that most ungodly pastime—dancing!

So one day these young people quietly eloped, taking the violin and flute and their happy youth along to find a new life and home in what was then considered the wilderness. Lois rode on a pillion behind her husband and they broke their long journey at the rare villages or scanty farm houses along the way. They were always welcome guests for the gay young doctor had professional skill as well as a charming temperament and musical gifts. They finally came to Cooperstown, which was their objective, and there they lived happily and raised a family of four children. After awhile the good doctor laid down his cheerful and helpful life, and the children grew up and scattered.

Abner 2nd, the eldest son and father of Candace, took his young wife and his mother fifty miles west to Delhi where he bought the large hill farm upon which his eight children were born and reared until they again were scattered into the world, this time to big cities.

This was the background and environment in which Candace Thurber was brought up, trained in all the useful arts by her able mother, and in the higher walks of the mind, in poetry and writing and drawing by her most unusual father.

Music also enriched the family life, for this gift had been freely lavished upon all the brothers and sisters by the doctor grandfather. They all played instruments and all sang, some of them more than merely well.

At the early age of seventeen, Candace married Thomas Mason Wheeler, a merchant from New York, who was spending his summer vacation in Delhi. With him she left her early active country life, in the quiet Valley of the Delaware, to become in time an equally active member of the literary, artistic and social life of New York.

Nearly all the painters and writers of the latter half of the nineteenth century became the friends of Mr. and Mrs. Wheeler and were familiar figures in the pleasant home that was their own by right of their eager active minds. Nor were the many friends confined to this country alone, as the attractions of this hospitable household drew many guests from other countries.

It was not until her four children were grown and while she was still a young woman in the full flush of her mental and physical energies, that Mrs. Wheeler came into the true range of her really useful and beautiful life.

Always interested in the lives of women less fortunate than herself, she turned the inspiration of her mind and heart to the task of helping them to help themselves. Her thought was to show them how to make use of such talents as they had, just where they were, in their own homes. As yet the way was not open for women to go out into the world and get the education and special training they desired or needed. Many, nearly all, in fact, led starved ignorant lives in their isolated homes. If, by chance, their husbands were unable to give them freedom from actual drudgery, then, indeed, they were really marooned in very empty lives. Needle work was their only outlet, the one form of decoration to feed the eternal yearning for beauty in the human heart.

It was at this point, and to meet this need that with the aid of friends she founded the Society of Decorative Art. It was not so very long after this Society was in the full flush of its work that she found that it did not entirely meet the need that she meant it to. She had begun in the middle and it only covered the middle register. Here her friend, Mrs. Wm. Choate, came to the rescue and between these two clever and good women the *Women's Exchange* was evolved, which valuable Society Mrs. Choate founded and man-

aged the rest of her life. This Society helped not only the women who could paint or embroider, but also those who could cook luxuries for the sick or make jellies and preserves and cake, and thousands of useful and pretty articles of the household that could not be called "Decorative Art."

After awhile, and very naturally, the other end of this Society of Decorative Art sprouted, and from it the Associated Artists grew and bloomed to its great and unexpected usefulness to the industrial art of the country.

Mrs. Wheeler brought into this Association three of our foremost painters, who took as vivid an interest in the application of principles of art to the industrial necessities of life as she did, and the four came together as naturally as rain-drops in a pool.

Louis C. Tiffany, who was already enriching the world with his stained glass, mosaics, and Favril glass, Samuel Coleman, an exquisite colorist and designer as well as landscape painter, and Lockwood de Forest, whose research in oriental color and design and whose intimate knowledge of its just application has never been surpassed, made the group of which Mrs. Wheeler was the natural and inevitable completion with her extensive knowledge of all kinds of textiles and weavings and embroideries. This early association marked the opening of the field of trained art to the industries of this country, and it is not too much to claim for it that it inspired most of the effort that soon became manifest in all forms of our domestic art and decoration.

Although *The Associated Artists* was of comparatively short duration it did its work very thoroughly. Art schools and artist artistan schools sprang up all over the country and the mind of the growing generation was turned to a higher plane than mere utility, in nearly every line of domestic life. The principles of form, line and color became a necessity in manufacturing of all kinds. Particularly, design in wall papers, hangings, dress materials, carpets and rugs benefited by the movement, but its advantages penetrated far and wide in other branches too numerous to mention.

Mrs. Wheeler lectured and wrote much on these subjects and she mothered with her experience and sympathy many new enterprises inspired by this growth, that have since become established and flourishing businesses.

Her little book and many articles on home rug making were instrumental in reviving this household industry that has now become of such wide spread value.

She wrote a useful book on interior decoration, and a history of embroidery in our own country from Colonial times. Incidentally, her love and understanding of nature brought one of the earliest and most charming little garden books into print, called *Content in a Garden*—as well as sundry and sporadic essays on fruit trees and garden flowers and weeds, gathered under the name of *Doorstep Acquaintances*. These essays are recognized to be classics in their way.

It was during the busy and productive period of the work of the Associated Artists, that Mrs. Wheeler was appointed Director of the Bureau of Applied Arts of the Woman's Building, at the Columbian Exposition of which her friend, Mrs. Potter Palmer, was head. This was, indeed, a test of her knowledge and ability to adjust forms of European art and industries, reflected through foreign temperaments with which she had had no former dealings. It was a most exhilirating experience and gave her a wide outlook on world commerce and European manners and methods.

In spite, or perhaps because of these engrossing activities, Mrs. Wheeler found time to join her brother, Francis B. Thurber, of New York, in founding a Club and Summer Settlement in the Catskills, called *Onteora*, the Indian name of this region, meaning *Hills of the Sky*. This Club started as a small group of personal friends, mostly literary men and women, artists and musicians, and comprising some of the best known people of our country. Although nearly all of these friends have now

passed the Great Divide, the Club still flourishes under the same name and includes many new people who enrich our literature and art.

Mrs. Wheeler's last book was her autobiography called *Yesterdays in a Busy Life.* Although it was written after her ninetieth birthday, it is as vital and freshly interesting as anything she had written earlier. It is a thrilling story of a vivid mentality progressing from an almost pioneer farm life through the growth and development of our still young civilization. It is a record of a life lived in fullness and unselfishness for the help of others and graced with all the charm of a most unusual personality.

Mrs. Wheeler closed her eyes upon the world she had loved and served so well on August 5, 1923. Her life was just four years less than the full century.

LEWIS, JANET COOK, librarian and "book doctor," daughter of William Hall and Eleanore Clark Lewis, was born in Columbus, Ohio. On her father's side she is descended from Anthony Rawling, who came from Whitby, England, and settled in New York, in 1763; on her mother's side, from Joseph Stephens, an officer in the Revolution.

Miss Lewis is known to the world as "Doctor of Books." Not only is she an experienced librarian but she is the discoverer of a process for preventing disintegration of the bindings of priceless volumes, the larger part of her active life having been spent in applying this treatment to the collections found in America's great private libraries. She is the first and probably the most reliable authority on the subject of leather bindings and their preservation. Although educated as an artist, it was not as a painter of portraits that she was destined to achieve fame. Fate selected for her an entirely different occupation, and in yielding to the very insistent call for her services she opened a new field, one hitherto undreamed of. She had no predecessors and there seem to be no successors, so that apparently she will stand alone throughout the ages as the single exponent of her unique art.

When a very little girl Miss Lewis resolved to become an artist, and after receiving a public school education she went to New York to take a course in portraiture. Four years at Cooper Union prepared her for work in her chosen field, and following her graduation she established herself in an attractive little studio on West Twenty-third Street. Although interested primarily in the painting of portraits, she was wide awake to everything affecting women, and she had not been in New York long before she became aware that living conditions for women could be vastly improved. There was no place for them but hotels and boarding houses. Apartment buildings did not exist. For a time she lived in an apartment at Marlborough Arms, but, irked by the hotel life and utter absence of the home atmosphere, she began to open the subject of living quarters for women with other artists and salaried women. All were of one mind in that they felt the need of something better than existed, but nothing definite came of such discussions until the "bachelor girl" idea was conceived.

At the time Miss Lewis was hanging out her shingle in West Twenty-third Street—in the late nineties—that thoroughfare was just beginning to succumb to the steady demands of business, and the staid old residences along the street were being turned into business houses. The old Van Renssalaer home was the first of the brownstone residences to suffer this ignominy, and was made over into studios and living apartments. The famous Twelfth Night Club found its first home there, and Miss Lewis, with three other artist friends, of whom one was her sister, Miss M. A. Lewis, joined forces in the occupancy of one of the living apartments. These bold pioneers thus brought public attention to the great need of apartment homes for cultured women, and their establishment may be said to have opened the way to the later growth of the apartment house movement in New York

and other cities. "Bachelor girls" became the popular phrase of the hour, and the four on West Twenty-third Street received a great deal of attention from the newspapers, which made generous use of them as subjects for copy. The following is typical:

"The unmarried woman brushes usage aside and takes a little flat or a few rooms and establishes herself therein, builds an altar for her own *lares* and *penates* and breathes deep, strong breaths of freedom, feeling her soul expand in the atmosphere of its own creation. . . . There are many such homes in all the large cities now, although the smaller towns still look askance upon the daring few. These "bachelor girls" as a rule are in the professions, those of journalism, music and painting supplying the greater number. There is the truly artistic gregariousness of spirit in these, and one finds whole colonies of artists. . . . A beautiful home is that of the Misses Lewis. Theirs is an apartment, with a real kitchen and a dignified dining room, but they have 'just as good times' as if it were an apartment of burlap draperies. Miss M. A. Lewis is an interior decorator, and has furnished artistic arrangements to homes in nearly every state of the Union—country homes, city homes and bachelor apartments. In the Lewis apartment the furniture is mostly Chippendale—the real thing—with a few harmonious modern pieces. An ancient brass warming pan and fire irons are in evidence, and on a table stand are a gleaming samovar and tea things."

In this studio was born, early in the twentieth century, the Pen and Brush Club, today the most notable organization of women writers, painters, sculptors and craftsmen in America. Miss Janet C. Lewis was first to suggest the idea, and to her goes the honor of becoming the Founder.

While busy painting portraits, Miss Lewis did not lose the greater idea which had come to her earlier in her New York life—the establishing of some central home for women, one large building, cut up into living apartments. Through the influence of Mrs. Elizabeth B. Custer (wife of the famous General Custer), she made the acquaintance of Mrs. Candace Wheeler, in whom she found a kindred spirit. Their mutual interest resulted in a definite plan of action, to build an apartment house with money raised by subscription from women. Miss Lewis became so absorbed in this work eventually that she gave up everything else to push it, and after herculean efforts the movement organized so far as to obtain funds and an option on a plot of ground. The plans were all made, based on a definite cost, when the architect suddenly died.

It was then found advisable to cancel this option, but later an option was obtained on another property, all the arrangements were made and the contracts almost let, when Miss Lewis suffered a breakdown from overwork and was obliged to drop everything and go abroad for her health. When she returned she found that several of the women who had subscribed had organized under the name of the Women's Hotel Club and had engineered matters in a direction quite foreign to Miss Lewis' original idea, and she abandoned the whole project. Their efforts resulted in the building of the Martha Washington Hotel, but Miss Lewis was not interested in a hotel—it was the apartment house for which she was striving.

Her work as a portrait painter had brought her into contact with many prominent New York women, among them Mrs. Richard Morris Hunt, wife of the famous architect. When visiting the Hunt home one day she was invited to inspect the beautiful art work on some of the book bindings in the library. After her husband's death, Mrs. Hunt desired to get the vast collection of architectural books classified and catalogued for the use of her sons, but was so dismayed by the size of the task she looked about for some one competent to assist her. This must be one who loved books, appreciated their value and who could be trusted to handle them with care. No ordinary person would do. She turned to the

young portrait-painter. Would she, as an act of friendship, help with the task? Miss Lewis knew nothing of library work, but that was no handicap because Mrs. Hunt had very pronounced ideas of her own, and desired nothing so much as some one to carry them out. And so Miss Lewis joined in the task of classifying, cataloguing, and otherwise systematizing the great Hunt Architectural and Art library.

A more adequate estimate of the value of this priceless collection may be obtained when it is learned that among the rare and beautiful volumes included was a set of Piranesis' plates bound in 1792. Today in auction rooms a single original plate of this work sells for large sums, and the set contained 29 volumes. As she progressed with the work, Miss Lewis was distressed to find many of the expensive bindings disintegrating and falling to pieces. Love for and sympathy with the inarticulate, as well as a desire to rescue objects of such priceless value, gave her the impetus toward inventing or discovering something that would prevent this decay and waste. Eventually she came to know and love the books for their own sakes. She began to study the various forms of bindings, the style of printing and the different textures and materials which bookbinders have used throughout the centuries since Gutenberg first carved letters with a pocket-knife on squares of wood and was laughed at for an idle fool. Living as she did in this atmosphere of books, she came to know the various diseases which attack old volumes, and tried to find some compound which would arrest the destroying effects of age and worms.

Rare books as they grow older suffer, as men do, from the infirmities of age. But here ends the similarity between books and men; for age increases the value of books. To preserve their age value is the care of every true booklover, whether the book be a private or public possession. Old books require a special regimen. Those bought abroad and transported to our climate are peculiarly sensitive to the atmospheric change, to the living conditions of our houses and of the public institutions in which they are housed. Damage to books comes largely from ignorance of their need of care or indifference to it—and damage to an old book is what a flaw is to a diamond—an æsthetic blight, a slump in commercial value. Books are personalities; their value—æsthetic and commercial—is materially affected, like that of human beings, by the treatment they receive. Miss Lewis discovered that books must have air and light in order to remain healthy. She found that when books are confined in cases behind glass doors which shut out the air they rapidly disintegrate. She observed that packing books into a case without regard for the proper spacing was equivalent to stifling them. But she searched in vain for the panacea which should make old books as new.

At last, however, fortune favored her through the late Professor William Pennington, a noted chemist, who was called as an expert to analyze the geological deposit created, the United States Government geologist affirms, by the washing up of a school of fish on the rank vegetation bordering the Gulf of Mexico. This deposit, when properly retorted, produces a vegetable and animal oil, effectively assimilated by leather, which leather chemists claim has a remarkable preservative quality. As Miss Lewis gained experience in using these oils she grew bolder and made experiments on her own account; so that when the library was all catalogued and ready for the expert who came to appraise it, he exclaimed in surprise, declaring he had never seen old leather bindings in such excellent condition.

Now, indeed, Miss Lewis knew she had found what she had so long been seeking. Having her remedy, she set out to prove it to a doubting world—and at first it was indeed a doubting world. Experienced librarians smiled at her statements, and politeness was all that prevented them from laughing outright. One or two, who were willing to be

convinced, permitted her to try her compound on some of their less valuable works, and the changed aspect of the worn old volumes, which had been given up as doomed to disintegration, opened their eyes.

Miss Belle da Costa Green, head librarian of the J. P. Morgan collection of old volumes and early manuscripts, heard of the wonderful work being done by her fellow-librarian. She came, looked upon the results obtained, and was conquered. Miss Lewis was heartily recommended to Mr. Morgan as the ideal person to restore his library, in which thousands of priceless books were in danger from the countless perils which beset them. She had opportunity here to test her process on every kind of binding, from the hardest old pigskin to those of unrivalled beauty and delicacy. The application of her lubricant required the hand of the trained expert; careless application would either soil, or do irreparable injury; it was essential to know how much of the oil the leather and other material would absorb—a knowledge gained only through experience.

It may be thought by those uninitiated in bookish affairs that simple books, bound in the hide of the humble calf or sheep, are matters too insignificant to deserve a great amount of toil and trouble. They are not. Imagine, for instance, the scientific interest alone of a book such as one of Caxton's early editions. Conceive the interest which an original manuscript of Tasso or Chaucer possesses for students and research workers, to whom the chance of altering a comma in reprinting may change the value of an entire phrase. Imagine the historical value of a book such as the Geography of Mary Stuart, the ill-fated Queen of two nations, with its marginal comments in her own handwriting—one of the volumes treated in the Morgan library.

Her unique service attracted the attention of newspapers and magazines, and Miss Lewis was called "Doctor of Books," her work in restoring books being compared to that of the physician whose mission is to restore human beings to health. Her fame was well established through her work in the Morgan library and she was sought after by libraries everywhere—both here and abroad. Among other things, she was called upon to deal with the ravages of book worms. It was found that her solution not only restored leather bindings but contained antiseptic qualities, making it a foe to insects and germs. While working in the Boston Athæneum library she found the bindings of a hundred volumes destroyed by book worms.

During the course of her busy life she has been brought into contact with many curious volumes. In one of the libraries she treated, she found the collection of books which once belonged to Lothrop, the historian, of Boston, rare works on alchemy and occult sciences, and some interesting black letter books which once belonged to the collections of John Sharp, an English divine who started the first public libraries in the Colonies. During the Revolution they were stolen by the British soldiers and sold for drink, afterward being rescued from grog shops and other places. In the Bar Association library in New York, containing many thousand volumes, was the collection which once belonged to Martin Van Buren, some 250 books, all of which had been rebound. In the Morgan library she found rare editions of Caxton, and in the Academy of Medicine were quaint books of its profession. In another library Miss Lewis found the complete collection of the works of Israel Silvestre, a famous engraver of the seventeenth century, who was employed by Louis XIV to engrave views of all places conquered by him. A superb work of Du Sommerard entitled *Les Arts du Moyen Age*, in six volumes, also passed through her hands. In the home of Daniel B. Fearing, of Newport, she found a complete and unique library on fishes. Among other rare books she has encountered in her work is the first known *bound* book, a Greek Bible, bound in 800 A. D. in reindeer skin. Private libraries treated often contained as many as 8,000 volumes. All the old parch-

ment and vellum documents must be especially studied to ascertain absorbent possibilities, the amount of dryness and porosity, and like problems.

Miss Lewis has often been called upon to give lectures on her work, speaking before clubs and over the radio. These talks are always full of interesting facts and replete with allusions to famous books and persons. Her work in the library of Mrs. James T. Field, of Boston, revealed to her that it was Mrs. Field's musical and literary ability that attracted to her salons Thackeray, Dickens, Lowell, Holmes, Paderewski, Neilson and other celebrities. This library was particularly interesting because of its almost universally autographed and personally annotated volumes.

In all probability hers is the most novel profession in the country, and today she is recognized as the world's only "Doctor of Books."

In 1891 a group of young women writers and artists frequently met in the late afternoon for a cup of tea, in the studio of one of its members, and to discuss the events of the day. The meetings became of such interest in their busy lives they often attracted others working along the same lines, and at the suggestion of Miss Janet C. Lewis, at whose studio in the old Van Renssalear house on East Twenty-third Street, near Lexington Avenue, the meetings were held, a club was formed, to be known as *The Pen and Brush*.

As "great trees from little acorns grow," so has this representative club grown from ten charter members to a list of more than three hundred and fifty resident and non-resident, all of whom are professional workers, many of them having achieved fame through their work.

The first presiding officer was Miss Lillie Hamilton French, at that time one of the leading magazine writers. Ill health prevented her taking an active part as the club grew, and for two or three years Mrs. Muchmore (prominent afterward in interior decoration) was the chairman of the Governing Board, which directed its affairs. She was succeeded by Mrs. Grace Gallatin Thompson-Seton, who served efficiently and faithfully for fourteen years as its guiding spirit. The first formal or regular meetings were held in the Assembly Room of the Fifth Avenue Hotel, after which a club room was established on West Twenty-second Street in the rear of Stern Brothers' department store. Miss Ida M. Tarbell succeeded Mrs. Seton and she still (in 1925) remains the honored president. By her vision and with the splendid financial guidance of Mrs. Martha Evans Martin (author of *The Friendly Stars* and other well-known books on Astronomy), the club is now the proud possessor of its own home in the old and still dignified residential section of East Tenth Street.

There the members extend their cordial hospitality to the noted representatives of both artists and writers, and admission to membership is being sought by those whose names are listed among the famous.

DIKE, JEANNIE DEAN SCOTT (Mrs. Camden C. Dike), philanthropist, reformer, was born in Rochester, New York, July 11, 1838. She was the daughter of David Scott and Maria Stanton Scott. On her mother's side, Mrs. Dike is descended from Thomas Stanton, who came from England on the *Bonaventure*, in 1635. Through the maternal line, her mother was a descendant of John Alden.

Jeannie Scott attended a private school for girls in her native city and later was graduated from Igham University, LeRoy, New York. This was a most unusual education for the times—going into many subjects deemed unsuitable for a young woman's brain.

In 1857, Miss Scott married Camden C. Dike at Attica, New York. Mr. Dike, who came of early New England stock, was a native of Providence, Rhode Island, and a wool merchant of New York City.

Mrs. Dike came as a bride to Brooklyn and,

JEANNIE DEAN SCOTT DIKE

with her husband, became at once a part of the charming social life on the Heights, which was then developing into one of the most interesting social centers of what is now Greater New York.

She became identified with the Church of the Pilgrims and with its social and philanthropic activities. When a home for self-supporting women was contemplated, Mrs. Dike was the natural one to whom to appeal and it was owing to her sympathetic spirit and indefatigable perseverance that such a home was established and has since proven its value. In this connection the Business Women's Union, in which for many years she was active, was organized. It is now a self-supporting institution to aid working women.

Early in her long career of usefulness, she became interested in the general subject of health and sanitation, especially as applied to the responsibility of the city toward its citizens. She was influential in organizing the Health Protective Association of Brooklyn and was its president and a director for many years.

Mrs. Dike later became identified with the hospital work of the city and was chairman, through a long period, of the Ladies' Aid Association of the Brooklyn Homeopathic Hospital, which conducted fairs in the old Academy of Music of Brooklyn and elaborate entertainments which were interesting to the society both of Brooklyn and New York.

She was one of the first to advocate the cause of women's suffrage and became an ardent supporter and a profound believer in its ultimate adoption as a part of the fundamental law of this country. She was an earnest, but not a violent, propagandist. Frequently it was said to her, "Mrs. Dike, if all the suffrage women were as pleasant in urging this measure as you are, I think that I could be tempted to believe in it."

It was not only the practical that attracted Mrs. Dike's aid and enlisted her ready coöperation. Beauty in its many phases was even dearer to her, and the philanthropies that were established to make life more enjoyable, she regarded as her recreation. She was the president of the Plant, Flower and Fruit Guide and founded with Mrs. Packer and other ladies of Brooklyn the Masters School of Music, to give instruction in music in its highest development. She was the first president of the board of this school and held the office for fourteen years.

Her home was pre-ëminently Mrs. Dike's first thought, her family her first care. For many years, until Mr. Dike's death in 1895, the sincerest hospitality was to be found at their charming house on Brooklyn Heights, overlooking the harbor of New York. These were the beautiful old days on the Heights when Mrs. Dike's neighbors were the families of Stranahan, Low, Morgan, Pierrepont, Prentice, Brookman, Carhart and scores of other leaders in that interesting period of social activities. These were also the days of the Reverend Richard S. Storrs of the Church of the Pilgrims and of Henry Ward Beecher, the eminent preacher of Plymouth Church, both intimate friends of Mrs. Dike.

The quality above all that Mrs. Dike so generously possessed and showed throughout her active and useful life was an infinite tact, that wonderful power of making friends and of avoiding the tragedy of making enemies.

Mrs. Dike was always alive to the political situation and to questions relating to national, state and civic activities. She was president of the Women's Municipal League and a director in the Manhattan Branch of the League, which brought her into close touch with the public affairs of New York City.

Intensely patriotic, she threw herself in her early twenties into the absorbing work for wounded soldiers during the Civil War. At its conclusion she went with Mr. Dike and a distinguished company to Charlestown, South Carolina, to witness the raising of the flag over Fort Sumpter, from which pilgrimage was inaugurated the "Sumpter Society." When she was approaching her eightieth birthday, in the World War she was again the enthusi-

astic war worker, giving of herself and of her money to the various channels.

Mrs. Dike lived to the rich age of eighty-two,—a life full of activity and achievement—and died as she would have wished to die, literally in the arms of the women of her church, at a meeting there.

Her father was Captain David Scott, born in Albany, in 1795, who died in 1864. He was intensely interested in the politics of the state, and spent several terms in its legislature.

Her mother Maria Stanton who was born in Woodstock, Vermont, in 1804, died in Attica, New York, in 1891. She traced back to that Thomas Stanton, who came from England in 1635 on the *Bonaventure* to Boston and later became one of the founders of Stonington, Connecticut. Through her maternal grandmother Mrs. Dike traces back to John Alden.

Mr. and Mrs. Camden C. Dike had three children: Norman S. Dike, Justice of the Supreme Court in Brooklyn, Miriam Boococks Dike of Keswick, Virginia and Jessie S. Dike Williams of Hartford, Connecticut.

MEAD, LUCIA AMES (Mrs. Edwin D. Mead), was born at Boscawen, New Hampshire, May 5, 1856, the daughter of Nathan Plummer and Elvira Coffin Ames. The Ames family came to New Hampshire from Exeter, Massachusetts, early in the Eighteenth Century. On her mother's side, Mrs. Mead is a descendant of the Coffins of Nantucket and Newburyport. The English cradle of the family was Slovington parish, Biddleford near Devonshire. The family was prominent there at the time of the Armada, and the ancestral seat, Portledge, is still in the possession of the descendants. One of the Coffins fought under Stark at Bennington. Charles Carlton Coffin, a maternal uncle of Mrs. Mead, was one of the best known correspondents at the front during the Civil War, and his *Four Years of Fighting* and other works are of distinct historical value. His books for young people, especially *The Boys of '61* and *Following the Flag*, have been very popular.

Mrs. Mead has been active in promoting the cause of peace for twenty-five years and has been a pioneer in promoting the cause of world organization. She has been a delegate to many European congresses as well as to numberless conferences in the United States; and she constantly contributes articles on international interests to newspapers and magazines. Her work upon the platform is as regular as her work with the pen; she gives addresses to schools, colleges, churches and clubs throughout the country. She was a speaker in 1920 on the trip to the Coast with Professor Irving Fisher, Honorable Newton D. Baker, and Colonel Whittelsey, expounding the significance of the League of Nations. She is now active as vice-chairman of the National Council for the Prevention of War; as chairman of the peace department of the National Council of Women and in various organizations along similar lines.

Lucia Ames was educated in the Salem, Massachusetts, High School, supplemented by private instruction, and she had the unusual advantages of early association with able men and women from whom she embibed the inspiration and devotion to ideals that has influenced her life.

After her school days in Salem, Miss Ames was a pupil of B. J. Lang and for some years taught music. Later she taught adult classes in *Nineteenth Century Thought.*

At West Newton, Massachusetts, in September, 1898, Miss Ames married Edwin D. Mead, who was born in Chesterfield, New Hampshire in 1849, a grandson of that boy, Levi Mead, who carried the powder horn at Lexington and afterward fought through the Revolutionary War. Mr. Mead has been an editor, author and lecturer and director-in-chief of the World Peace Foundation.

The story of Mrs. Mead's life work is best told in her own interesting reminiscences.

In early life, I was privileged to meet Emerson, to hear him and Lowell, Holmes, Curtis, Garrison and Wendell Philipps speak in public and to hear Beecher and Phillips

Brooks preach. In England I heard Gladstone and met William Morris. I saw Longfellow; I saw General Grant and members of his cabinet at the great Concord centennial when the platform broke down in the midst of the prayer and no one so much as winked. I saw Franz Liszt at Bayreuth at the Wagner festival and Ibsen at Christiania. I knew Lucy Stone, Susan B. Anthony, Louisa Alcott and Julia Ward Howe and came a little into touch with that beautiful New England life which these names represent. I look now with pity on school girls of today, who in spite of their new advantages, can have no such memories. My chief inspirations have been from all these people and from my husband a Puritan scholar, editor, author and director for many years of the Old South historical work, a type of patriot who serves his country daily in peace as much as war.

Ever since I spoke my word over twenty-five years ago in the presence of Edward Everett Hale, Colonel Waring and the generals and college presidents and others privileged to share the rare hospitality of the Mohonk Peace Conferences, world organization has seemed to me the primary duty of every voter in the world.

The many trips as a delegate to European congresses, with my husband, which followed this conference of 1897 brought me into close touch with men like William T. Stead, Ramsay Macdonald, who came to our home in Boston, Alfred Fried of Vienna, Senator Henri La Fontaine of Belgium and the Baroness von Suttner; all of the last three being Nobel peace prize winners whom I knew well. To these must be added Baron d' Estournelles de Constant of the French Senate and many other kindred souls. Among the most interesting were the two Russian authors most famous for their studies of war and peace, Jean Novicow and Jean de Bloch whose monumental work on The Future of War influenced the Czar to call the first Hague Conference. Dining with de Bloch one day at the Cecil hotel, I remember among other things he gave me this sage advice: "Whenever you talk to people who believe in war, never tell them how wicked they are; just tell them what fools they are."

On all these trips the most interesting experiences were in the home of William T. Stead, the warm-hearted friend who had known the most interesting people in two continents and was the most fascinating conversationalist I ever knew, and with Sir William Mather of the Privy Council at whose home we were frequent guests. When the Czar in August, 1898, had sent out his rescript summoning the twenty-six nations that had ambassadors at St. Petersburg to a peace conference, which later opened at the Hague, I read the announcement in my London *Times* with a thrill never to be forgotten. I eagerly asked this hard-headed employer of 5000 men what he thought of it and his reply was, "It seems to me the greatest thing since Bethlehem."

Two years' experiences stand out most prominently—1907 and 1914. The greatest peace conference ever held in the world covering several days and filling Carnegie and other halls in New York took place in 1907. It followed the greatest international peace conference ever held which was in Boston in 1904, and in which we were very active participants. In New York among the distinguished speakers were Secretary Root, William T. Stead, and Mr. Carnegie who was the President. On the Woman's day I had the honor to speak with Miss Jane Addams, President Mary E. Woolley, and Mr. William Archer of England. Following this conference, was our trip to the Second Peace Conference at the Hague where through Mr. Stead's kindness we met leading delegates. He arranged a special meeting for us outside the Conference, and in the visitors gallery in the ancient Hall of Knights pointed out to us the notables from forty-four different countries who for the first time in history had assembled to study the problems of war and peace. Had Germany at this critical moment

had prescience, had the Permanent Court of International Justice been set up as Secretary Root proposed and the nations pledged to use it, the greatest calamity in human history would have been avoided.

What prevented? Narrow nationalism, imbecile notions on economics and a universal military preparedness which bred suspicion, fear and rivalry. Says Professor Buell of Harvard University, "The responsibility for the World War must be divided between Germany and the Allies. . . the true indictment cannot be drawn against any one power or group of powers but against the old system into which every power had been drawn."

It was to undermine this old system that delegates from many countries met at Constance, Baden, just as the war-cloud was ready to break in 1914. In a quaint hotel transformed from an ancient convent was held the first meeting of the World Alliance for promoting International Friendship through the Churches. A few days before, we had stood in the marble corridors of the Peace Palace at the Hague and at Brussels had listened to the impassioned eloquence of Jean Jaures, three days before his assassination, and had seen the ominous signs of war as we passed Liege. We met thirty years too late. The Church had always sided with the State in every country. Generations in every land had grown up without knowing that the Golden Rule had no geographic limitations. The memory of those tragic days will never be wiped out, when we pooled our money like the early Christians and hurried back across Germany which was rushing into a war of "defence" as they all deemed it.

Then came the invasions of East Prussia and Belgium, the censorship, the war psychology, the demoralization of millions of minds and the bitterness that still abides far more in our country than in England. The appeal here for starving German children is often met by the stony attitude of mind that in a Christian country has become pagan. It looks upon a German baby wailing for food as but a viper's egg, bound to produce another viper. "I don't want facts. I have made up my mind," said a member of a college family in Cambridge. "I don't care a d—— for the whole German race; I would as lief see them all wiped out as not" writes a business man to me. It is to help such economic illiterates to see what happens to Dakota farmers when European consumers become paupers, that peacemakers are trying to teach the a, b, c of the principles of world economics, interdependence and world organization.

In 1919, with Miss Jane Addams and other delegates I saw Paris in the throes of the Peace Conference, visited the ruins of Rheims and the devastated districts with the overhead camouflage of war still in view, and met at Zurich women from the Allied and enemy countries. In a wonderful, uplifting convention, lasting a week, peace-makers from fifteen different countries continued a work for reconstruction begun at the Hague in the midst of war in 1915. Today, the Woman's International League for Peace and Freedom has organized workers in over thirty-three countries. It aims through education and the ballot to further measures for permanent peace which of course is a by-product of justice and organization.

In 1920, my speaking trip to the Pacific Coast with Professor Irving Fisher, Honorable Newton D. Baker, Colonel Whittelsey proclaiming the significance of the League of Nations, showed me that not one voter in a hundred had read the Covenant of the League. Had reason triumphed, had there been less inflexibility, on one hand, and less partisan prejudice on the other, or even so, had not a most unfortunate provision in our Constitution required a two-thirds vote for ratification of treaties, we should have been in the League of Nations with the approval of the large majority of the Senate and of the people. In all probability in that case the wars by one nation in the League with another outside the League would never have occurred.

As it is, a war, fought "to end war" only dethroned monarchs and has left us all more prepared for war than ever. The churches are learning the lesson, but the masses still rely on military technicians who repeat outgrown shibboleths unaware of the sophistry which they contain. Knowing that with the latest invention, London can be wiped out in three hours and that another World War would end white civilization. I count it my highest privilege to devote my life to help opening the eyes of the blind to the needless peril which menaces the world. It requires only the abolition of special privilege, a true philosophy of the State and world organization to ward off forever the impending horror.

Her published works are *Great Thoughts for Little Thinkers*, 1890; *Memoirs of a Millionaire*, 1892; *To Whom Much is Given*, 1898; *Milton's England*, 1902; *Primer of the Peace Movement*; *Patriotism and the New Internationalism*, 1907; *Swords and Ploughshares*, 1912.

MOREY, AGNES HOSMER (Mrs. Walter Gould Morey), organizer, suffragist, was born in Boston, Massachusetts, the daughter of Jerome Carter and Martha Anne Fogg Hosmer. On her father's side she is a descendant of James Hosmer, a native of Hawkhurst, Kent, England, who came to America in 1635 in the ship *Elizabeth* and settled in Concord, Massachusetts. The line is traced through Major Joseph Hosmer of Revolutionary fame, upon whose head a price was set by the English crown. Roger Conant, first governor of the Massachusetts Bay Colony, was an ancestor. On her mother's side, Mrs. Morey traces back to the English founders of the Massachusetts Colony, among them Thomas Waite, who came from Essex, England, and settled in Portsmouth, Rhode Island.

Agnes Hosmer Morey was an outstanding figure in the woman's suffrage campaign in Massachusetts. She did effective work in 1916 in the referendum campaign. She organized and was chairman of the Massachusetts Branch Congressional Union. She and her daughter, Katharine, were on the "Suffrage Special." In Chicago, in the summer of 1916, she helped to launch the National Women's Party and took active part in the picketing before the White House and the demonstrations against the delays of the administration.

Agnes Hosmer was educated in the public schools of Boston, Massachusetts. After finishing the regular courses she continued with advanced post-graduate work. At this time she decided to study music, for which she was showing unusual talent, with the serious intention of making it her profession. Upon her marriage this idea was abandoned, however, although her love for her art has continued and been manifested in many ways.

Miss Hosmer was married, June 12, 1888, at Meeting House Hill Unitarian Church, Dorchester, Massachusetts, to Walter Gould Morey, a member of the firm of Morey & Co., paper makers' supplies. Their home was established in Brookline, Massachusetts.

Aside from her home life with its many obligations, which Mrs. Morey has always considered her chief concern, her time, strength and energy have been expended in the struggle to secure national enfranchisement of women, pledging herself to see freedom won for American women before devoting any time to other interests outside her home. Her effective work for equal suffrage began in 1916, when she was actively connected with the Massachusetts Referendum Campaign. She organized, and was the first chairman of the Massachusetts Branch of the Congressional Union.

In Chicago, in June, 1916, she helped launch the National Woman's Party, into which was merged the Congressional Union. She was actively connected with the Party and on the National Board.

Mrs. Morey has served on many deputations to the President of the United States and to other national officials. She picketed the White House many times, led various

demonstrations, and has been arrested three times. On one occasion she served fourteen days of a sixty day sentence for "obstructing traffic," although she and the group of women with her were only exercising their right of petition. In 1917, she was one of the group sent to Occoquam Workhouse, where she was abused and beaten brutally. She was recommitted to the Washington District Jail after ten days and summarily discharged, with others, the day before Thanksgiving. Mrs. Morey participated in the other demonstrations in Washington, notably the one on December 16, 1918, when she burned the "New Freedom" in front of the White House as a symbol of her protest against, and contempt for, "words unsupported by deeds," which up to that time had characterized the position of President Wilson on equal suffrage. Mrs. Morey was in charge of the Boston demonstration led by her daughter, Katharine, which took place February 24, 1919, upon the arrival of the President from Europe, when twenty-two women were arrested and sentenced to five days in Charles Street Jail for "loitering and sauntering." This charge was made the more absurd because of the thousands of unmolested women in the crowd who "loitered and sauntered" for curiosity, while the little band of enthusiasts were making a legitimate demand for justice.

During the summer holidays, Mrs. Morey enjoys sailing and all water sports. She is an expert horsewoman and is fond of motoring.

Outside her home life with its many sided obligations—social and otherwise—and the work which has been nearest her heart, Mrs. Morey is a member of various societies for the protection of animals, the Woman's City Club, the Fabian Club, the Brookline Equal Suffrage Association.

PORTER, FLORENCE COLLINS (Mrs. Charles William Porter), editor and politician, was born in Caribou, Maine, August 14, 1853, daughter of Samuel Wilson and Dorcas Hardison Collins. Mrs. Porter is a descendant of pioneer New England families, which have many patriots and politicians in the history of the states.

Florence Collins Porter is a pioneer politician, one of the two first women delegates at large to a National Convention, the Republican National Convention at Chicago. She was the first woman in the United States to sit in an electoral college. At the close of the 1924 Republican Convention in Cleveland this tribute was paid her: "With appreciation for work willingly, faithfully and inspiringly done for the Grand Old Party."

In the public schools of her native town Florence Collins was fortunate in having excellent teachers who laid thoroughly the fundamental principles of a common and high school education.

She was early interested in literary topics and also acquired some knowledge of business through assisting her father, whose occupation was that of a manufacturing lumberman. From him she also inherited an interest in public affairs; he was a member of the Maine legislature for several terms.

In the early sixties, mail came to that little hamlet in northern Maine only three times a week, and the county seat and nearest railroad were sixty miles distant. Books and magazines were few but these were read and reread. It was an intelligent community not-withstanding its isolation, and there was developed in the young people a spirit of self-determination and initiative. From there many young men and women, the children of pioneers, have gone forth into the larger world, to be themselves the successful pioneers in new fields and new industries.

At the age of twenty, Mrs. Porter was united in marriage with Reverend Charles William Porter and for twenty years she entered actively into his work, occasionally giving, through his encouragement, lectures on current topics.

His death came in 1894, and she returned to her native town to take up the responsibility of earning a livelihood for herself and

three children. She had served, when only twenty-five years old, as a member of the school board, an almost unheard of office for a woman of New England in those days, and it was a natural step for her to seek employment along educational lines. She was elected superintendent of the public schools and with energy and wisdom she sought to raise the standard of the curriculum until the high school under her charge was able to fit its pupils for college. The work was severe. There were long rides in the winter to visit the rural schools, but she kept this position for four years and then resigned. It may be of interest to note that at that time the prejudice against Woman's Suffrage was so great, and the objection against women doing work supposedly belonging to men that, as greatly as she desired to do so, she never appeared in the town meeting to read her annual report and recommendations, but delegated it to some one else.

She purchased the *Aroostook Republican*, a weekly newspaper, and successfully edited and published it until she had an offer to go to Los Angeles to take an editorial position on a morning daily.

This was in 1900. Los Angeles was then a city of about one hundred thousand and rapidly growing. The club movement, that great force which has been such an inspiration and education to women, was then in its initial stage. Mrs. Porter had served as President of the Maine Federation for two terms and had a broad vision of what it would mean to federate the clubs of the land in one great, all-reaching organization. So through her club column she supported all phases of women's work and soon came to be strongly established in California.

Undoubtedly, no name stands forth more prominently in the recent field of women's political achievements than that of Mrs. Florence Collins Porter, of California. For Mrs. Porter has pioneered the way and taken many honors nationally since the enfranchisement of women in that state in 1910.

She was one of two women elected as delegates at large to the Republican National Convention in Chicago in 1912, and of this convention it was said: "Many of the great minds of the country were there, renowned fighters in the political battles of the day, governors of states, United States Senators, but for one thing in particular the Coliseum event possesses distinction over some of its predecessors: the fact that a woman's voice for the first time in American history was heard in its deliberations. It was just twenty-eight minutes past three when Mrs. Florence Collins Porter, of California, answered to the roll call in the election of a temporary chairman and a yell went up in celebration of the momentous event."

In a pen picture of these women, Elbert Hubbard wrote: "The two women delegates were very motherly women, one might say grandmotherly. They wore dresses, not gowns. Their shoes were for use and wear, not secondary sexual appendages. They walked together, arm in arm, each carrying her best hat to protect it from the pushing, crowding masculine contingent."

"These two women in the Chicago Convention were regarded more or less as curiosities, but they were treated with great deference, politeness and consideration, not alone because they are women, but because they are intelligent, well poised, sane human beings."

In the general election that followed, Mrs. Porter was chosen as one of the thirteen electors from California, and was the first woman in the United States to sit in an electoral college. She is proud of the fact that, as a presidential elector, she voted for Theodore Roosevelt and that she had the honor of his personal friendship. While on a visit to Oyster Bay a few months before his death, he gave her the following message to take to Washington: "I earnestly hope that every Republican will vote for the National Suffrage Amendment. We need it both as a war measure and as a peace measure. The draft law as amended makes service the test of

citizenship for men. Let us apply the same test to women. Let us demand service from every citizen, and let us give suffrage to all who render the service. Let us base suffrage on service and not on sex."

With this widening of women's political opportunities—of which Richard Harding Davis, in commenting on the Chicago Convention, wrote: "It was a psychological moment in the history of women, the opening of a new era," Mrs. Porter had become a recognized leader of women's work in California. In 1918, when the Republican National Committee decided to form an advisory committee of women, she was named as regional director of California, Nevada, Utah and Arizona.

Six years of important work followed, and in recognition of these years she was again made a delegate at large from California to the Republican National Convention at Cleveland, in 1924. In this convention she was given the honor of making the first speech seconding the nomination of Calvin Coolidge for President and was clearly heard over the radio from all parts of the country. In this relation, an interesting evidence of the progress of science is shown in the following letter to Mrs. Porter from the American Telephone and Telegraph Company of New York:

"Dear Madam: Photographs taken at the time of the Cleveland Republican Convention were transmitted from Cleveland to New York and made available for newspaper publication. This was chiefly to test our new system of sending photographs over a circuit as a practical news service. In the hope that this may be of interest to you, I take pleasure in sending you a copy of your picture as it was received over the wire. The actual time of transmission was five minutes." The picture was a very good likeness.

Mrs. Porter's political work may well be summed up in a tribute paid to her at the close of the campaign: "With appreciation for work willingly, faithfully and inspiringly done for the Grand Old Party."

The keynote of Mrs. Porter's success is faith in the abilities of her sex and the power to inspire women to assume responsibilities in civic affairs. She possesses an understanding of women and believes that they only need encouragement to become a vital force in the betterment of our national life.

Out of the limitations of her own earlier life, she has drawn lessons for all women which give courage to the timid and also to those who feel that they are handicapped because of conditions.

Mrs. Porter's inspiration for public service was received early in life through admiration for the work of the pioneers in the suffrage cause. Phoebe Hanaford, the first woman to be ordained in the Universalist ministry, and later, Mrs. Mary A. Livermore, the distinguished and eloquent temperance orator, thrilled her with admiration. Then a little later there came Frances E. Willard, Anna Howard Shaw and Clara Barton as splendid examples of leaders among women, whose names are written bright on the record of achievements for the betterment of mankind.

Mrs. Porter's work has not been only along the line of politics. She has been interested in many lines of philanthropy and is essentially a home builder, believing that a happy, well governed home is the strongest unit of the nation's future greatness and prosperity.

She served as President of the Los Angeles District of Women's Club and as President of the Woman's Suffrage League of Los Angeles County.

She was a member of the Woman's Board of the San Francisco Panama Exposition, and represented Los Angeles County as lecturer and hostess at the San Diego Exposition for a year. She was Treasurer of the California Norwalk State Hospital for seven years. Four years ago, believing that there should be permanent organization of women to study political questions, she formed the Woman's Republican Study Club of Los Angeles, which now numbers several hundred members.

MONROE, ANNA HAMILL (Mrs. William Stanton Monroe), philanthropist, was born in Chicago, Illinois, April 19, 1869, the daughter of Doctor Charles M. and Julia Rebecca Hamill Clark. Her father was a brilliant surgeon, and through his family, Mrs. Monroe is entitled to be a member of the Daughters of the American Revolution and the Colonial Dames. On her mother's side, the first American Hamill was Robert Hamill, who came from Ballyatwood, near Inchbelly Bridge, Antrim County, Ireland, and located in Norristown, Pennsylvania, in 1778. Through her mother, she belongs to the Davisson and Todd families—the Davissons, of Virginia, and the Todds, of Tennessee. The first Andrew Davisson appears on the town records of Clarksburg, Virginia, in 1617, as "gentleman."

Mrs. Monroe is known for her wide and constructive philanthropies, especially for the benefit of those handicapped by nervous and mental disability. Official report of the conditions in Canada, which she was sent to study while President of the Favill School of Occupation, was so comprehensive and valuable that parts of it were incorporated in the Senate reports and was the basis of much of the training of occupational therapists at the time of the war. During her presidency, the Favill School trained and sent 209 "occupational therapists" abroad in a year. Mrs. Monroe is honorary President of the Illinois Society of Mental Hygiene and is actively interested in the Training Workshops for the Handicapped, Homes for Working Girls, and serves on many committees because of her experience and sympathetic understanding.

Anna Hamill Clark had an unusually old-fashioned childhood, brought up as she was by her grandparents. Her mother died when she was scarcely more than two years old and the father virtually gave the baby to the bereaved parents. The grandmother, who was Eliza Jane Davisson, had been educated with her sister in a school presided over by two nieces of President Monroe, Miss Monroe and Miss Smith, and received the punctilious training of that ceremonious day. Mrs. Monroe adds that they must have been very strict but very efficient, for her grandmother used to tell of the beautiful embroidery the pupils did at the age of seven years and of the strict attention to manners and carriage. As a small child, Anna Clark sat for hours at a time by her grandmother's side, sewing patches for quilts. To this day, Mrs. Monroe declares, she hates sewing for it is always associated in her mind with those endless patches. This grandmother of Mrs. Monroe had a markedly upright, stately carriage that was due to the drastic methods of those days. If a girl was seen stooping over her work, Miss Smith would say: "Sit up, Miss, or I'll bring out the back-board and strap it on you." Mrs. Monroe adds that she too was brought up with the "back-board," which was strapped on her if she failed to sit up straight.

The little Anna Clark was a lonely child and her play seemed to emphasize her longing for sympathy. Her dolls were always sick or in trouble, always lacking in paint because of camphor used to relieve their headaches, or in wax because they were put too close to the fire to relieve a chill or a stomach ache. Without doubt this loneliness awakened her desire to help forlorn people and causes. Too gloomy an aspect must not be given, however, for there were reactions in moods of extreme joy when she wanted to get on a high hill or building and shout: "Millions, loving I embrace you, all the world this kiss I send." This was a phrase from the Beethoven Symphony which strangely attracted the young girl. Altogether, there was a great deal in the severe ideals that laid a secure foundation for the music, color and progress which have so strongly attracted Mrs. Monroe, as well as for the philanthropies that appeal so strongly to her sympathies.

Anna Clark was educated in the public schools of Chicago, in the Dearborn Seminary and in the Loring School. Mrs. Monroe says

that she made very few friends at school, being very shy and self-conscious on account of her height of five feet and ten inches at the age of twelve. Her grandparents disapproved of dancing schools, theatres and many things other children took as a matter of course, and this fact also made the child shy with her associates. Mrs. Monroe says that she learned very rapidly and remembered lessons for a day or so without any effort. This same quickness was, at times, a drawback, says Mrs. Monroe, for it made her lazy and the facts were often forgotten as soon as they were learned. Anna Clark was most interested in Literature and Philosophy, and these came very easily. Mathematics she detested and begged off from it as soon as she started the study of Algebra.

Charles D. Hamill, Anna Clark's uncle, was a very broadminded, cultured man, especially interested in music. This uncle was a close friend of Theodore Thomas and was partly responsible for getting him and his orchestra to come to Chicago permanently. He was very anxious for his niece to become a great singer and encouraged her to study for a number of years. Mrs. Monroe says that her voice was over strained and probably never as good as her uncle thought. Her music was dropped entirely after her marriage.

In October, 1898, Anna Clark was married to William Stanton Monroe. Mr. Monroe was the son of a prominent Chicago lawyer, Henry S. Monroe. He was born in Chicago, was graduated from Cornell's engineering department and entered the engineering profession. He is consulting engineer for Commonwealth Edison, Middle West Public Service, American Gas, and Cincinnati Gas and Electric Company.

Mr. and Mrs. Monroe have had two sons, Earnest Hamill Monroe, who died when a very young child, and Henry Stanton Monroe, born in Chicago, 1904, now a student in the engineering department of Cornell University, a member of the Dramatic Club and Mandolin and Glee Clubs.

The first philanthropy that Mrs. Monroe became interested in was a Home for Working Girls, "Indiana House," also partly started by an aunt. Mrs. Monroe was absorbed in the new building and development project. Then Mental Hygiene attracted her attention, because of a poor girl who became mentally ill.

Mrs. Monroe is especially interested in the works for handicapped children and youth. The work of the Favill School appealed to her strongly. So many people, she felt, could be kept out of hospitals if given the right work for their sick minds, and the right environment. Many in hospitals could be helped by carefully planned occupations. She was President of the Favill School of Occupation for the Handicapped as long as it was in existence. Here women were trained as occupational teachers for hospitals.

Just before the United States entered the World War, Mrs. Monroe made a study of conditions in Canada (representing the Favill School and the Chicago War Board), and wrote a comprehensive report, part of which was incorporated in the Senate reports and was the basis for the training of many occupational therapists. The Favill School trained and sent 209 Occupational Therapists abroad.

A list of clubs and activities in which Mrs. Monroe is a member are: Fortnightly Club; Friday Club; Scribblers Club; Saddle and Cycle Club; Woman's Athletic Club; the Cordon; Arts Club; Casino Club; Chicago Woman's Clubs; Woman's City Club; Civic Theatre Association; Drama League; Musical Guide; Musician's Club of Women; Alliance Française; English Speaking Union; Italy American Society; Historical Society.

Mrs. Monroe's lineage is exceedingly interesting. She numbers among her ancestors many Colonial and Revolutionary names. Anna Hamill Clarke Monroe is the daughter of Doctor Chas. M. Clark and Julia Rebecca Hamill.

1. Julia Rebecca Hamill, daughter of Robert C. and Elizabeth Jane Davisson, was born in Bloomington, Indiana, May 18, 1843, and died in Chicago, May 17, 1872.

Anna Hamill Monroe

2. Elizabeth Jane Davisson, daughter of Andrew Williams Davisson and Rebecca Todd, was born in Xenia, Ohio, June 14, 1810, and died in Chicago, February 25, 1895. Elizabeth Jane Davisson and her sister were sent to a school kept by two nieces of President Monroe.

3. Rebecca Todd, was the wife of Andrew Williams Davisson, the first doctor in Xenia, Ohio. His stone house was the first in Xenia and still stands, being a kind of museum at present. The first Andrew Davisson who appears on the town records of Clarksburg, Virginia, was inscribed as "gentleman," for it was customary at that time for the status or condition of a man to be mentioned. Rebecca Todd, child of James and Janet Buchanan, used to tell of an incident of her childhood. Two gentlemen came to her father's house when she was four or five years of age. One of the gentlemen took her on his lap and said, "You have been kissed by the Vice-President of the United States, Aaron Burr. Can you remember that, my little lady?" The other man was Colonel Blennerhasset, and they were on their famous tour down the Mississippi to New Orleans, with the object of conspiring against the United States Government.

4. James Todd and his wife, Janet Buchanan (aunt of President James Buchanan) with some of the Buchanans, emigrated, after the Revolutionary War, to South Carolina. Many of their neighbors were Tories and not agreeable to their strong Whig proclivities, so they soon afterwards crossed the mountains and settled near Nashville, Tennessee, where six of their family of eight children were born in a block-house, and the father of Janet Buchanan Todd was shot and killed while reading his Bible at the gate of the Fort. During conflicts with the Indians, Janet Todd loaded the guns, moulded bullets, and cared for the wounded, being the only doctor in the Fort. Later the Todds moved to Ohio.

One of Mrs. Monroe's cherished possessions is the Will, made in 1799, of her first American ancestor, Robert Hamill. A copy of the Will follows:

THE WILL OF ROBERT HAMILL, SR. (No. 2)

Dated: 4/6/1799, Recorded in Will Book No. 1, Page 135, Bedford Co., Penna.

"In the name of God, Amen, I, Robert Hamill of Air Township, Bedford Co., Pa. Yoeman, being weak of body but of sound mind, memory and understanding, blessed be God for the same, but considering the uncertainty of this transitory life, do make and publish this, my last Will and Testament, in the manner following viz.:

Principally and first of all I commend my immortal soul unto the hands of God who gave it me, and my body to the earth, to be buried in decent and Christian-like manner at the discretion of my executors hereinafter mentioned, and as to such worldly estate wherewith it hath pleased God to bless me in this life, I give and dispose of in the manner following, to wit: I give and devise to my beloved wife, Lenore, one dark bay baldfaced mare and her choice of any two cows on my plantation. Likewise all the bed clothes in my house are to be at her disposal. Likewise all the furniture belonging to the dresser for the purpose of cooking are to be at her disposal. I desire all my personal estate to be put on sale as soon as convenient after my decease, and as soon as my youngest son, Hugh comes of age, I desire my plantation to be sold and sooner if opportunity *seves* (serves?) and out of the first payment of the land I bequeath to my said wife the sum of One Hundred Pounds, to be paid to her by my executors to use and dispose of as she thinks proper, and One Hundred and Fifty Pounds, exclusive of the One Hundred Pounds aforementioned. When the estate is all settled I desire her and my daughters Sarah and Margaret to live with my sons Robert and Hugh, and the aforementioned sum of One Hundred and Fifty Pounds to go along with my said wife to any of her children she sees proper to dwell with and if she sees proper, to any other of her children, then, in whose hands the money is, must pay interest for the same during her life and at her death the said sum is to remain in the child's hands she lived and died with, likewise I devise to my eldest son Samuel, the sum of One Hundred Pounds, when the price of my plantation is all collected in, likewise I give and bequeath to my oldest daughter Martha, the sum of Fifty Pounds, to be paid in the manner last mentioned, when the price of my plantation is all collected. And if either my son Samuel or daughter Martha die before they get their legacies, the deceased person or persons share or shares is to remain with the rest of my family. Likewise I give and bequeath to my son Robert the sum of Fifty Pounds when everything is settled of, and to my

daughters Sarah and Margaret the sum of Twenty-Five Pounds each in the manner aforesaid, and after my just debts are discharged, after the aforementioned bequests, the remainder of my estate I allow to be divided in six equal shares to be distributed among the legatees of my second family, and lastly I nominate, constitute and appoint my sons John and Robert to be executors of this, my last Will and Testament, revoking all other Wills, Legacies and Bequests by me heretofore made, declaring this and no other to be my last Will and Testament. In Witness whereof, I set my hand and seal this sixth day of April, in the year of our Lord, one thousand seven hundred and ninety-nine.

ROBERT HAMILL (seal)

Signed, sealed, published and pronounced and declared by the testator as and for his last Will and Testament, in the presence of us, who in his presence and at his request, subscribed the same.

John (his X mark) McClure
John Rankin
Thomas Nesbit

Bedford Co., SS: On the 22nd day of April, A.D. 1799, the within named John Rankin, and Thomas Nesbit, two of the within named witnesses came personally before me, the subscribing Registrar for the Probate of Wills and granting Letters of Administration in and for the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, and County of Bedford, and being duly sworn according to law, did declare and say that they were personally present and heard and saw Robert Hamill, the testator within named, sign, seal, publish and declare the within instrument of writing as and for his last Will and Testament, that at the time of doing the same he, the said Robert Hamill, was of sound and disposing mind, memory and understanding according to those dependents knowledge and belief, and that they subscribed their names thereto as witnesses of the same, in the presence of the testator and at his request and saw John McClure sign his name as a third witness, or make his mark. Sworn and subscribed the same day and year.

(Coram). John Anderson, Register.

John Rankin. *Thomas Nesbit.*

BAILEY, FLORENCE MERRIAM (Mrs. Vernon Bailey), ornithologist, was born in Locust Grove, Lewis County, New York, August 8, 1863, the daughter of Clinton Levi and Caroline Hart Merriam. The first American of the name came from England in 1637 or 1638, and settled in Concord, Massachusetts.

Florence Merriam Bailey is an unique figure in the field of ornithology. She has made first-hand studies of birds from her childhood, and combines her truly scientific equipment with a charming gift of expression. It is as a writer of delightful nature books and field experiences that she is best known, except to the few who have been privileged to attend her bird classes. She is a pioneer in arousing interest in birds by giving the straight scientific facts in a human, intriguing manner that fairly draws her readers out into the great out-doors she loves. She has been unwearying in her joyous productiveness, having over one hundred and twenty books, pamphlets, magazine and newspaper articles to her credit. Her *Birds Through an Opera Glass*, published in 1889, was a revelation of the pleasure of bird study, and almost without interruption each year has welcomed one or more entertaining results of her pen.

Born in the country, one of a family to whom life meant the rich enjoyment of nature, it was natural that Florence Merriam should share in the family enthusiasm and become especially interested in some one phase of nature. Her father's place, called "Homewood," half encircled as it was by beech and maple woods, was both an impetus to this study of nature and a result of it. The house with its long piazzas looked off over wide lawns and broad meadows to the blue Adirondacks. "A veritable child's garden was the 'home wood' ", writes Mrs. Bailey, "where unrolling ferns, deep cushions of moss, strange toadstools, curious lichens, mysterious Indian pipes and lovely wild flowers were to be found. There were rocks just the height for children's picnic tables, and winding foot paths eagerly trodden for 'known delights.' More and more as the years passed, and my interest in birds and love of nature quickened, it became a true home woods to linger in, a greenwood of subtle lights and shadows, of birds and songs on summer days, and a place of mystery and magic under the shimmering moonlight of the summer nights, or under the flambuoyant

colors of autumn and the soft white mantle of winter. To the rare charms of a country winter were added its manifold pleasures—driving with jingling sleigh bells, skating on a small home pond, sliding down thrillingly long hills, walking on snow shoes over the tops of the fences, making snow-shoe paths through the woods to be speedily adopted as convenient highways by certain small denizen of the forest whose fascinating footprints were eagerly studied, each furred or feathered friend recognized delightedly. On cold sparkling mornings when the trees were glittering with a coating of ice and a hard crust invited one to walk at will over the snow, work was put off and the whole family, including mistress and maids, took the opportunity for long joyous tramps."

"One of the greatest of our regular pleasures," adds Mrs. Bailey, her mind ever on the naturalist side, "was feeding the birds. Bluejays and woodpeckers were attracted by the suet hung on the trees and ruffed grouse came down the snow-shoe paths from the woods for corn put out for them in front of the dining room windows, strutting proudly around with ruffs spread, to the excited enjoyment of the family watching behind the windows. The grey squirrels also followed our highway from the woods, sometimes squeezing through an open window for nuts. The track of a red fox followed on snow-shoes across the woods reminded us of an exciting glimpse of one in the garden in summer. In summer, too, there were great fat woodchucks which, surprised on the mounds outside their holes, gave loud exciting whistles before plunging headlong down thin tunnels."

It was not only the life of the fields and forests that attracted this family. The winter sky held vital interest when they ventured out over the glittering crust to a hill from which there was a wide view of the heavens. Mrs. Bailey recalls vivid memories of being called to see a flaming auroral sky, and of nights when, sleepy and shivering, they climbed to the cupola to watch through the telescope an eclipse of the moon or the passing of a comet.

All the year around, the entertainment went on for the little Florence, building into life seasoned interests that recurred year after year, until they built up traditions of country life.

As quite a small child, she took an eager part in the life of the farm, being allowed to drive the huge, great-horned oxen, and to take a humble but exciting part in the haying—real constructive play, having to do with important business of life. She quickly learned to ride her pony bareback, jumping ditches when bringing it up from the pasture. Saddling the pony was easy but her first attempt at harnessing the tall carriage horses was more difficult as it was made when she could scarcely reach their backs.

It was in the great out-doors that Florence Merriam received most of her early education. Studies were of quite secondary importance. She acquired a good foundation in physiology which was taught her in a practical way by her physician brother. She remembers how a huge beef heart was obtained from a butcher and after it had been inflated under the kitchen pump, and duly explained by the brother, she and a small fellow student, armed with a carving knife, proceeded to the woods to master the mysteries of valves and arteries! To learn by doing—to find out for herself was one of the most important parts of her education.

Florence's first interest in literature was aroused by her father, who was a delightful reader. On long winter evenings he read aloud to the family from Dickens, Shakespeare, and other classics, besides histories and biographies such as Motley's *Dutch Republic* and a *Life of Grant*. At that impressionistic age this made lasting memories.

Then there was the scientific aspect of the nature study, thrown into a special interest in birds by her brother who was an ornithologist. Through a term of years, this brother, Doctor C. Hart Merriam, was at home doing

mammal and bird work while practicing medicine. The enthusiasm roused by his companionship in the woods and fields was deepened by his collection and given stability by his training. He sent her to Coues' Key, of grateful memory for its masterful, illuminating descriptions, and from this she was graduated to Ridgway's Manual, later an inseparable companion that accompanied her on trips to the Atlantic, the Pacific and the Bermudas.

The famous naturalists attracted to their house by her brother gave a further significance to her early study. These were not only American but British ornithologists and mammalogists.

One term Florence Merriam spent in the public schools of Syracuse, New York, and two years at Mrs. Pratt's Seminary, Utica, New York, then on to Smith College.

Although she completed four years at college she did not take a degree, because of the restrictions of those early days of women's colleges. She was not strong, and her college course was an experiment, so she entered without Greek, which was necessary for an A.B. and the B.S. or B.L. were not offered until her junior year. By that time, to get either would have meant giving up studies in which she was vitally interested, so she did not try for a degree; but in 1921 she was awarded an A.B. by her college.

Miss Merriam's enthusiasm for field work continued during her vacation times and in her junior year she, with a chum who was also an ardent bird lover, organized the Smith College Audubon Society, one of the first Audubon Societies in the country. John Burroughs came from New York to start their bird walks and his inspiring presence roused lasting enthusiasm.

While at college Miss Merriam decided to devote herself to writing, rather than social welfare work which also attracted her deeply, but she wanted the inspiration and understanding of a broad foundation and so took a more general course. Her especial English work, with courses in Science, History, Economics and Philosophy, including Ethics and Comparative Religion, absorbed the major part of her time, but she also kept up her music and art, and on leaving college studied the History of Art and Architecture and took a course at Columbia University in Greek Art under her uncle, Professor Augustus Merriam.

The year after she left college, Miss Merriam used her New York and Massachusetts field notes for a series of articles for the *Audubon Magazine*, entitled *Fifty Common Birds and How to Know Them*. This was afterward published by Houghton Mifflin Company as *Birds through an Opera Glass*.

Then came her first California experience. The family left the beloved "Homewood" in midwinter, passing, on the way to the station, through snow drifts over the horses' heads. On reaching Pasadena they drove to their hotel, with meadow-larks singing and fruit trees blooming. This introduction to California has never been forgotten, although she has spent many months, through the years since, in that delightful country.

An interesting episode of that first trip to the Pacific slope was a visit with her brother to the Indian Reservation at Neah Bay, Washington, where in the rich humid coast forest she met with a new set of birds. So intense was her pleasure in this study of the western fauna that her enthusiasm for the West and its birds has never waned.

During the winter of 1891, there was a trip to Bermuda with her family, where the flora and fauna of the Coral Island, the Tropic birds, poinsetta and palms were added to her varied experiences.

That next summer an unusual opportunity came to combine her nature work with her desire for social service. After working at home during the nesting season with her friend, Olive Thorne Miller, she received an invitation to the Hull House Summer School at Rockford, to conduct a field bird class and give the girls something to do on Sundays in

the park besides "just walk." She found the enthusiasm of these factory and shop girls, who had had no country opportunities, both pathetic and enlightening, and the association with Jane Addams most inspiring. This experience made Miss Merriam so anxious to help that during several winters spent in New York City enjoying music, pictures, and libraries, she worked with Grace Dodge in her working girls' club.

After the death of her mother, Miss Merriam, ordered West for her health, visited Utah, accompanied by her friend Olive Thorne Miller, where their novel experiences among magpies, long-tailed chats and Mormons were recounted in two charming books: *A Bird Lover in the West* by Miss Miller and *My Summer in a Mormon Village* by Miss Merriam. A trip in the fall with Doctor Merriam into the Wassatch Mountains, where water cuzels abounded, was followed by a second visit to California. The Winter was spent at Stanford University, where she attended Doctor Jordan's lecture course on Evolution and took light work in Science, English and "Philanthropology," as Doctor Amos Warner called his course. Health was her first object and she spent a large part of time out-of-doors, on foot and horseback, and, when the flowers began to bloom on the hillsides, went to her ranch at Twin Oaks near San Diego to continue her field work there. *A-birding on a Bronco* gives the results of her study into the life histories of birds that were abundant in that vicinity.

On her way back east Miss Merriam stopped in the arid region of Arizona, noted for its beneficial climate, and on the pine plateau spent several weeks in a log house with a pair of lovely mountain bluebirds rearing a brood over her window. On horseback, she rode through the pine forest with its beautiful mountain parks, its varied lava and cinder cones. Imagine the brilliant days and gorgeous sunsets! Joined by her brother, she had the chance of a wagon trip to the Grand Canyon of the Colorado.

For several winters after her return East Miss Merriam taught birds in Washington, District of Columbia, giving talks, including a Normal School course, and conducting field bird classes. She also gave talks in New York State and New England.

Back to the West Coast again, she accompanied her brother, who was making a zonal study of Mt. Shasta for the *Biological Survey*.

This added living glaciers and the fumaroles of smoldering volcano tops, as well as an Alpine flora and Clark crows, the dominant birds of those mountain heights, to her "laboratory."

In 1899, in Washington, District of Columbia, when she had returned to her brother's home, Florence Merriam was married to Vernon Bailey, the Chief Field Naturalist of the Biological Survey, United States Department of Agriculture, and in that winter began work on *The Handbook of Western Birds*. This necessitated studying skins, in the cramped but delightful old bird gallery of the Smithsonian Institute, where she had the generous help of Mr. Ridgway, though he was preoccupied in his monumental work, *The Birds of North and Middle America*.

The professional work of Mr. Bailey took him to Texas in the Spring, and his wife had her first sight of caracaras, vermilion, flycatchers, scissor-tailed flycatchers, and jackdaws. Mrs. Bailey's article *Meeting Spring Half Way*, is a delightful account of her experiences.

From Texas they went on to California, spending three months with a pack outfit in the Sierras, running zone lines back and forth across the range from Marysville to the Yosemite. At Lake Tahoe, they were joined by Mrs. Bailey's brother, and John Muir, and as they traveled on together, they heard at first hand around the camp fire the graphically told story of Stikine and other experiences which Mr. Muir recounted later in *Boyhood and Youth*. As they made their way down to the Yosemite, the old geologist enthusiastically

traced out for them the courses of glaciers that had descended and joined to carve out the Yosemite Valley.

The Baileys came back to build their home in Washington, on Kalorama Road and here they spend most of their time, except for the Summer months in the field.

The seasons spent on the mountains and plains of New Mexico afforded an acquaintance with rosy finches, ptarmigans and pyrhuloxias.

In 1912, Mrs. Bailey did field work in North Dakota in the prairie lake region with its extensive water bird breeding grounds; in 1914, in the wonderful forests of Northwestern Oregon, studying Western winter wrens, russet backed thrushes and varied thrushes on their breeding grounds. But the water birds of North Dakota had proved so fascinating that in 1916 she returned for a second field season among the lakes and marshes.

Wild Animals of Glacier Park written by the Baileys—the mammals by Mr. Bailey, the birds by Mrs. Bailey—was the result of the Summer of 1917, spent in Glacier Park, a region found to be one of superlative richness and beauty.

The Summer of 1920, was spent in North Dakota and eastern Oregon; the following Winter in a tent in the Santa Rita Mountains in Southern Arizona, studying desert birds and mammals.

The indefatigable pair worked their way back the next Summer through northern Minnesota and Wisconsin into the Adirondacks, Mr. Bailey studying beavers, a study which was carried into the Lake Superior regions the following year.

During their Washington winters, for seven years, a troop of Boy Scouts met on Friday nights in the Baileys' library, thirty or forty boys, under the valuable leadership of Mr. Bailey. It is easy to imagine the joy of the little company in such a house, sitting at the feet of two such wonderful naturalists and campers. For Mrs. Bailey did her share—she coached in star gazing, gave instruction in first aid, served as family assistant and in her husband's absence kept the troop going. Mrs. Bailey speaks of this as the most satisfactory "human" work she has ever done, with its big results in character building.

More and more, educators are learning the value of first hand nature work, through the efforts of such loving and sympathetic naturalists as Mrs. Bailey. In fact, one of the desires of her life has been to arouse young mothers to a knowledge of its helpfulness. She says:

"The power of home influence in first awakening an interest in nature and the very sure interest of nature study, if developed with the coöperation of the parents, should be fully realized by young mothers, for a nature interest, like the simple joys of the best country life, serves best to offset the hectic movies and the sophisticated, unwholesome pleasures of the day, building character and producing in the child not only a sound body and a sound mind, but a clean heart."

In isolation, a study of the surrounding rocks, flowers, or trees, or the observation and companionship of friendly birds and beasts may well prove an inestimable boon, peopling one's otherwise dishearteningly lonely life with choice friends.

In invalidism, the blooming flowers, the singing birds, the ever-changing clouds, and the eternal stars lift one's thoughts and beguide the weary hours with their refreshment, good cheer, rest and peace.

A list of the many articles and books written by Mrs. Bailey includes:

Books: *Birds Through An Opera Glass*, 1889; *My Summer in a Mormon Village*, 1895; *A-birding on a Bronco*, 1896; *Birds of Village and Field, a Bird Book for Beginners*, 1898; *Handbook of the Birds of Western United States*, 1902; *Wild Animals of Glacier National Park, The Birds*, 1918.

Articles appearing in *The Auk* in the following years: two in 1890, two in 1896; one in 1898; one in 1899; three in 1904; one in 1905;

one in 1910; 1911; 1919; 1922; 1923; 1924.

Bird-Lore: two in 1899, one in 1900, one in 1903, one in 1904, two in 1913, three in 1916, one in 1922.

The Condor: one in 1902, one in 1903, two in 1904, two in 1905; two in 1906, one in 1907; two in 1910; one in 1911, one in 1912; two in 1915; five in 1916, four in 1917, five in 1918, five in 1919; three in 1920; one in 1922; one in 1923.

Pacific Coast Air Fauna No. 15.—Birds Recorded from the Santa Rita Mountains in Southern Arizona, 1923.

Mrs. Bailey says that in the genealogy of the Merriam family it is frankly stated that it is a "distinctly bourgeois family!" She presumes the same thing is true of her mother's family. Her mother's father, Judge Levi Collins is spoken of in Hough's History of Lewis County as "an early and prominent settler," and in 1818 represented the county in assembly. He was many years a Judge of the County Court.

William Merriam's three sons came from Kent County, England, to Concord, Massachusetts, about 1638. The line of descent is: Joseph (Concord, Massachusetts); William (Lynn, Massachusetts); John (Lynn, Massachusetts, Wallingford, Connecticut); Captain Nathaniel (Lynn, Massachusetts, Wallingford, Connecticut); Nathaniel (Wallingford, Connecticut); Judge Nathaniel (Wallingford, Connecticut to Leyden, New York), General Ela; Honorable Clinton L.

Judge Nathaniel Merriam moved to Leyden, Lewis County, New York, in 1800. General Ela Merriam was born in Wallingford, but moved with parents to Leyden, New York (called later Locust Grove). This Ela Merriam married Lydia Sheldon of Remsen, New York, in 1819. They had eleven children, all but one of whom lived to maturity.

KEYSER, HARRIETTA AMELIA, industrial reformer, was born in New York City, July 27, 1841, the daughter of John Howard and Harrietta Ward Dixon Tuthill Keyser. Her great-grandfather, Michael Keyser, came to New York City from Austria, although it was a tradition in the family that the Keysers were originally Hollanders and that one of the members settled in Austria. On the maternal side, Miss Keyser is a descendant of John Gedney, who came from Norfolk County, England, in 1603, and settled in Westchester County, New York. The line of descent is through the Haineses, Dixons and Tuthills. The Mollie Haines mentioned in Revolutionary annals was an ancestor—she who made a valiant defense of her husband's buckskin breeches, which the Hessians tried to take away from her home.

Harrietta A. Keyser's long life of usefulness in the fight for right against might has made her a prominent figure in the struggle for the betterment of industrial conditions. It was through her untiring efforts, that many reforms, accepted today as the most ordinary business procedure, were instituted. Miss Keyser's name is most closely associated with the C. A. I. L. (the *Church Association for the Advancement of the Interests of Labor*), founded in 1887, and the Working Woman's Society.

Out of a combined committee of these two associations, to investigate and bring to public notice the bad conditions of sales women and cash girls in New York retail stores and to make a "white list" of employers of fair dealing, developed the Consumers' League. From 1901, as secretary of the C. A. I. L., Miss Keyser worked under the direction of the Commission of Capital and Labor, with Bishop Potter as chairman. In 1922, the New York Diocesan Social Service Commission appointed the C. A. I. L. to constitute a Department of Industry, with Miss Keyser in charge.

In writing of her aunt, Dorothy Keyser Bennett says that only those most closely associated with Miss Keyser in her work, can begin to realize the extent of the influence of her labors. Like all truly strong characters, she has always had a burning sense of indignation at injustice to those weaker than

herself, and with the devotion and single mindedness possible only to those with a keen sense of justice and love of humanity, she has given the best years of her life to champion their cause.

Born in New York City in 1841, one of a large family, she came of parents old-fashioned enough to discipline her strong will, quick temper and ready wit into that harmonious whole which constitutes her fine character, and yet with vision enough to favor the most advanced theories of the day. Her mother was a woman of intense spirituality, who, in spite of the many cares that a large family entailed in those days, managed to make splendid men and women of all her children, and win their adoration in the process. Her father, an anti-slavery Whig, and one of the founders of the Republican Party, was a delegate to the Republican Convention at Chicago in 1860, which nominated Lincoln, and even at that early day, he believed in the enfranchisement of women. These and other questions of importance were freely discussed by him and his guests, at the family dinner table where little Harrietta drank in the varied opinions and stored up the information she culled, for future use, not knowing how these discussions were influencing her mental development.

Her prescribed education was brief—some years at a public school in New York City, and then at Ellenville Academy, which she left at fourteen, followed by some private instruction in elocution, French, German and music. She had learned to read at three, and, always an omniverous reader, she gained more knowledge from books among which she browsed at will, than the average person has from far more extended conventional schooling. The old Astor Library and the Mercantile were her two chief sources of supply, and it was largely because of the guidance in her reading that the librarians there gave her, that many years later she advocated increased pay for librarians, as invaluable members of the community. Her summers were spent in Naponoch, Ulster County, in the Shawungunk Valley, where she had ample opportunity to give free rein to her love of nature, ranging over the mountains on foot or horseback, and rowing on the snaggy, adventure-filled creek.

Always eager to be of use in the world, she began teaching in her seventeenth year, but after four years spent in the primary and grammar grades of New York public schools, gave it up to continue her study of music, and to take up art. She entered Cooper Union for a time, but was forced to leave by family financial reverses which made self-support necessary. Active, and with a love for the literary, she entered the field of journalism, supplying articles to the *Evening Globe.* She enjoyed the work immensely, but after a year the paper failed, and as journalism for women was in its first stages, and openings few, she relinquished the idea of a journalistic career, and took up lecturing, delivering her first lecture—characteristically on women—in the large hall of Cooper Union. But lecturing proved too slow and unremunerative for her purpose, and it was supplanted by the study of stenography.

Her first business position was as stenographer to the auditor and later vice-president of the Western Union Telegraph Co., and she remained there, the company's first woman stenographer, for thirteen years. During her years there she wrote two novels, one, *On the Borderland*, expounding the then little considered theory of the use of music in the treatment of insanity, and second, *Thorns in Your Sides*, with a labor theme, laid in New York and Ireland. At the end of her term with the Western Union, she took a much needed rest on a trip to England. While there she was deeply interested in the missions in the East End of London, and was so impressed by their work that on her return home, she gave a series of lectures on this subject in a number of parish houses.

Her next position was as registrar of Teachers' College, then in its infancy, and after she had been there for a time, she entered the work to which she was to devote

the rest of her active life. In 1887, the Church Association for the Advancement of the Interests of Labor, always known as C. A. I. L. was organized by nine clergymen of the Diocese of New York, for the purpose of arousing the clergy and laity of the Episcopal Church to a consideration of industrial problems generally tabooed by the community at large. All Episcopal communicants were eligible as members. The principles set forth by this society were simply a formal statement of what Miss Keyser had always believed—namely that:

1. It is of the essence of the teachings of Jesus Christ that God is the Father of all men, and that all men are brothers.

2. God is the sole possessor of the earth and its fullness; Man is but the steward of God's bounties.

3. Labor being the exercise of body, mind and spirit in the broadening and elevating of human life, it is the duty of every man to labor diligently.

4. Labor, as thus defined, should be the standard of social worth.

5. When the divinely-intended opportunity to labor is given to all men, one great cause of the present widespread suffering and destitution will be removed.

She gladly accepted these principles, and became a member, in 1878, of that society with which her name was to become almost synonymous. In 1878, such opinions were considered extremely radical, especially as for the first time, they declared labor to be a standard of social worth.

About this time, too, Miss Keyser joined the Working Women's Society, established to promote the organization of women for their industrial interests. C. A. I. L. sympathized with this association, and Miss Keyser's first active work was done in connection with both societies. The Working Women's Society had brought to public notice the bad conditions for saleswomen and cash girls in most of the New York retail stores, and set to work to remedy them, with the coöperation of C. A. I. L. who secured over one hundred clergymen of all denominations. A meeting was held where a joint committee, of which Miss Keyser was an active member, was appointed to prepare a white list of employers of fair dealing, and from this, in a short time, grew the Consumers' League.

As representative of the Working Women's Society, she was appointed to make addresses, to appear at legislative hearings in Albany, and to go as a delegate to the Women's Congress of the Chicago Exposition under the Department of Industry. There she delivered an address on "Organization Among Women, an Instrument Promoting the Interest of Industry," speaking on the same platform with Susan B. Anthony, who was advocating organization for political liberty. During the convention, she also made addresses in the smaller halls opening on the corridors, thus reaching many idle strollers who would not have taken the trouble to go to a meeting of this sort at home.

A natural outgrowth of this work was that for woman's suffrage, her other important contribution to the improvement of her sex. She had been watching its development with great interest, and at the convention she had seen many people converted, almost in passing, by the compelling talks of Miss Anthony, Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton, and others. In 1893, the Suffrage Society of New York State instituted a campaign urging, by petitions to the Constitutional Convention, the elimination of the restrictive word "male," pertaining to voting, from the State Constitution, and Miss Keyser affiliated herself with this Socitey, in addition to the Working Women's Society and C. A. I. L., realizing, more fully, from the work she had done, the necessity for the enfranchisement of women in industry, to better their conditions.

The Suffrage Association welcomed such an earnest and powerful ally as Miss Keyser and sent her to the Adirondacks as an organizer. It was virgin soil, and the first seeds of the suffrage movement there needed much suc-

coring. After she had worked successfully, though under difficulties, for a time, she was called to wider fields, and later was appointed organizer for the New York City Suffrage League.

Miss Keyser, doing office work during the day, and making two or three addresses every evening, still kept sufficient energy to secure union endorsements of women's suffrage, embracing several hundred thousand members, by means of addresses to labor organizations.

The campaign failed, however, and at the close of the convention, the New York City Suffrage League continued its work in many assembly district clubs, and sent Miss Keyser to them for the purpose of giving political instruction. During her suffrage work, she had joined the woman's Law class at New York University, and was well fitted to instruct others along these lines.

While she carried on all this work, she was at the same time, an active member of the executive committee of C. A. I. L., and in 1894 gave up all other public work in order to concentrate her activities upon the church labor movement of that society. This was the beginning of many years of strenuous labor and she kept herself fit for the arduous tasks she was called upon to perform, by her ability to relax when the occasion demanded, spending her vacations in Maine with a congenial group of friends, many of them C. A. I. L. members, and often times conducting her work from there. The resignation of the secretary, Mr. William Harmon Van Allen had been tendered, and the valuable activities of Father Huntington and Father Allen, two of the founders, had been given up, and Miss Keyser was appointed to construct a plan for the reorganization of the society. The plan she submitted was unanimously adopted.

Labor conditions then were almost unbelievably different from the present day state of affairs. Men and women in industry were denied the barest rights of human beings in many cases, and organization, then beginning to make itself felt, was the only means by which they could protect themselves from the greed and selfishness of employers. C. A. I. L. first recognized organized labor. From church chancels and parish house platforms, at national and state conventions, and at meetings of local unions of the American Federation of Labor, Miss Keyser proclaimed the spiritual side of the labor movement, and urged fraternal relations between the church and labor. Her ability to make her point with brevity, and the sincerity, enthusiasm, logic, and humor playing over all she said, commanded attention. She came in close contact with many of the labor leaders, taking council with Samuel Gompers and others of the Federation. These men valued the help of C. A. I. L. because it did not deal in doctrinal propaganda, but strove for justice to all sorts and conditions of men.

The eight-hour day,—so common now that there is agitation to shorten it—was then looked upon as business heresy. Miss Keyser was unfailing in her efforts to establish this, and one day's rest in seven for workers. From her efforts in the latter direction, grew the large and important Actors' Church Alliance. In 1899, Miss Keyser won the attention of the President to Sunday rest for actors, and, bringing the matter before the executive committee of C. A. I. L., the new society was formed the same year.

She also did important work in her fight against the sweating system and child labor. In 1902, when interest in the matter of Southern legislation had been aroused, Miss Keyser investigated conditions in southern factories, and the Hammer and Pen, official organ of C. A. I. L., reported all her findings. The legislative committee of C. A. I. L., in 1907, succeeded in getting through the New York State Legislature the best child labor bill in any state at that time.

Her work also included the investigation of factories and mines, and strikes, and she was sent to the coal mining districts to do what her society found practicable. They endorsed

a larger number of factory inspectors, and she appeared at legislative hearings, urging justice for workers.

She was a faithful member of St. Michael's Protestant Episcopal Church, and the rector, Doctor John P. Peters, at her request, welcomed the organization of a meeting in the Church in the interest of the striking cloakmakers of the East Side. Bishop Potter presided, Doctor Peters and Miss Keyser, two Hebrews from the Cloakmakers' Union, and others spoke from the chancel with the result that a sweat shop committee was formed, which consistently and vigorously worked to abolish that abuse.

Conditions arising from sweating in tenement houses were also presented at a meeting in St. Michael's Parish House, by Doctor Annie S. Daniel, chairman of the tenement house committee, and C. A. I. L's policy, formulated in a motion made by Miss Keyser, was extended to the effort for abolition of manufacturing in tenement houses, the last refuge of the sweating system.

In 1896, C. A. I. L. established the first practical arbitration committee of conciliation and mediation, beside those established by organized labor. Bishop Potter was its chairman, and admirable work was done. Miss Keyser bent her efforts to preaching the economic waste of industrial war, and promoting the interests of arbitration, as some help in the prevention of labor conflicts.

In 1901 at the Episcopal Triennial Convention at San Francisco, a Commission of Capital and Labor was established with Bishop Potter as chairman. Miss Keyser had worked for and won the recognition of C. A. I. L. and now as its secretary, worked under this commission. After the death of Bishop Potter, the Social Service Commission was substituted for the earlier one. The Diocesan Social Service Commissions were established through the request of C. A. I. L., to the General Convention, in 1907. Through the efforts of Bishop Lloyd, in 1922, the Diocesan Social Service Commission of the Diocese of New York, appointed C. A. I. L. to constitute a Department of Industry in that Diocese, with Miss Keyser as its secretary.

At the time of the Pan American Exposition at Buffalo, Miss Keyser prepared tenement house and labor exhibits for C. A. I. L. to send there, and these won silver medals, both there and with later ones sent to the San Francisco Exposition. Both C. A. I. L. and the Working Women's Society exploited conditions in tenement houses, and Miss Keyser's activities for their betterment helped in securing improved conditions.

C. A. I. L. had become well known by this time as a champion of fair conditions and the clerks in the department stores of Harlem asked its assistance in obtaining shorter hours Saturday nights. Miss Keyser, accompanied by the Reverend Francis J. Moran, addressed the street crowds from a wagon in 125th Street, and afterward held a meeting in a hall there, to address the clerks. C. A. I. L. then organized a meeting and secured the coöperation of the Harlem clergy in this movement.

Miss Keyser's heart and soul were in C. A. I. L.'s campaign to aid the grocer clerks to close the stores in Greater New York at 7 P. M. instead of late in the evening, and she was untiring in conferring with union representatives, and making addresses on the subject, until the fight was won.

As Secretary of C. A. I. L. she struggled, also, to lighten the burdens of the laundry workers of New York who were oppressed in wages and working conditions. Jointly with the Women's Trade Union League, services and meetings were held, where addresses were made by the union laundry workers and Miss Keyser in several Episcopal Parish houses after Sunday night services. C. A. I. L. welcomes the present efforts for better conditions instituted by the New York State Industrial Commission.

Miss Keyser has always been an ardent admirer of the bishops of her church, for in

her work she has always found them a democratic and open minded body of men. Bishop Huntington, Bishop Potter, and later, Bishop Burch and Bishop Lloyd, have been her closest friends among them. After Bishop Potter's death, she paid tribute to him in her book, *Bishop Potter, the People's Friend*, which also told of the rise of C. A. I. L. in the Diocese of New York, and the expansion of the church labor movement it initiated.

Nearly eighty-four years of age, and still with the energy, vitality and alertness of mind many younger women would be proud to have, Miss Keyser has just given up her active work to take the rest to which her full and valuable life has so richly entitled her, and to enjoy her friends and her beloved books. Although with so little time for social life, she has made friends, for she is a woman to whom friends come naturally, without any effort on her part. In addition to her early friendships, she has many among the workers of her own church-experts who have given loyal voluntary service to the cause so dear to her heart and who, she says, "as memory is an attribute of our imperishable identity, will never be forgotten."

Miss Keyser too, will never be forgotten by any who have come in contact with her forceful, self-sacrificing and lovable personality, and have seen the mark which her work has left on industrial history.

DAY, KATHARINE BEACH (Mrs. George Herbert Day), suffragist, reformer, was born August 2, 1853, in Hartford, Connecticut, the daughter of Joseph Beach, through whom she traces her ancestry to Governor William Bradford. Through nine different colonial ancestors, among whom is Governor John Webster, of Massachusetts, she claims the right to membership in the Colonial Dames.

Mrs. Day has never been willing to assume the position of leader. She has preferred, with a modesty unusual in one so staunch and courageous, to act the part of supporter and worker, ready to fill any part where there was need of her. In every movement in which she has been interested, she has been a fairy godmother to the workers, always ready to help, always smoothing the road when difficulties arose, and giving freely not only of her substance, but, more important by far, of herself, her energies, her time, her thoughts and affections. When the history of the Woman Movement in America comes to be written, it will be incomplete indeed if full credit is not given to Katharine Beach Day.

Katharine Beach attended the Hartford Female Seminary until she was fifteen years of age, when she went for two years to the Chegary Institute in Philadelphia. There she devoted a large part of her time to music, vocal and instrumental, studies which she continued with private masters after her return to Hartford, where she entered the gay social life of that city in the seventies; a time when Hartford was known throughout the United States as a literary and musical center.

In addition to her talent for music, Miss Beach showed decided ability as an actress and was in great demand for the plays which were then frequently given for various charities. She appeared as the heroine in "She Stoops to Conquer," and as Josephine in "Pinafore," performances which were long and favorably remembered by a wider circle than her personal friends.

In 1877, Miss Beach married George Herbert Day, son of Willard and Catherine Brown Day of Brooklyn, Connecticut, through his mother tracing a direct descent from Israel Putnam. Mr. Day who was associated in business with Albert A. Pope, was one of the pioneers in the manufacture of bicycles, and the Columbia and Pope-Hartford names stood for the best that was made of these popular machines. Later when the automobile was introduced, Mr. Day was again a pioneer in the field. He was also a prophet of the "Good Roads" movement, and he it was who introduced in Hartford the idea that the surroundings of factories could be made beautiful, instead of sordid and ugly.

Katharine D. Key

After her marriage, social life, church work and especially the bringing up of a family of five children absorbed Mrs. Day's time and attention, and there was nothing in the thirty years so spent to indicate that she would afterwards be found in the ranks of movements for the liberation of women from their political, economic and personal disabilities. Her family and associates were of the conservative and conventional type, and there was nothing in her surroundings to arouse her fighting spirit on behalf of her sex.

Mrs. Day's generation had escaped the stirring beginnings of the pioneers of the Woman's Rights movement. In Connecticut the suffrage cause, led by Isabella Beecher Hooker, although it gained several victories for women such as equal guardianship for children, raising of the age of consent, married women's property act, and even the grant of school suffrage to women, made little impression on "society" in Hartford. As the years went on, the earlier impulse died down, and at the turn of the century the cause was "marking time;" few people paid any attention to it.

To the woman safeguarded in the home, busy with her duties as wife and mother and as a member of a charming social circle, with church work as an outlet for her altruistic impulses, and study clubs for intellectual stimulus, the demand for the ballot made little appeal. There were no prophets in those days. The early pioneers had grown old and their mantles had fallen on the shoulders of lesser women, who were unable to command the attention of the women of their generation.

When the revival of interest began, as a repercussion of the active work of the Pankhursts in England, Mrs. Day was hardly aware of the movement. By this time she was a widow, her daughter and two sons married, and two younger sons at home to claim her attention. She did not notice that the younger generation was feeling the stirrings of the new agitation. She did not hear of the organization of the Hartford Equal Franchise League, with Mrs. Thomas N. Hepburn as its leader. She did not know that new life had come into the demand for "Votes for Women."

But the waves of the movement were soon to reach her. One day, meeting a friend in the shopping district of Hartford, she learned that there was to be a suffrage meeting that evening. It would be interesting, urged the friend. Would Mrs. Day go?

Mrs. Day gasped. What would the "children" say? Suppose Josephine (Mrs. M. Toscan Bennett, already the mother of three children) should hear of it! "Josephine will think I'm crazy," she protested.

Thrilled with a sense of adventure, she allowed herself to be persuaded, and the two women, defying their upbringing and their conventional surroundings, attended the meeting. But imagine the surprise that awaited Mrs. Day, when the speakers filed on to the platform. The first to stand up and make an address was her own daughter, Josephine. Mixed with the surprise was a slight feeling of hurt that she had been left out, while Josephine had marched ahead in the ranks of the "new women." Never again was she to be left behind.

Mrs. Day is one of the women who never grow old nor fixed in opinions. She is an illustration of the fact that years do not necessarily mean a deadening of enthusiasms and an arresting of progress. Since the moment that she joined the suffrage ranks in 1911, she has never been content to be in the rear guard. It was the militant end of the movement that attracted her, and she could always be counted on to march in the front without a trace of fear or hesitation.

In May, 1914, the first Connecticut suffrage parade took place in Hartford. It was a shock to many of her old friends and even to members of her own family, who belonged to the ranks of the "Antis," to see Mrs. Day's car, gaily decorated with suffrage colors, taking a prominent place in the ranks. Later there were suffrage parades in many of the towns and cities of the State, and Mrs.

Day could always be counted upon to be in line.

In the great New York parade of 1915, when the New York women made their onslaught on their own legislature, Mrs. Day was determined to be one of the Connecticut contingent. She was unable to march the whole distance, but she secured a wheeled chair and along with another ardent suffragist, bravely faced the crowds in this somewhat conspicuous conveyance. At the head of the Connecticut division, marched her daughter, Mrs. Toscan Bennett, bearing the great state banner, which was held in place by her son and daughter who marched with her—a remarkable instance of three generations joining in the demand for Votes for Women.

In 1913, the younger suffragists, having become wearied of the long-drawn-out State-by-State method, organized under Alice Paul in the Congressional Union to demand an amendment to the United States Constitution, which would enfranchise all the women of the country. Early in its history, Mrs. Day joined the ranks of this new forward movement. She lobbied for the amendment in Washington, and, in January, 1915, she attended the long debate in Congress when the Amendment first came up for serious consideration on the floor of the House. The amendment, which had been drawn up many years previously by Susan B. Anthony, had slumbered in committees and had received little support from the older suffrage organizations. It needed the push of a militant movement to bring it to the front and secure its passage.

In that militant movement, Mrs. Day took a prominent part. She helped to organize a branch of the Congressional Union—or National Woman's Party as it was later and more widely known—in Connecticut. She was always ready to badger Senators and Congressmen, either in Connecticut or in Washington. She picketed the White House with Miss Paul's guards. She added fuel to the watch fires that the Suffragists kept burning in Lafayette Square, Washington. As it chanced she was never in the parties of women who were arrested and thrown into jail, but she gave comfort and aid to those who suffered, including her own daughter, Josephine. She took part also in the more picturesque features. She shared in the reception in Hartford to the women who had crossed the Continent with the great petition, signed by over half-a-million women, and addressed to Congress. She went to Washington for its presentation, returning in her car after a blizzard that made the roads nearly impassable. She was in Chicago in 1916, when amid the excitement of Republican and Bull Moose Conventions, the National Woman's Party came formally into existence. And she was present in Congress when the Amendment received its two-thirds majority and was sent forth to the States for ratification.

Connecticut was late in ratifying, but it was chiefly due to the National Woman's Party that enough states ratified to permit the women to vote at the elections of 1920, and thus to bring the long suffrage agitation to a close, fifty-one years after the first organization of Suffragists was formed in Hartford.

With the winning of the ballot, Mrs. Day looked around for fresh work. Already, during the suffrage agitation, she had been interested in Social Hygiene and had helped Mrs. Hepburn in her revolt against the white slave trade as it was then carried on in her home city. She became one of the strong supporters of the Connecticut Social Hygiene Association. She kept up an active connection with the National Woman's Party, as reorganized for further aggressive feminist work; and in 1921 she attended the First American Birth Control Conference in New York.

Here, she felt, was the next step to be taken for the liberation of women, for of what use is the ballot, if a woman is not the mistress of her own body, and is not given the right to decide when or whether she shall bear children? The cause interested her from other points

of view as well. Here was the secret of so much of the misery of the world. Birth Control, properly applied would banish poverty. It would do away with the chief cause of war. It would make most charities unnecessary.

With the energy that she had shown in Suffrage work, she now threw herself into the Birth Control movement. In 1922, she attended a great International Birth Control Conference in London, at which the American Birth Control League, under the leadership of Margaret Sanger took a prominent part. After her return, she spent much time in New York, going daily to the Headquarters of the League and helping in the tremendously active work always going on there. She helped to promote a great Birth Control meeting held in Parson's Theatre, Hartford, early in 1923—the first meeting of the kind ever held in Connecticut, and she joined heartily in any plans for conferences on Birth Control which were held in the larger cities of the United States—all looking towards the establishment of clinics, where poor mothers could obtain the instruction needed for the practical application of Birth Control.

The Beach family is an illustrious one. Through nine different colonial officers, Mrs. Day claims the right to membership in the Colonial Dames. Her two most important ancestors were Governor William Bradford, first Governor of Plymouth Colony, and John Webster, Governor, of Massachusetts, from 1656–1659. Heredity has counted for much in her case, and she and her daughter, Josephine, do full credit to these eminent ancestors.

BASSETT, KAROLYN WELLS, composer and singer, was born in Derby, Connecticut, August 2, 1892, the daughter of Harmon Sheldon and Charlotte Mortimer Bassett. Miss Bassett's father was born in Derby, Connecticut, in 1867. Her maternal grandfather, Payson Mortimer, came from England and settled in Boston, Massachusetts, in 1859. A great grandmother, Harriet Bassett, was a niece of Commodore Isaac Hull, of the "Old Ironsides" and a daughter of General William Hull.

Karolyn Wells Bassett is one of the youngest in the group of American women composers. She has already established herself as a writer of songs that are unusually melodious and show the true creative gift; they possess a spontaneity and quaint, joyous originality which is very appealing. Her first set of songs were included in the *Schirmer* catalogue several years ago and have appeared on the programs of many distinguished concert artists. A group, issued by Harold Flammer, notably *Little Brown Baby*, *A Child's Night Song*, and *De Bogie Man*, have met with great success because of their original charm and refinement, although perhaps *The Icicle* is best known. She has written a number of humorous songs for children and her negro melodies have the true lilt and swing. Miss Bassett has also a coloratura soprano voice of wide range and remarkable purity of tone. Her art is finished and her interpretation reveals depths of feeling and admirable intelligence.

Karolyn Wells Bassett began her career as a composer at the age of four. It is told of her that she seated herself at the piano one day and, after striking the keys with a tentative finger, suddenly burst into tears. To her father, who rushed to see if she had pinched her finger, she sobbed out that she wanted to play something she heard in her head. Her father listened while she hummed the something and helped her work it out. At five, instead of drawing animals in a picture book, the little Karolyn declared she preferred to make pictures on the piano. Her mother asked her one day to make up a piece for a friend calling. The composition must have had merit as the caller was flatteringly skeptical and asked the child to make up a piece all on the black keys. She was able to convince her first critic that her work was genuine. Many stories are told of the little musician.

At the age of five she played a Beethoven Sonatina in public. Afterwards, a gentleman asked her about the performance—what she had played and by whom. "I don't remember very well," said the child, "but I think it was a Sonatina by Sonata!"

At one of her first performances at the piano, under the Faeltons of Boston, little Karolyn at the age of six years, while playing a Krauss Sonata, put in a wrong chord which necessitated transposing three pages to finish the piece. The child knew she was not right, but she also had the instinct to know she must not stop playing, so she continued in the strange key, much to the delight of Carl Faelton, who caught her up when she had finished it and explained to the audience what she had done.

When she was seven years old, the children in her school were thrilled to discover that she could "make-up" her own pieces on the piano and one day they begged her for a performance, with the result that she was discovered in the music room, telling them stories about runaway horses, wars, witches, and wild Indians, and illustrating them on the piano to a spellbound audience of youngsters, with eyes bulging from excitement.

The child spent so much of her time at the piano that her mother finally took all music away from her. But the "something she heard in her head" persisted, and at the age of twelve she was allowed to begin the study of harmony. At this time she was a pupil in the Berkeley Institute, Brooklyn, and as she grew older at Madame Veltin's School, New York City. During her residency in Boston, Miss Bassett studied piano with Carl Faelton and Mrs. Rheinhold Faelton. When in the Brooklyn School she studied piano with Constance Mills, a pupil of MacDowell's, with Leona Clarkson, who had been Carreño's assistant, and when in Berlin, with Vera Maurina of the Russian Trio. Her composition teachers were Constance Mills, New York, Theodore Holland, Berlin, and later, Bryceson Treharne, New York.

Miss Bassett tells an amusing incident of her early career in Berlin. When a child of thirteen, she attracted attention in the Berlin musical circle as a composer, and one of the critics, attending a concert where her violin and piano composition was being performed, asked her if she had been composing very long. "Oh yes," said the little Miss Bassett, "ever since I was a baby, but this is the first really big thing I have ever written!" "So," said Mr. Critic, "you consider that this is a big composition, eh?" Where upon, Miss Bassett declares, from that moment she became modest.

It was when humming her own songs quite recently that she discovered that she had a voice, which she began to develop without publicity, training with Clara and Grace Carroll, New York City, with characteristic seriousness. Beginning so quietly, she has rapidly risen to notice as a concert singer, although she declares that she made her début before she really intended it. She is a most conscientious young woman, setting great aims for herself. She declares that it is harder to sing her own songs because she never thinks of working on them and one cannot accomplish anything without giving it full attention. That is a part of her creed, to do anything as well as it is in her to do it and never to accept failure.

Miss Bassett likes to pass on the lessons she had learned to help others who are struggling with their first efforts. She warns against promiscuous composing, the usual temptation to please.

"There was a time," she laughingly declares, "when, if any one said to me, 'Will you set these words to music for me?' that I would do so even when the words did not impress me. Now, I do not write except when something is clamoring to be put down. Sometimes I feel for weeks that a thing is coming before it actually takes concrete form." Miss Bassett believes that one of the advantages of studying in Europe is that it takes a girl from her friends, who keep her

from work, distract her and disturb the concentration that is so necessary to success.

Miss Bassett lives in the lovely old colonial home "The Elms" at Briarcliff Manor. It is situated on a hill overlooking a broad sweep of valley. This home is her inspiration. One feels a closeness to nature in all her work. The cold bleakness of winter, silent and grey; spring and the soft wind in the elms sighing over the lilacs and early bulbs in the old garden; the warm sun of summer, the buzz of happy bees, the brilliant flowers on the hillside, the haying in nearby meadows; then the blue haze of autumn, the flame of painted forest, leaves burning, the first crisp air. The familiar things of country living, they all appear in the emotional quality of her music, vigorous yet tender. Inspiration comes to her at the oddest moments. She may be weeding in the garden or putting up one of her painted bird houses for the innumerable birds that abound in the place, when an idea comes. Everything is dropped right there and she flies to her piano to be absorbed for hours. Her mother comes first in her life and that mother seems to know when the gifted daughter is in a creative mood and never allows her to be disturbed. And she is the first to hear the song, when completed, for her valued criticism and encouragement.

Miss Bassett's relaxations are her Arabian horse and her Airdale and they are often off together for hours at a time. She has a long grey car, too, and is a skilled chauffeur, being proud of the fact that she does all the driving on long motor trips. Miss Bassett loves outdoor life and, besides her riding, is quite an adept at tennis, swimming, snow-shoeing and skating. She says that she does not play golf because she is unable to take so much time from her work. Miss Bassett loves her garden and spends much time in it. She paints her own bird houses, also does a little portrait work but has given up most of the latter work since the voice developed.

Miss Bassett is expected to go far as a concert singer. She is likened to Patti in voice and spirit and charm, and is making a specialty of Patti programs, in costume. But she declares that no matter what else she does she will keep on writing songs. She wants her songs to do two things, paint pictures and make people happier. In her song *Take Joy Home*, she hopes the audience will really go home with joy in their hearts. Many celebrated singers are using Miss Bassett's songs.

Miss Bassett has appeared in Palm Beach concerts for two seasons and in concerts at St. Augustine; as soloist with choral art societies, in Westchester; concerts at Carnegie Hall and at the Strand Theatre; in the Grand Ballroom of the Plaza Hotel; in the big Springfield auditorium; and is very popular over the radio.

In the list of songs she has composed are especially noted: *The Icicle; Mister Mockin' Bird; Take Joy Home; Passion Flowers; De Bogie Man; Little Brown Baby; A Child's Night Song; Lullaby Prayer; Yellow Butterfly; Laddie; The Whipporwill; The Moon of Roses; My Mother; Optimism; Serenade; Called Away.*

Miss Bassett belongs to the Author's League of America; League of American Pen Women; American Society Composers, Authors and Publishers; the Audubon Society; S. P. C. A.; and was at one time secretary of the Briarcliff Suffrage Club for two years.

Miss Bassett has been interested in suffrage work, belonging to the suffrage club of her town, and has enjoyed work in the garden clubs and been otherwise active in many ways. She is a member of the S. P. C. A. and the Audubon Society. But the growing demand of her concert work is eliminating most of her club activity.

Of the Bassett family, the earliest record is of an ancestor, Baset, with the Duke of Normandy on the Loire in 895. A Baset accompanied William the Conqueror to England in 1066. In England records of the family are kept to the present.

On her mother's side, the Mortimers are descended from Norman stock also, Ralph

de Mortimer accompanying William I, in 1066.

HARTLEY, RACHEL, artist, was born in New York City, January 4, 1884, the daughter of Jonathon Scott and Helen Inness Hartley. Her father is a well-known sculptor, born in New York, of English parentage. One of her ancestors (the name was spelled Hudley in those days), was a signer of the Great Charter. Miss Hartley's maternal grandfather was George Inness, the celebrated American artist. The first American of this name was William Inness, who came over in 1700 from Scotland and settled in eastern Massachusetts. Also through the maternal side she is related to the Baldwin family, founders of Newark, New Jersey.

Rachel Hartley is not only an artist by inheritance but a distinguished painter in her own right. Her paintings are full of color and light and adapted to the South American subjects she so often chooses. She catches the vibration of the sun-charged atmosphere of the tropics, and the intense shadows and vivid lights she handles with skill. Even in her paintings of street scenes in Gloucester and Provincetown she gets life and brilliance and warm color. Miss Hartley was the official artist of the first Beebe Expedition, in 1916, into British Guiana.

Rachel Hartley had an unusually happy childhood, with a wonderful mother who devoted most of her time to her children. She never tired of telling them thrilling stories of how she went to Europe in a side wheeler and of her experiences as a little girl in Italy. As a child, Rachel Hartley was rather delicate, but she says that she never realized it, as health was never mentioned in the family circle. She was merely looked after with the most loving care and never pushed in her studies. Miss Hartley tells many stories of her childhood that are most entertaining.

"Funerals and weddings were my two topics of conversation. Never having been to either or having heard much about them, I had grand ideas on the subjects, and gave my poor family many shocks by insisting upon discussing death at great length. During the summer, I lived in the trees, tore my clothes, made mud pies, and had funerals for all animals or birds that died; on one occasion I used mother's jewelry case as a coffin for a sparrow. I remember my brother and I found a little robbin that needed burying most awfully. Suddenly the idea struck me that it would be nice to put a penny in the coffin as consolation. Off we went to my grandfather. We marched into the studio and demanded a penny."

He presented them with a quarter, to their great disappointment, for with their vague knowledge of money they thought the penny much more valuable. Miss Hartley says of this artist grandfather that he had the usual artist's disregard for the value of money and would give away a $100 bill as readily as a quarter. On one occasion Rachel and her brother discovered an old hen sitting on two kittens that had been born and deserted in the chicken yard. The children were most interested and undertook to help the hen. Their method was to get an old bicycle tire pump, open the mouths of the kittens, and squirt down food. Needless to say, the poor kittens lasted only three days and then a beautiful big funeral was held.

Brought up in an atmosphere of art, with her father a sculptor and her grandfather, the noted George Inness, and an uncle, George Inness, Junior, also painters, it was natural that Rachel Hartley should inherit an artistic taste. She says:

"My artistic career started while I was on the train bound for Tarpon Springs, Florida, with my grandparents. From the window I made sketches of the negroes and huts to send my young sister. From that I branched off into portraits of my traveling companions." Miss Hartley tells an amusing story of one traveling experience:

"Upon entering a train or building, I always looked around for people I thought were nice

and would tell good stories, then I would go right to them and get acquainted—my idea being, that because I liked everybody, everybody must like me. Some of my friends must have been a trial to my grandmother but she interfered only once with my friendships. On one trip, the train stopped when going through Georgia. My friend, the colored porter, with his eyes bulging fairly out of his head, told me that 'a nigger had been lynched and was hanging to a telegraph pole down the line' and that he would take me to see. Grandmother caught me by the skirts as I hurried past and asked me where I was going. I cried, 'Don't stop me. I'm in an awful hurry to see a nigger that's been lynched.' Imagine my anger when she refused to let me go. The porter gave me a graphic description on his return but it wasn't the same to me."

Life in Florida was a constant thrill to Rachel Hartley. She declares that the large supply of old bachelors, especially those with big ears and noses, was a source of immense joy as subject matter for portraits. The many escapades of the lively young woman kept the town in a continual state of electrification.

Miss Hartley says that one of the greatest trials of her early life was getting her grandfather, the celebrated artist, to come to meals. It usually fell to her lot to be the one to get him in. With great joy she recalls how annoyed her grandmother used to be when he returned from his all-day sketching trips with his lunch box untouched. He always apologized profusely and said: "My dear, I'll try to remember next time."

One winter Miss Hartley was fortunate enough to be in the same hotel as Doctor Frank Cushing, the great explorer of Indian relics. He and his party were excavating an old Indian burying ground, discovered in the negro section of town. They allowed her to go with them and, to her great delight, even to dig in the ruins with the men. They presented her with some of the bones and pieces of pottery. After hearing Doctor Cushing lecture, the enterprising young lady took to lecturing, herself, and would regale the guests of the hotel with her theories by the hour.

Rachel Hartley, although born in New York City, was brought up in Montclair, New Jersey. She was educated in private schools and by travel. A very happy life was led in the Montclair home. Mrs. Hartley, with her gift of simple but delightful entertaining, made the place a continual scene of jolly dinners, dances and picnics.

At the age of fifteen Rachel took to reading woman's suffrage literature. All the books on the subject were given to her father, a strong believer in suffrage, by his friends, Elizabeth Cady Stanton and Susan B. Anthony. "But," states Miss Hartley, "I had few people to argue with and nobody to oppose me, so after wading through the books I gave it up and just declared myself a suffragist."

When she was seventeen, Miss Hartley entered the Art Students' League, New York City. When she began to study seriously she figured it out that if people knew that she came of a family of artists they would expect her to be a genius; so she kept this a dark secret and enjoyed immensely the surprise of her friends when she took them out to her home and they saw her charming family and surroundings. Of course they had thought that she never mentioned her home for obvious reasons.

"When I started going to the Art School I was nearer a perfect lady than I ever was before or have been since," states Miss Hartley. "Even at that, my family were highly amused by some of the friends I invited out to Montclair to visit. My two older sisters were always sweet to them but inquired as to where I'd got them and if they ever washed their hands."

After her study at the League was over, Miss Hartley worked with her father in a studio next to his in the old Holbine. She devoted herself exclusively to portraits. Her first order was the portrait of a woman who

had died some time before. It was a very tedious task to find models like her subject, and to paint from description. The money she earned was largely spent on her dog, who inconsiderately became ill at this time.

Miss Hartley had three exhibitions planned and under way at the time of the first Beebe Expedition to British Guiana in 1916 but dropped them cheerfully when asked to go with her brother as official artist. The Beebe Expedition was undertaken under the direction of Professor William Beebe at the request of Professor Henry Fairfield Osborn, of the American Museum of Natural History. They spent six months, from March to August, at the Tropical Research Station established under the auspices of the New York Zoölogical Society. This trip was one of the most wonderful experiences of her life. Her first sight of the virgin tropical forest will never be forgotten.

They stopped in Grenada, which really embodies one's ideal of a tropical island. There they found a great abundance of strange birds and flowers and dense cool shade under heavy-leaved trees. At Trinidad too there were temptations to linger, but they sailed on to Georgetown, the capitol of British Guiana. Georgetown, the trading center of a dozen or more large sugar plantations, is a modern city of 60,000 inhabitants, with trolleys, railroads and motor cars. The party found a house and servants ready for their use, but the scientists were there to study the interesting forms of life in the tropics and felt that they must be out in the jungle where they had unlimited opportunities for observation. They accordingly established a station at Bartica in a large two-storied house built on a rather abrupt hill some two hundred feet above the river. It was a central spot. There was the absolutely primitive wilderness around them, yet it was furnished with the comforts of civilization and three times a week a little mail steamer brought ice and fresh vegetables. They had plenty of meat shot by the Indian hunters. Monkey meat was a common dish and Miss Hartley reports that it tastes like chicken and is very delicious. They were a distance of five minutes from Georgetown by telegram and half an hour from New York by cable, yet no one passed their doors save an occasional government official or a dugout of negro gold seekers. The party had at their disposal launches on the river and an indomitable Ford car that pushed its way through almost impassable trails.

The expedition had scarcely settled when they were visited by Colonel and Mrs. Theodore Roosevelt, who came over from a neighboring rubber plantation to see the interesting work that Mr. Beebe and his associates were doing.

Miss Hartley tells of a very amusing episode that happened at this time. One day her brother brought in a bird that he very much wished her to paint but forgot to give to her until the next day. By that time the odor was so strong that she could not bear even to sit near enough to paint it. Finally artistic and scientific zeal overcame all obstacles. With a clothespin on her nose she managed to get an excellent likeness.

A very interesting trip was taken by Miss Hartley up the river from Georgetown. The entomologist and she were invited to make this trip of a couple of days by an Englishman and his wife. They had the unique experience of attending a "drink fest" in one of the Indian villages and of seeing by the light of the moon the braves in their weird native dances. She had the honor of being the first white woman ever offered the native drink, which she consented to try, much to the joy of the Indian women. Miss Hartley expected to be handed the big gourd that the men had used but one woman went into a tent and came out with a big white kitchen cup. She was vigorously polishing it with her very dirty skirt. It was a great honor to be allowed to drink out of this cup, the pride of the village. None the less, Miss Hartley would have greatly preferred the gourd. The drink proved to be living fire.

Miss Hartley declares that a visit to the

KAROLYN WELLS BASSETT

RACHEL HARTLEY

KATHERINE S. DREIER

DOROTHEA A. DREIER

tropics does upset one's preconceived idea of its being a place of disease and danger. "We found no fever, mosquitoes or flies. A cool breeze most of the day, and at night a blanket was necessary. It is true that there were a few poisonous snakes and one day the entomologist of the party was charged by a jaguar a few hundred feet from the house."

But these were but small drawbacks to the enthusiasm of the young artist and by no means interfered with her enjoyment of the unique and fascinating environment. The vivid contrast of light and shade, the hugh splashes of vivid color flaming against lush green verdure, the vibrant sun-charged atmosphere of noonday, the cool silence of the night, captured her palette and intrigued her imagination.

Soon after her return from British Guiana Miss Hartley gave an exhibition of her small sketches at the Grace Home Gallery, in Boston. Since then she has exhibited all over the country. One of her tropical pictures was purchased by the Museum of Georgetown, Bristish Guiana, while she was on a later sketching trip there. Miss Hartley gives up most of her time now to pictures of these tropical lands.

In the fall of 1916, she was asked to go to Foxcroft, a delightful girls' school in Virginia, to run a hostess house in connection with the school. A very dear friend of Miss Hartley, Charlotte Noland, a noted educator, promised to build her a studio, if she would come Her friends in the North shrieked with merriment at the idea, and to prove her capability Miss Hartley undertook the position and remained there for four years. She enjoyed to the utmost teaching the young girls, painting, and running her house. But again the wanderlust seized her and she was off to her beloved tropics.

In 1921 Miss Hartley exhibited with Mr. George Ainsley, at the Ainsley Gallery, portraits and paintings of North and South America. In 1923 she returned from another sketching trip to South America and Mr. Macbeth gave her an exhibition in his gallery. A critic in writing of this exhibition says: "The interest of her work does not depend on the fact that she comes of so distinguished a family of artists. Her paintings are full of color and sunlight, and her bright-hued palette is adapted especially to the South American subjects, which are mainly from British Guiana."

Part of her summers Miss Hartley spends in Southampton, painting in her barn-studio. The rest of the summers are spent with her canvass in Provincetown, Gloucester, or some equally picturesque spot.

Critics of the day have said in connection with some of her recent exhibitions:

"Intense shadows and vivid lights are handled with skill in *Akwari Indians* and *Central Market, Trinidad.* The vibration of the sun-charged atmosphere of the tropics is suggested especially well in the *Parrot Man, Trinidad. Immortal Tree* shows the towering branches tipped with flaming blossoms against a background of green hills.

"Of the subjects nearer home there is a beach scene at Provincetown that is full of life and brilliance, and a street scene in Gloucester, and *Painting Glass, Gloucester,* in which warm color is as effective as in her southern scenes. *Rocky Nich Road* shows the summit of a hill crowned by two telegraph poles, which lend themselves to the needs of art by giving decided character to the composition. Two pleasing children's portraits, *Wee Fannie Gardener* and *Master Bolling Haxall,* are also included."

Miss Hartley is a life member of the Art Students' League; a member of the Pen and Brush, which is the only club she attends regularly and of which she is Chairman of the Brushes this year and also on the Board; National Arts Club; Arts Club of Washington; the American Association of Painters.

DREIER, KATHERINE SOPHIE, artist, social worker, was born in Brooklyn, New York, September 10, 1877, the daughter of

Theodore and Dorothea Dreier. Both parents were born in Germany. The father was descended from a family of important linen merchants who had held positions as senators and city officials for generations, in the Free Hanseatic City of Bremen. An ancient family they were, mentioned in records of 1600 as presumably having settled in Bremen when Roland, the nephew of Charlemagne, founded that city in the 12th Century. Miss Dreier's mother was born near Bremen and came to America after her marriage in 1865. She was her husband's first cousin with the same line of descent.

Katherine Dreier is exceptional in that she has successfully accomplished along so many lines. Well known as an artist, especially as a mural painter, she has exhibited not only in many galleries of this country but in the Salon des Beaux Arts, Paris, Leipzig, Bremen, Die Kunsthalle in Dresden, Die Juryfreie in Munich, and others. Miss Dreier, with Marcel Duchamp, organized the Société Anonyme, the purpose of which is to exhibit the new forms in art which are usually barred from museums. In scope it is international. Along the line of social betterment Miss Dreier has done much constructive work. She is one of the founders and the first president of the "Little Italy Neighborhood Association." In Suffrage also, Miss Dreier is well-known. She has twice led the American Section of the big London parades.

Katherine Sophie Dreier was educated in private schools of Brooklyn. At the age of twelve she began the study of art and continued it under Walter Shirlaw, in New York. From New York she went to Paris to study under Raphael Collins. Under Gustav Britsch, of Munich, she studied anatomy, observation and esthetics. With the late official restorer of Florence Vermaehren she took courses in the various techniques of the centuries.

At the age of fifteen she became a member of the Asacog Club, the unusual purpose of which was to bring together the rich and the poor for mutual education and understanding. Thus was she started on a long career of social service work. Katherine Dreier served at the Lunch Club for factory girls and later became a member the Girls' Friendly Society. In 1900 she was elected treasurer of the Home for Recreation of Women and Children; she immediately set about clearing off the mortgages. In the capacity of either secretary or treasurer, Miss Dreier has served ever since. This Home founded by her mother, in memory of her father, has cared for over ten thousand women and children in twenty-five years.

In 1903 she became one of the directors of the Manhattan Trade School which was later taken over by the Board of Education. This position she held until 1909, when she went to live abroad.

In 1914 she was one of the founders and first president of the "Little Italy Neighborhood Association" and presented the Association with their present building. In connection with this work she established with the coöperation of Doctor Leipziger, who created the free lecture system in connection with the Board of Education, the first free lectures to be given on Sunday evenings in a public school.

Miss Dreier became, in 1905, one of the first directors of Waverly House. In 1909, she was compelled to retire from Waverly House and "Little Italy Neighborhood Association", as she went to live in London.

Her keen interest in social work could not quite be put aside and so she took an active part in the suffrage movement then so prominent in Great Britain. She twice led the American Section of the big London parades. The years 1911, 1912, 1913, and 1914 were devoted to art work. She exhibited at the Salon des Beaux Arts, Paris, had a one-man show in London, Leipzig, New York and Boston, has exhibited at the museums of Bremen, Dresden, Munich, and the Armory Show in New York and was chosen as one of the smaller groups to be exhibited in Boston, Chicago, and San Francisco, she had a one-

man show at the Midtown and Chemical Clubs in New York, and exhibited at the Men's City Club.

In 1912 Miss Dreier turned her attention to a new line. She translated Madame Duquesne Van Gogh's book on her brother, called *Recollections of Van Gogh* with an original critical essay on the works of Van Gogh. This book was published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., in 1913. It must be borne in mind that this work was brought out at a time when Van Gogh was simply considered mad and had received no recognition in this country. She was ridiculed by many art critics for seeing any beauty in his work.

Again, in 1914–1915, suffrage called Miss Dreier. She was made chairman of the German-American Committee of the Women's Suffrage Party. This Committee under her leadership assembled 6000 members in city and state within eleven months. The achievement of this work was chiefly due to the splendid coöperation of her committee and her two aides, Miss Bertha von Zastrow and Mrs. Hanfstaengl.

Even strenuous work along suffrage lines could not quite down the impulse toward art. Miss Dreier continued her art work, especially along mural lines, and in 1915 was made President of the Coöperative Mural Workshops, which held an important exhibition showing a complete restaurant decoration of work done under the direction of Walt Kuhn with the supervision of Miss Dreier. It was this exhibition which created such a stir that winter in New York that *Current Opinion* devoted a page to it. This latter developed into a small organization based on the "Deutsche Werkstotten," where the art of the artist was used in connection with furniture as well as painting—creating a larger outlet for his talents. Unfortunately the coöperative Mural Workshops were swept away by the war in February, 1917.

In the autumn of 1918, during the war, she received permission to go to South America—a privilege denied to most women travelling alone—to make a study of the social conditions in the Argentine. The impressions and facts gathered in this land, were published in book form, *Five months in the Argentine.* This trip and book have been largely the means of uniting the progressive women of South America, especially of Argentine and Uruguay, with the progressive women of the North and in consequence they attended the first International Working Women's Congress held in Washington, October, 1919.

Miss Dreier has done much for the cause of art. She was called upon to help organize the Society of Independent Artists, to which she devoted her energy to bring about the first exhibition at the Grand Central Palace. Next to the Armory Show, this was the most important exhibition held in the City of New York pertaining to modern art.

In 1920, with the assistance of Marcel Duchamp, she organized and established the Société Anonyme, to which she was elected President. This organization is attempting to round out the art life in New York. Since the Metropolitan Museum does not see its way to exhibiting the newer forms in art as expressed in painting and sculpture, the Société Anonyme organized to bring over exhibitions showing standard work of this new vital movement in art. It is doing museum work. In five years of existence it has held twenty exhibitions in its own gallery representing fourteen countries; namely: America, Roumania, Russia, Spain, Sweden, Belgium, China, Czecho-Slovakia, France, Germany, Holland, Hungary, Italy, and Poland. Like all museums it exhibits art wherever it finds the expression, regardless of the country where it is found. It does not make the fatal error of thinking that only the Latin world can produce art.

Besides the twenty exhibitions in its own gallery it has sent exhibitions to Vassar and and Smith Colleges and arranged a modern section at the State Fair of Michigan in connection with the Detroit Museum in the autumn of 1923. Furthermore, the Société Anonyme has held nine exhibitions in the

City of New York in connection with the People's Institute, the Jewish Forum, and various clubs. It has published literature and held lectures.

In 1923 Miss Katherine Dreier exhibited 122 photographs, which she had taken in China of the life of the Chinese people, at the Newark Museum. These photographs were later sent on tour throughout the country with the Chinese exhibition.

In the same year, *Brentano* brought out her book on *Western Art and the New Era*, which is an introduction and guide to the modern movement, as expressed in painting.

A list of Miss Dreier's clubs include: the Colony, Cosmopolitan Clubs, and the Ladies' Athenaeun Club of London, 1910–1917.

Miss Dreier traces back to many illustrious ancestors, among them was Sara Siekhoff, née Dreier, whose will, made in 1670, left the income of her estate to provide for widows and the education of children of parents in moderate circumstances bearing her and her husband's name. This fund was a great means of keeping high the family standard and was intact until the great war of 1914 swept it away.

Another very interesting ancestress was Gesa Tideman, born June 22, 1789, died August 18, 1862, the wife of Ludwig Hotzen, who took active part in the wars against Napoleon when Germany liberated herself. They were married in 1816 and after the death in 1834, of her husband, who was head-forester and personal friend of the king of Hanover, she withdrew to Bucken, where she became a great factor in the life of the community.

Besides her twelve children she educated twenty orphans, took to live with her a number of old, decrepit ladies who were left penniless and whom nobody would care for, as at that time there were no homes for the aged in that community. In addition to all this she was a tremendous influence in everything pertaining to the welfare of her friends and their children. This remarkable woman still found time to give lively interest to the spiritual and intellectual life of her times. All this care of others was done on rather small means. They said of her that she was constantly in debt for others until the day of her death. A beautiful portrait of her kneeling in prayer was installed in the choir of the old cathedral of Bucken, one of the famous churches of the twelfth century of Germany.

DREIER, DOROTHEA A., important modernist in art, was born in Brooklyn, New York, December 8, 1870, and died at Saranac Lake, New York, September 14, 1923. Both parents, Theodore Dreier and Dorothea Dreier, were born in Germany. The Dreiers, cousins and hence of the same lineage, trace back to many famous ancestors of the Seventeenth Century. They are mentioned in the records of 1600 as having settled in Bremen when it was founded.

Dorothea Dreier belonged to the modernist group in art. The small international Post-Impressionistic Group numbered among its members Van Gogh, Gauguin and Paula Becker-Modersohn. Exhibited in various cities throughout the country, Dorothea Dreier's work is well-known, if not always understood or appreciated.

Dorothea Dreier was an older sister of Katherine Dreier and like her followed their mother's lead in a broad sympathy and service to the unfortunate. Her wide awake interest in social welfare work made her ever ready to assist the members of her family in their progressive social undertakings. After her mother's death she became a member of the board of directors of the Home for Recreation of Women and Children, established by her mother with the help of the children of Mr. and Mrs. Theodor Offerman in memory of both families. She was an ardent and sympathetic giver, especially to enable the building up of the physical strength to which her long years of illness made her particularly sensitive. The Home cared for over ten thousand women and children during the twenty-five years of her connection.

She also established in 1918, and supported until her death, the play-ground in the Public School, corner Amity and Columbus Streets, Brooklyn, where the daily average attendance was 190, making a total of over 10,000 a season.

Dorothea Dreier's chief interest was her art work. Her first one-man show was brought out by the Société Anonyme, April 16, 1921, when her pictures of New York were compared to the pen pictures of Walt Whitman. The Brooklyn Museum is opening its new wing in February, 1925. They contemplate a memorial exhibition of her work, showing forty paintings, with a fine critical essay by Doctor Christian Brinton, which will be followed by exhibitions in various museums throughout the country. Examples of her work are to be seen in the permanent exhibitions at the Brooklyn Museum, as well as at the new museum at Houston, Texas.

Like many other artists, Dorothea Dreier's recognition came after her death. Unlike many artists, however, she did not let the fact that her work was unappreciated disturb her. Her happiness lay in her work, and her contentment, which was undisturbed by the fact of her being ahead of her time and appreciated only by few, was obvious to all.

She devoted her life to her art. She was seriously ill the last ten years of her life but it never showed in her work. In fact, it grew in vigor as her spirituality developed.

OGILVIE, IDA HELEN, educator and scientist, daughter of Clinton and Helen Slade Ogilvie, was born in New York City, on February 12, 1874. On her father's side, the first American ancestor was William Ogilvie, who came to this country from Scotland, in 1745, and settled in New York. The line of descent is traced through Judge Peter Ogilvie, a general in the War of 1812. On her mother's side, Miss Ogilvie's ancestry is a notable one. She is descended from many of the colonial founders of America. Among these were Richard Warren, of the Mayflower, William Thomas, another of the founders of Plymouth, Captain Nathaniel Thomas, Samuel Pratt, Nathaniel Tilden, William Hatch and Judge Joseph Otis, all prominent in colonial affairs. Miss Ogilvie's father attained reputation as a landscape painter and was well-known both in this country and European countries. Mrs. Ogilvie was widely known as a collector of rare and beautiful objects. Her book, *Rare Old Eastern Floor Textiles, from the Collection of Mrs. Clinton Ogilvie* was especially compiled for art and educational institutions.

As a geologist, Ida Helen Ogilvie has done distinguished work. In 1911 she was the professor in full charge of the department of geology at Barnard. Along the lines of geological research, she has opened new lines to women. Doctor Ogilvie was one of the first scientists to establish the fact that aridity has a marked effect upon the configuration of the surface of the earth and the composition of the soil. Doctor Ogilvie has made noteworthy original investigations along the lines of past glaciation and volcanic activities. The results of her observations were elaborated in the laboratories of Columbia University during the winter. But perhaps the most interesting of Doctor Ogilvie's constructive work has been along the line of the Women's Agricultural Camp and the Land Labor Movement. In the latter movement she served in the capacity of Federal Director of Recruiting.

Miss Ogilvie was educated at the Brearley School and Bryn Mawr College. During the undergraduate days she specialized in geology and zoölogy, developing a marked aptitude for scientific research. She devoted two summer vacations to research in zoölogy at the Marine Laboratory, Wood's Hole, Massachusetts, but eventually geology became the chief subject for her work. She was graduated from Bryn Mawr College, A.B., in 1900. Her post-graduate work was done in geology at Columbia University where she was given the degree of Ph.D. in 1903. In 1902–1903 Miss Ogilvie

lectured on geology in the Misses Rayson's school, New York, where, because of her original manner of presenting scientific facts to young people in an interesting way, her success as a teacher was assured. The Department of Geology at Barnard College originated with Doctor Ogilvie's appointment as lecturer there on that subject in 1903. Here she further developed her own methods of presenting scientific facts in an attractive form. Her own strong personality undoubtedly aided her in arousing the enthusiastic interest shown by the students. In 1911 she was given full charge of the department as professor.

Her most noteworthy original investigations have been in regard to past glaciation and volcanic activities of the continent of North America. During the summer of 1901 her field work extended through the Adirondacks, especially in the Paradox Lake region. The results of her observations were elaborated in the laboratories of Columbia University during the winter, and in the next summer, 1902, she made a more general survey embracing the surrounding country beyond the limits of her report proper. At another time Doctor Ogilvie made a thorough investigation of parts of the Canadian Rockies, especially in the vicinity of Banff, Alberta. During scientific trips in other localities she visited the Grand Canyon of the Colorado; the high volcano of Popocatapetl in Mexico, where she climbed to the rim of the crater; and spent a long period in field work in the Ortiz mountains of New Mexico, which belong to the deeply sculptured lacco-lithic type of extinct volcanos. Through her explorations she discovered many new facts regarding lavas and their chemical relationship. She noted the effect of aridity on erosion and was one of the first scientists to establish the axiom that aridity has a notable effect upon the configuration of the surface of the earth and upon the composition of the sands and soil. She studied the work of intermittent streams, naming the form of surface produced by the action of such streams "conoplain." A number of important papers describing her venturous expeditions and announcing her discoveries have been published.

In 1917, the Women's Agricultural Camp, at Bedford, Mt. Kisco, New York, a war emergency enterprise, was founded with Doctor Ogilvie as Dean. The affairs of the camp were under the control of a local Advisory Board, with affiliation with the Committee on Agriculture of the Mayor's Committee of Women on National Defense of New York City. Doctor Ogilvie was responsible for the practical management of the camp and had under her an agriculturist, a bookkeeper, chauffeurs, dieticians, and the agricultural workers; all were women. Three fundamental ideas were the basis of the undertaking as enumerated in the annual report, 1917: "that all kinds of agricultural labor could and should be done by women; that help should be given to owners of existing farms rather than the putting of new land under cultivation; that the women who are to do this work must be comfortably housed, adquately paid, and their hours of labor controlled."

As the best way of meeting these three requirements Doctor Ogilvie developed the "unit" system. The report continues: "The girls lived in a central camp from which they were taken in automobiles to the farms where they were wanted. They worked on the farms eight hours a day, the camp management being responsible for their wages and living conditions. In addition to the eight-hour day, certain tasks, such as milking, were done at home by different girls in turn. On the farms they worked for the most part in squads of six or eight, each squad having a captain whose duty it was to see that her group did the required amount of work, and to report any difficulties that might arise. . . . . The original plan had been to have college women as squad captains, and girls from the various trades as workers, but this plan was soon abandoned, all workers being put on an equal basis and those best qualified made

captains. The qualities necessary for squad leadership were found to have little or no connection with previous training or occupation, and the college girls proved on the whole stronger and better able to do the heaviest work than the trade girls. The dishwashing and housecleaning was a problem not easy of solution. The experiment was tried of having three maids for this work, but this proved unsuccessful, both because it was expensive and on personal grounds. In the latter part of the summer the housework was shared by the farm workers. The women varied in age from sixteen to forty-five, ages from twenty to thirty being preferable, and in length of stay from one week to four months. All had to undergo a rigid physical examination before enrollment, the aim being to get workers who were absolutely sound, though not necessarily stronger than the average. No previous knowledge of agriculture was required. . . . The proportion of college to non-college people was sixty-one to eighty-one. The proportion of college graduates to under-graduates, thirty-seven to twenty-four. While it might be argued that agricultural labor was the province of the trade, rather than of the college woman, and while the value of healthful and fairly paid summer work to the seasonal trade worked is undoubted, nevertheless an admixture of college women is necessary for creating the right atmosphere. The majority of trade girls think of a job as a necessary evil whose units of success are more pay and shorter hours. An admixture of college women is needed in order to infuse a finer spirit into the group. It is probable that in the future the older women, college graduates and teachers, will be claimed by more important executive work. If so, their places should be filled by under-graduates, and the proportion of college to non-college people kept approximately as it was. It should be noted that there was the greatest enthusiasm for the work among the girls, only two leaving because they did not like it. . . . The camp formally opened on June 4 with twenty-four farm hands, two dieticians and the officers. A few college girls had been on hand for the few preceding days getting the house ready. The intention was to plant their own farm before sending any girls out, both because they wanted the garden, and for the sake of teaching and testing the girls. As the summer went on and the demand grew, less of this preliminary training was done, and in the rush of July abandoned it altogether; girls were sent out as soon as they arrived. This was unfortunate in many ways, but seemed necessary for the sake of saving the crops . . . The camp opened too late for ploughing to be attempted, but practically all other forms of agricultural work were done. Planting, weeding, transplanting, thinning of fruit, hoeing of corn and potatoes succeeded each other. Two girls had an opportunity to use a mowing machine with horses, many used a horse rake, and nearly seventy pitched hay. The binding and stacking of rye was done, and cutting of corn. Peaches and apples were picked, the latter involving the use of long, heavy ladders. Various other kinds of work not strictly agricultural were done, such as filling of silos, the digging of post holes and setting of posts, stretching of chicken wire, whitewashing, painting, and cleaning of tools and machinery. In all of these kinds of work the girls were successful, the unanimous verdict of the farmers being that while less strong than men, they more than made up for this by superior conscientiousness and quickness. In addition to the regular work of sending out girls as needed, the camp took entire charge of four gardens. These were places whose owners had temporarily left and where a garden was wanted on returning, or where a gardener had left. The camp agriculturist visited these places frequently and directed the work of the girls." Men's blue overalls and blue work shirt were adopted as the camp uniform, for it was found that long trousers and stout material are essential where work in rough places is to be done; and where there is kneeling, as in weeding, any form of

skirt or tunic impedes work. Cotton gloves, shade hats, and stout shoes made up the remainder of the costume, all but the shoes being furnished by the camp without charge to the workers. At the end of the season, it was established beyond doubt that this unique undertaking developed under the practical direction of Dean Ogilvie was a success.

In 1918 Doctor Ogilvie was granted leave of absence from Barnard in order that she might give her entire time to organization work as member of the National Board of the Women's Land Army of America, which was organized that winter, subsequent to the initial experiment at Bedford the year before. Doctor Ogilvie was appointed Federal Director of Recruiting under the Department of Labor. During the summer twenty-one states became active under her organization, in which there were about nine hundred units and training camps, with at least fifteen thousand women working in them. From the beginning the units and training farms included nearly all types of women; college students, musicians, stenographers, dressmakers, and members of many trades worked together with little friction in the life which for the most part was interesting and stimulating. Doctor Ogilvie wrote of the Land Army from a broad viewpoint and with prophetic vision. In an article entitled, *The Spirit of the Land*, published in *The Farmerette*, December, 1918, she said:

"The Land Army camp marks a step in the development of two great movements of our time. Women have won their place in intellectual and in political fields; the Land Army opens the door of opportunity for physical work. The development of the labor movement has an ever-increasing tendency to give dignity to all labor, and to require that every member of a community should as a matter of duty and of right, contribute some kind of useful work. The Woman Movement and the Labor Movement thus meet in the Land Army Camp.

"The need of food production continues, but the Land Army has another and a higher duty in this reconstruction period. To it is presented the supreme opportunity of giving to large number of women the chance to do out-of-door work under conditions which afford the chance for the working out of one of the most interesting of experiments in Democracy. To break through class barriers has hitherto been easy for men; the Land Army Camp shows to women the unreality of such distinctions, proves the imperative necessity for the subordination of the individual to the good of the whole, and illustrates these principles through the unhampered use of muscle and brain. The spirit of the Land Army is the true substance of the democratic idea.

Although the Woman's Land Army started as a war emergency, with the coming of peace its activities were needed more than ever; for, in the reconstruction period then at hand, America had before her the duty of feeding a large part of the world. If she was to keep her pledge an increase in the labor supply was imperative. The Land Army, therefore, planned to continue and extend its efforts. The Federal Department of Labor created a Division of the Woman's Land Army to coöperate with the Volunteer Organization, and it is probable that the Land Army with its ever increasing scope, will, in the years to come, afford a permanent opening for the woman who loves out-of-doors. Doctor Ogilvie is very much interested at present in a farm at Bedford Village. It is an outgrowth of the war work and is run entirely by women. She has fifty pure bred Jersey cows. They raise chickens and do all kinds of regular farm work.

Doctor Ogilvie has lived so much in the open herself that her enthusiasm is real and inspiring. She is at home on the back of a horse and drives her own automobile; she loves sailing and is expert in other forms of water-sports. During her scientific trips she gained fame, also, as a mountain climber. Doctor Ogilvie believes in woman suffrage and has thrown the weight of her influence in favor of votes for women.

As a scientist she is the author of many pamphlets and magazine articles on geological subjects, among these are:

An Analcite-Bearing Camptonite from New Mexico, *The Journal of Geology*, July–August, 1902; *Geological Notes on the Vicinity of Banff, Alberta*, *Journal of Geology*, January–February, 1904; *The High Altitude Conoplain; A Topographic Farm Illustrated in the Ortiz Mountains*, *American Geologist*, July, 1905, afterwards published as a pamphlet for the collections of Columbia University; *The Geology of the Paradox Lake Quadrangle, New York*, published as *Bulletin 96*, New York State Museum, December, 1905; *Igneous Rocks from the Ortiz Mountains, New Mexico*, *Journal of Geology*, January–February, 1908. She has also written extensively on women in agriculture.

An unique illustrated book, *Rare Old Eastern Floor Textiles*, the text for which she wrote, is the privately printed catalogue of the rare rugs forming her mother's collection.

Doctor Ogilvie is a member of the Bryn Mawr Club, Woman's City Club, Civic Club, and of many scientific societies. She is Fellow of the Geological Society of America, Fellow of The American Association for the Advancement of Science, and Fellow of the New York Academy of Science. She is also a member of the National Board of the Women's Land Army of America, as Federal Director of Recruiting.

DRYDEN, HELEN, artist, was born in Baltimore, Maryland, the daughter of Celius Owings and Alice Fuller Dryden. On her father's side Miss Dryden is of Scotch descent; on her mother's, the ancestors were English and Dutch.

Miss Dryden was thirteen years with *Vogue*, designing, making fashion illustrations, and was the pioneer in the decorative magazine cover. Many credit her with being responsible for the tremendous waves of our brilliantly colored periodicals that flood the news-stand. Miss Dryden is making a name for herself also in designing for the stage. Some of the most beautiful, bizarre and fanciful costumes of recent years are from her hand—notably those used in *Clair de Lune* and *Watch Your Step*.

Most of us do not realize that the gaiety of the display in the news-stand is traceable to the pioneer spirit of one woman, to her initiative which created its own demand, her perseverance in the face of opposition, her vision of an original expression of art. Helen Dryden disclaims that this innovation in magazine covers and fashion drawings, with its resulting influence on posters, window display and advertising in general, comes entirely from her. She points out that many things were working together in that first decade of the Twentieth Century. She names the Russian Ballet, seen for the first time in America, the Bakst drawings, the growing reaction against timid pastel coloring and the smug realistic traditions. Be that as it may, she is directly responsible for the decorative magazine covers, and her fashion drawings were the first to embody stylistic features into the imaginative, exquisitely executed pieces of sophistication that adorn the modern fashion periodicals.

Helen Dryden spent her childhood days in Baltimore, where she was born. When she was seven or eight years old, the family moved to Chestnut Hill, Philadelphia. She did not go to college but was a student at Eden Hall, Torresdale, Pennsylvania, and at Mrs. Comegy's School, at Chestnut Hill. It was in these school days that she became interested in the early Nineteenth Century fiction writers of France. This atmosphere of romance and adventure, the French illustrations of gorgeous furnishings and graceful dress intrigued her imagination. She had scarcely finished school before she began to plan fashion designs along this line that would introduce an appeal to the imagination without becoming less helpful to the dressmaker. She began to glimpse something that would have a broader inspirational value.

When a tiny girl she had shown a talent in

artistic design beyond any examples she saw in the fashion books of the day, and her play with paper dolls, the making of their dresses, gave it a first expression. These paper dolls sold very well. Later, her first attempt at adapting the French manner was in a set of paper dolls and dresses which she sold to a newspaper for their fashion page. This gave her her first chance and she became illustrator for Anne Rittenhouse's fashion articles in the *Philadelphia Public Ledger* and *The Philadelphia Press*.

The only art school Miss Dryden ever attended was one summer at the Summer School of the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts. "Perhaps," says Miss Dryden, "that is why my work is so entirely my own. It is a combination of things I like, in the way I want to do them, rather than an unconscious reflection of the ideas of an admired master." She did have four years of training in landscape painting with Hugh H. Breckinridge, but landscapes did not appeal to her. There was already forming in her mind an idea inspired by her study of French prints with their beaux and beauties in perukes and knee-breeches, powdered wigs and billowing, brocaded skirts. She became increasingly impatient at the fashion illustrations of the day with their blatant lack of appeal.

For years the few fashion magazines had been growing steadily in importance, but except for *Godey's Lady's Book* and *Peterson's Magazine* with their frontispieces in flat color after the manner of their French prototypes, the fashion illustrations were lifeless figures in costumes drawn with all the details worked out to show the manner of drapery and trimmings. Their realistic intent was to interpret the patterns, which the genius of Madame Demorest had started on their amazing evolution and popularity. These patterns were the wonder thing of their time and pointed to possibilities in suggestive illustration that the young artist was groping for.

In 1909 Miss Dryden came to New York and took a top-floor apartment in Waverly Place, and for many weary weeks she walked the pavements with her drawings trying to sell them. Her idea was to introduce chic and individuality into the fashion drawings, but the publishers did not see their charm. Her particular disappointment was with *Vogue*.

When *Vogue* started in 1892 it introduced an innovation in fashion writing. For the first time literary value was applied to fashion description, suggestive and inspirational in its intention. Here was the manner of magazine Miss Dryden felt would appreciate her new note in fashion illustration.

"I remember that cold winter morning," declares Miss Dryden, "when I was turned down by *Vogue*. I was very young and very poor and when the fashion editor's secretary handed me back my drawings, saying, 'She doesn't like them—doesn't think they are any good,' I left the building with tears running down my cheeks, vowing that I would never go back to *Vogue*. I peddled my drawings about without success for a year.

"In those days Kleinschmidt was the idol of the fashion editors. When my drawings were refused I was always shown his work and urged to throw aside what I was trying to do and work out something in the style of this man. Needless to say, I did not follow their advice. I knew I had an idea that was new to America. In Europe they understood the importance of the light touch and were applying the same technique and finish to the so-called commercial arts as to the more serious canvasses. For myself I prefer a light thing well done to a more pretentious attempt crudely executed. I saw in the gay flat colors of the French prints and the decorative qualities of quaint period costumes a chance to simplify fashion drawings to the few essential features that would embody the very essence, as it were, of the mode."

When the fashion editor of *Vogue* failed to appreciate that she was embodying the same ideas that they were featuring in their text; when he failed to understand that the sug-

Helen Dryden

gestiveness of the smart silhouette and pose was more inspirational than correct anatomy, Miss Dryden felt that here was the last straw. Through her tears as she walked to her sky-room she resolved never to give them another opportunity. But after all it was *Vogue* that gave her the chance. Condé Nast had assumed its management. He was branching out in new lines and new ideas were in demand. He saw Miss Dryden's work. She received a letter from the fashion editor asking her to draw a lady in a boudoir cap.

"I did so," said Miss Dryden, quite willing under the new hope to forget her vow, "and they approved of it. A dress—they liked that. Then a cover, and in short time I was under contract to them."

Her magazine covers, new, sophisticated, embodying the spirit of that most artificial and most brilliant period of history that she loved to touch up with a tint of Greek classicism and more than a hint of the orient, won immediate popularity and imitation. It is written of her that "she combines the sauciness of a La Vie Parisienne midinette, the exotic color of a Bakst drawing, the gay technique of a French Eighteenth Century print, the naïvêtè of the Godey fashion plate, for a result that was thoroughly American."

Miss Dryden has a keen sense of humor. In reminiscing of the early years of struggles, she tells with a twinkle in her eye how she employed a messenger to go with her and carry her drawings when she first visited *Vogue*. She thought it would impress the editor.

Miss Dryden remained with *Vogue* for thirteen years, resigning from that publication in 1922 to do free lance work.

In 1916, Miss Dryden was the only woman on a board of twelve artists selected as paid contributors for the $1000 prize offered by the City of Newark, New Jersey, for a poster to honor their two hundred and fiftieth anniversary in 1916. She won the second prize of $500. Her poster represented a phantom ship, suggesting the one which brought the first settlers to Newark.

Miss Dryden as early as 1914 began to design costumes for the stage. This first work was the costuming and collaboration on the decorative scenery, for a musical comedy. The whole thing began with a lovely little powder puff which she designed for *Vogue*. Mr. Dillingham saw it in the magazine. He went to see Miss Dryden. Would she design the costumes for *Watch Your Step*, his syncopated musical comedy for Mr. and Mrs. Vernon Castle? This lead to other commissions. Then there was a play of the Eighteenth Century by Phillip Moeller, *Sophie*, which she costumed most successfully. The fantastic "White Peacock" used by Adolph Bolm of the Russian ballet in a little gem he was staging, created a great furore among society buds and was used repeatedly at their fashionable balls.

Then her artistic opportunity came with the production of *Clair de Lune*, the fanciful drama built on Victor Hugo's romance. It had the historical background that most appealed to her, the Eighteenth Century with the lords and ladies of the brilliant court of Louis XV. She was thoroughly familiar with the Hugo novel on which the play is based and her imagination was filled with the atmosphere of the setting. It was a work her creative mind had craved. Her success was assured. The dress she created for Ethel Barrymore in her part of the queen, in which Miss Barrymore was a vision of charm and loveliness, was an outstanding achievement. Close rivals were the gowns for Violet Kemble Cooper. The costumes of the ladies of the court were resplendent, varied and original. It was conceded that to the designer equally with the two Barrymores was due the success of the production. Miss Dryden declares that she found much inspiration in the French School she has studied so diligently, but she has always originality, and the alluring women of her imagination, which she brought to life in the colorful scenes of the romantic novel were as individual as they were lovely.

Thus Miss Dryden won her way into a most difficult field of art and is sought after by the most far-visioned of the managers.

Miss Dryden rather enjoys being told that she is "guilty" of introducing into this country that exotic, the Baroque spirit. To her the Baroque period that built so many churches in Italy and showed its influence on so much of the sculpture at least in the Eighteenth Century in Europe, notably Italy and France, did not savor of morbidness and decadence. It seems to her a reaction from the deeply trodden ways of Renaissance art, breaking restrictions that were paralyzing creative initiative. The Baroque spirit was anarchial, daring, but it was an essentially intellectual reaction. Its artists knew what they were about and were dominated by a perfectly good principle of design. That it has come to stand for too ornate redundance and capricious affectation in its maturity was but the fault again of the imitators of a later century. In the beginning, it introduced freedom of design, a joyous paganism, a bold and striking exuberance, playful conceit. If it became self-conscious and artificial as the expression of a gorgeously clad people surrounded by pomp and splendor, with sumptuous salons with glittering candelabras and mirrors, luxurious furnishings, it was always the gifted aristocrat, full of talent and fire, sophisticated, resourceful. If such a spirit dominated Miss Dryden's fancy, then her success and the influence she has exerted on decoration prove that America was a willing audience.

When questioned as to her preferences, Miss Dryden declares: "I love doing covers, but fashions exhaust me. I do as little of them as possible." She adds that commercial drawing is lucrative if one has an established reputation and doesn't have to peddle one's own things about.

"It is a popular delusion that advertising art pays enormous prices. It isn't true. In a few instances, yes; but I have found that working for advertising agencies has many drawbacks. In the first place their taste is execrable. They don't want either good or original stuff. Things like this are constantly coming up: you submit a drawing, for a series of six, let us say, which are to advertise in a superior way some superior article. After you have made the drawing and submitted it the director will tell you, often as not, that his client thinks your work too extreme and that you need not continue the series. And what happens is that the series will be continued by some one else making cheap copies of your work."

In addition to her own work, Miss Dryden also teaches a class of costume designing at the Grand Central Art School, in the Grand Central Station.

Miss Dryden has an ambition to do mural decoration. Perhaps not formal pieces but intimate, feminine things for panels and to put over mantels. She has already done some things that have won instant admiration.

Thus the future holds great promise for this young artist. She has come so far on her pioneering way. Still her zenith seems ahead of her. Alone she has won. Alone it will always be that she will adventure into the new avenues opening to her genius.

DENNETT, MARY WARE (Mrs. Hartley Dennett), art craftsman, lecturer, writer, was born in Worcester, Massachusetts, the daughter of George Whitfield and Livonia Ames Ware. Mrs. Dennett is a descendant of Tristam Coffin, who came from England in 1640 and settled on Nantucket Island, Massachusetts. Her great uncle was Charles Carleton Coffin, the historian and war correspondent who covered the Civil War battlefields by letters signed Carleton. Her mother was a member of the Ames family of Massachusetts, whose first American ancestor came from England and settled in New Hampshire, in the colonial period.

Mrs. Dennett is distinguished in the arts and crafts movement as having rediscovered the lost art of making Cordova leather wall

hangings, which was among the most important of the minor arts of Spain and Italy during the Renaissance. She has been director of the first Arts and Crafts Society of Boston, and organized the School of Decorative Design in Drexel Institute, Philadelphia, of which School she was head for three years. She is an independent craftsman and lecturer on arts and crafts. Mrs. Dennett's chief interest is to secure social justice as a foundation for vital art. She has been active as organizer, speaker and writer in the suffrage movement, and since 1914, has been actively interested in the so-called birth control movement. Her impulse in all social service is primarily that of the artist, helping in the development of a race that will live and develop beautifully.

It was in the public schools of Boston that Mary Ware began her education.

She was conscious at an early age of the psychological conflict between New England traditions and the love of beauty. She describes herself as a rebellious child, who might have been morbidly unhappy, if it had not been for her sense of humor. Her uncles and aunts were students of philosophy and history, and devotedly bent upon educating the little girl for serious pursuits. While she had a real intellectual interest, her response to her environment was balky, because of her passionate longing for drama and the other arts. Her greatest joy as a small child was her occasional jaunts to the theatre with her best friend, a woman in the forties, who understood the child's hunger for things which were not labelled as education or duty. Together they revelled in hearing Boucicault, in seeing Samuel Warren, Mrs. Vincent and Annie Clarke, of the fine old stock company at the Boston Museum. And twenty years after, when that famous theatre was pulled down, and all its interior woodwork furnishings, wardrobe and so forth were sold at auction, Mrs. Dennett and her husband bought some of the beautiful old doors and used them in the home they were then building.

Mary Ware attended Miss Capen's School in Northampton, Massachusetts. While there she was fortunate in studying under an inspiring teacher of drawing, whose instruction served as a first-rate bridge between the unguided experimentations of childhood with pencil and brush, and the serious study of maturity.

Miss Ware's enthusiasm for the vital message of beauty in building up a livable world drew her back to the Boston art schools rather than into college. She entered the School of Design, connected with the Boston Museum of Fine Arts, where she studied under Joseph Lindon Smith, Arthur Dow, and C. Howard Walker.

When Professor Charles Elliot Norton, of Harvard, originated the Arts and Crafts Society, in Boston, she found an outlet for her ideals and became one of its first directors. Carrying the movement to Philadelphia, she organized the School for Decorative Design in Drexel Institute, and was its head for three years. She was given carte blanche to develop the School according to her own ideas, and there was practically only one clause in her contract, namely, that she should not reveal her age to anyone. She lived up to the contract and it was not until years afterward that some of the students in her classes, who were nearly double her own age, knew that she was only twenty-one when she took charge of the school.

Subsequently she went to Europe to study. A conspicuous result of her study abroad was the rediscovery of the lost art of making the Cordova leather wall hangings, which was an important art of Italy and Spain during the Renaissance. She made a collection of precious old bits of these Spanish and Italian leathers, and hunted in vain for some craftsmen who might still be carrying on the work. None were to be found. Machine made, thoroughly commercialized imitations were all that modern Europe could show. She did, however, find some ancient descriptions of the process of making the Cordovan leathers,

which were first published in Venice, in 1564. But as the rules were translated from Italian to French and then to English there were many gaps in the information which necessitated long and painstaking experimentation in working out the process. On Miss Ware's return, she, with her sister, Clara, who had also been studying the leather work in Europe, opened a shop in Boston, where they continued their studies and experiments in processes. They ground and mixed their own pigments and varnishes, cut their own steel dies, made their color blocks, as well as the designs for their wall patterns. At the end of three years, they held an exhibit of gilded leather which made considerable stir among the art critics and architects.

In January, 1900, in Boston, Mary Ware was married to Hartley Dennett, an architect. They have two children, Carleton and Devon Dennett.

Family cares made it necessary to give up the every day and all day work at the shop, but did not make her abandon all art activity. She adapted her work to conditions and developed into a consulting house decorator, in active partnership with her husband. Her leather shop then became the Handicraft Shop of Boston, where skilled craftsmen and trained designers joined forces to maintain a workshop on a truly coöperative basis. Some of the designers had been Mrs. Dennett's students in her Philadelphia classes. Unlike many coöperative enterprises the shop was a success both financially and æsthetically. It is still in existence and has produced some of the most distinguished silverware made in America.

After her marriage, Mrs. Dennett became interested in the whole question of economics. She was especially attracted to Henry George's theory of social rescontruction by means of the single tax. She saw how by development of social justice could be created conditions under which art and love for the beautiful might have a part in the lives of everyone and create a better world to live in.

Mrs. Dennett declares that she had always been skeptical as to her own creative artistic ability and was all the more impelled to help create the environment in which others might create art. Her first outlet in this direction was in the suffrage movement. For seven years she took an active part, beginning in the Massachusetts Women's Suffrage Association. She was a speaker in the first outdoor meeting ever held in her state. She organized several educational campaigns and in April, 1910, was made secretary of the National American Woman Suffrage Association.

She realized that the most important thing to be done was to provide authoritative information on suffrage in the form of pamphlets and leaflets that could be sold at a low price. A literature department was organized under her direction which published and sold more than three million pieces of literature each year. Out of this grew the National Suffrage Publishing Company, incorporated in January, 1914.

She was the author of *The Real Point*, which for several years was the most popular suffrage leaflet published. She urged the suffragists not to be led into argumentative by-paths by the antis, but to concentrate attention on the very simple qualifications for voting which exist in the United States, namely, to be twenty-one years of age, to be native born or naturalized, and in some states to be able to read. This is all that is required of a man as a voter. To quote from her leaflet: "He is not asked whether he will use his vote, or if all men want to vote, or if he thinks the laws need changing, or if he will promise to better the laws, or to give statistics showing whether men have previously used their votes to better the laws, or if he is sure he can still be a good father, nor is he asked to 'remain attractive' after he votes. But all such requirements, and more, are made of women when they aspire to vote." She subsequently joined the National Woman's Party. Her attitude in regard to the two national suffrage organizations was non-partisan. In each she recognized cause both for praise and blame.

Since 1914, Mrs. Dennett has been actively interested in the so-called birth control movement. Her impulse in this direction was also primarily that of the artist and the lover of art. Her conviction that the art of living was hopelessly handicapped unless human beings could control their own fertility, and so their own destinies, make her willing to spend almost her entire time and resources on the task of wiping out the barriers of law, ignorance and prejudice which have so largely forced the mass of the people to flounder along as the victims instead of as the masters of their destiny. In March, 1915, together with Miss Jessie Ashley and Mrs. Clara G. Stillman, she organized the first national birth control association in the country. It was the National Birth Control League, and it existed until 1919, when it disbanded in favor of the Voluntary Parenthood League. The latter was an outgrowth of the former. It had the same general objects, but was given a fresh start because of its concentration, pro tem, on the need for repealing the federal law which forbids the circulation of contraceptive information—the law upon which the laws of most of the states are based. While Mrs. Dennett has worked unremittingly as the Director of the League, to get Congress to pass this repeal act, her own personal larger interest is fundamental sex education, of which the control of parenthood is only a part.

At the present writing, the bill initiated by the League has not been passed by Congress although, after five years of struggle, it has reached the stage of being granted hearings before the Judiciary Committees of both houses. But it is expected that the measure will pass during the next session of Congress. The League's backing now includes many well-known physicians, social workers, clergymen, educators, authors and club women, and it has made many friends abroad. Its international council includes Doctor Aletta Jacobs, founder of the Dutch birth control clinics, Romain Rolland in France, and Doctor Marie C. Stopes, who founded the first birth control clinic in Great Britain.

During the five years of the existence of the Voluntary Parenthood League, a large amount of publishing has been done; pamphlets, leaflets, and a monthly paper. Mrs. Dennett has written most of them. This literature is considered the most informing and valuable of any published in the country on the birth control question.

Mrs. Dennett has conducted the "lobby" which has worked for the bill in Congress and has made many friends among the senators and representatives, helping those who were overcome with embarrassment to forget their own feelings and to remember only the needs of the great mass of struggling parents, who should have all the knowledge that science can give to them as to spacing the births of babies; arguing with those whose tendency is to make all manner of excuses for not acting on the bill; correcting the mistaken assumptions that many Congressmen have made as to the meaning of the measure; persuading the timid ones who believe in the bill but who do not want to say so; shaming those who are inclined to be vulgar about the subject into an attitude of respect and decent concern for public welfare.

In 1916 Mrs. Dennett wrote what she considers one of the most useful things she has ever done—a brief explanation for young people of the sex side of life. It was first published in a medical magazine, then in pamphlet form, in five editions. Although not advertised, the little booklet is now used in schools and colleges and by social workers and educators in great numbers in this country and abroad. Physicians of note have endorsed it, a rather unusual occurrence for an article written by a layman.

In her study and writing on sex questions, Mrs. Dennett maintains the emphasis that is characteristic of all her other work, namely, upon the art of living. If asked to name one book above all others that means most to her, it would be *The Dance of Life*, by Havelock

Ellis. It is his sort of philosophy that is the key to such effort as Mrs. Dennett is making to help in the development of a race that will live and love beautifully.

Mrs. Dennett served on the Women's Wilson Campaign, in 1916, after which she was Executive Secretary of the Women's Section of the Democratic National Committee until the United States joined the war; was an organizer for the American Union against Militarism, in 1916; and on the People's Council, of 1917; was Executive Secretary of the Hillquit Non-partisan League, of 1917.

She is a member of the Civic Club of New York; the Penguin Club of Washington; the Proportional Representation League; the International Free Trade League; and a Director of the Free Trade League, being the only woman on the Board.

GOLDEN, NORA (Mrs. John J. Field), advertising expert, was born in New York City, November 26, 1888, the daughter of James J. and Catherine Quinn Golden. Miss Golden is of Irish descent. Her father was born in Cahiriciveen, Ireland, in 1863, and came to this country in 1881 and settled in Boston. Her mother was born at Kenmare, Ireland, and came to New York City in 1886.

Nora Golden is an advertising expert, member of the firm of Myers, Beeson & Golden, Inc. She was one of the founders of the firm and is manager of the New York office, having in her charge the administration and production departments. If not the first woman to own an advertising business, Miss Golden has given a wide push to the doors that shut out woman because of her sex and proved that in the advertising game they have a vast field opened to them and one peculiarly fitted to the feminine turn of mind.

Miss Golden was educated in the Public Schools of New York City, No. 54, and in its night High School. But her best education came from association with her father. Miss Golden's father, James J. Golden, was born in Ireland and came to America when a young boy. He landed in Boston but found his way to St. Augustine, Florida. Coming back to New York City in 1886, he met Catherine Quinn, just over from Ireland, and married her. Mr. Golden was a Gælic interpreter and a deep student and has translated many Gælic stories. He was a true Irishman in his romantic nature. He cared nothing for the world of commerce, finding his pleasure in studying and writing. He did exquisite wood carving and Miss Golden says that she remembers as a little child how he carved out of wood characters from familiar novels they enjoyed together. For Mr. Golden and his little Nora were great chums. She seems to have inherited some of his talents; her greatest interest outside of her business is philosophical writings.

Miss Golden began her business career when a very young girl as a public stenographer in a New York hotel, on the job from seven in the morning until seven in the evening. This position gave her valuable experience. Her next position was with Funk & Wagnalls, where she assisted in compiling the *Jewish Encyclopaedia*, the *Revised Edition of the Standard Dictionary*, and works on spiritualism.

Miss Golden had unswerving determination and great ambition, and was consistently watching out for a bigger opportunity. Her next position came through an answer to an an advertisment in the *New York Times*. Replying to an advertisement, she was told that a man had always held the position, and they expected to get a man to fill it then. But she was not to be discouraged by prejudice against youth, sex or inexperience. She told them she had a good position, but was so much attracted by their advertisement that she wanted to become part of their organization and that she was absolutely confident of making good—and backed up that confidence by a proposition to come to work for them for less money than she was making, with an understanding that at the end of the first

Yours H. Golden

month she was to have her salary developed if she made good. She was accepted and placed in charge of advertising detail and make-up on the *Ladies' Home Journal Pattern Publications.*

"She proved to be the best man we ever had on the job," said one executive in speaking of Miss Golden's work. Agency men, advertisers and solicitors who came in contact with Miss Golden marveled at her great capacity for shouldering responsibility, her fund of information, her never failing resourcefulness and sunny disposition. When Condé Nast sold out his *Ladies' Home Journal Pattern Publications* interest and bought *Vogue,* Miss Golden went over to *Vogue* as make-up man.

A yearning for the other side of the fence—a chance to do some creative work—induced her to become advertising manager of Lane Bryant, a position which she held for several years.

She resigned this position to become advertising director of a daily newspaper, the Staten Island *Advance.* Using as her slogan, "We sell—not space," she was most successful, and the many merchants in that community will long remember the splendid coöperation which she gave them in solving their merchandising problems by coöperative tie-up campaigns. Within a year or so, Miss Golden became one of the owners and secretary of the paper.

It is said that probably Miss Golden inherited her business ability from her grandmother, Mrs. Nora Golden, who was a business woman back in the old days in Ireland. She was the proprietor of a general merchandise store.

Miss Golden's hobby is helping young people, and she has aided a number of them, both boys and girls, by wise counsel as well as with financial assistance.

Miss Golden is a woman of exceptional charm and is decidedly feminine in appearance with brown eyes and great masses of dark brown hair. She is a direct contradiction to the statement so often made by men, that the business world tends to destroy a woman's femininity.

She is a member of the New York League of Advertising Women, in which she has done constructive work, a member of the New York Women's Newspaper Club, and a member of the Lucy Stone League. Miss Golden is of the opinion that there should be some method used in the business world to distinguish a married woman from a single woman, where a married woman is using her maiden name for professional reasons. She has a unique suggestion to offer. It is that of using the word "Mion" preceding the name, indicating that the woman using it is married.

In private life Miss Golden is Mrs. John J. Field and resides at New Dorp, Staten Island. She has a charming home situated on a high hill and surrounded by a lovely flower garden. It is of Old English type, with an immense fireplace of rough hewn stone. She combines with her business interests a home-loving temperament, and entertains frequently.

TREAT, GAIL, author, artist, poet, composer, was born in Winterport, Maine, the daughter of the Honorable Charles Henry Treat, Treasurer of the United States in Roosevelt's administration, and Frances Emily Huxford Treat. Through her father in two lines, since his father and mother were cousins, Miss Treat is descended from the Honorable Richard Treate, Royal Charterer of Connecticut in 1662, and his son, Governor Robert Treat, for thirty-two years Royal Governor and Deputy Governor of the Colony of Connecticut, President of the United Colonies of New England, 1684. This Robert Treat held the highest military and civil offices in that Colony. On her mother's side she is a descendant of many of the most prominent Mayflower and Revolutionary families. The first American Huxford was Thomas Huxford, who came to America in 1682, and settled at Martha's Vineyard. Through her mother, Miss Treat is descended

from the most ancient royal families of Europe: twenty-eight lines from Charlemagne; twenty lines from Alfred the Great; Malcolm III, King of Scotland; and many counts of the middle ages who were grand vassals of the crown and more powerful than kings.

Miss Gail Treat is the Governor-General of the Hereditary Order Descendants of Colonial Governors prior to 1750. The founder of their order wrote to Miss Treat's father that "the order owes its entire success to the genius for organization, the tact, and the charming courtesy of his charming daughter." It is due to Miss Treat's indefatigable devotion that this Order is today a powerful and influential body of today's best known men and women, whose ideals are not only to keep the deeds of the Colonial Governors of America before the people but to emulate in their daily lives the noble heritage of upright character, religious principles and patriotic devotion.

Miss Treat's education has been very unusual. Her instruction was wholly at home by governesses and by men tutors, particularly in Mathematics, Botany, English, Latin, French and German. Miss Treat has a contralto voice of very wide range; she was taught vocal music by members of the Metropolitan Opera Company. Piano was studied under picked professors of the New York College of Music; harmony and composition under the famous Carl C. Mueller, while Doctor W. Atkinson, of England, instructed Miss Treat in pipe organ. From her mother, who was unusually gifted in many lines, being very proficient in art, a beautiful singer, and a fine performer on the piano and guitar, Miss Treat inherited her artistic talent. Under famous masters, such as André Castaigne, of Paris, and William M. Chase, she studied art. Both Chase and Castaigne hung her paintings in the most prominent places in exhibitions. From early childhood her father, Treasurer of the United States in Roosevelt's administration, coached her in civics, patriotism and politics. Under former Justices of the Supreme Court she studied corporation law for three years.

Gail Treat has, from early childhood, delighted in horseback riding and in subduing untrained, high spirited horses. Her other recreations are: boating; gardening, especially the pollenization of flowers and vegetables to create unique varieties; lace making from her own designs, needlepoint, Limerick, needle filet, Irish crochet, Swiss; and color photography. She enjoys particularly home life and has made many inventions for the home. She believes that for both men and women to found and maintain a home is the happiest life, as well as the best school. Through the necessity of safeguarding its rights, it develops the finest citizenship and exercise of American principles. This American idealism was fought for in the Revolutionary War by thirteen of Miss Treat's direct ancestors. Several of these ancestors were aged men, who served in the companies of which their sons and relatives were officers, namely: Colonel Jonathan Buck, Robert McClure and his son, Major James McClure, Deacon James Nesmith and his son, Deacon James Nesmith, Junior, Josiah Parker and his son, Oliver Parker, Joseph Huxford and his son, William Huxford (in navy), John McIntire, Junior, Ezra Ide, Lieutenant Treat and Eleazer Blaisdell; Jonathan Treat served in the War of 1812 under General Blake.

At the time of the founding, in 1898, of the Hereditary Order of the Descendants of Colonial Governors, by Miss Mary Cabell Richardson, a "Colonial Dame" of Virginia and a Daughter of the American Revolution, of Covington, Kentucky, Gail Treat had been planning to found a similar society. Learning of this order she wrote its founder and offered to help. In her reply Miss Richardson wrote that she had found it impossible to organize in Miss Treat's state, and begged Miss Treat to take up the work there. She appointed Miss Treat chairman at large with the request to invite eligible people in every state to join the order. Such success followed Miss Treat's

efforts that the patriotic magazines commended her in their pages. The founder of the order wrote to Miss Treat's father:

"I played the small part of organizing the Order of Colonial Governors at a time when I little thought I would become the bread-winner of my family. The Order owes its entire success to the genius for organization, the power to overcome small jealousies, and the charming courtesy of your gifted daughter."

To a man trustee the founder wrote, "If it had not been for Miss Treat, the Order would have gone to pieces." When appointing Miss Treat to take the lead in the incorporation of the Order and deciding as to its form, she wrote that she had but "one request to make of the trustees and that was to continue Miss Treat in the office of Governor-General for life."

To honor Miss Treat, the founder of the Order had created the office of Second Vice-Governor-General, appointing her thereto. Later, after testing Miss Treat's capabilities by first appointing her Governor-General for two years, she appointed her Governor-General for life, but Miss Treat when framing the Charter inserted a provision that the Governor-General should be elected by the trustees until a successor be elected.

This order, being of the Colonial Governors, each of whom was sovereign in his own Colony, ranks in America as the highest honorary order, the same as does the Order of the Garter in England. But the Order of Colonial Governors is of more far-reaching and aristocratic ancestry than the Order of the Garter because the Colonial Governors, as public records show, were individually of aristocratic lineage and the Colonial Governors began their services in 1607 as Sovereigns in American Colonies, and their limit is 1750 in this Order, whereas the limit of the Order of the Garter is 1820, seventy years later; its status having been changed in 1783 to admit the sons and successors of King George III, and again amended in 1805, to admit lineal descendants of George II, and further amended in 1831 to admit lineal descendants of George I.

It is a coincidence that Miss Gail Treat is a lineal descendant of Joan, "the Fair Maid of Kent" by her first marriage. Her beauty and fascination, English tradition says, was the means of the founding of the Order of the Garter, which included both men and women. "None of these royal members," declares Miss Treat, "could claim as aristocratic a lineage or one reaching as far back as could these Colonial Governors," nor had they ancestors who, in every generation, served in the civil and military life as did the Colonial Governors in their states and colonies. The founders of our country established a stable government and a respect for civil law and authority which made possible the maintenance of their future independence. Furthermore, for the sake of having a home where they could realize their ideals of life in government and in religious liberty, they renounced, when leaving their Mother Countries, position, wealth, and titles—titles which even then were being granted for money. King James of England created a class of baronets who were required to pay five thousand pounds for the honor, and William Pitt advised making a baronet of every man whose income was over two thousand pounds. Many of the aristocratic families in the old world, preferring their old established aristocracy of ancestry and services to their country, disdainfully refused to have the names lost by accepting a nobility title that money could buy by the "mere decree of power." As the Colonial Governors and Colonists had renounced nobility and all titles, except such as were in their new country the reward of service or to designate their office, so their descendants, after having fought for and won freedom for the American Colonies, incorporated in their Federal Constitution the provision that "No title of nobility shall be granted by the United States." The entire clause was adopted from the Constitution of Connecticut, which was the first written constitution known in the history of the world.

The Founder of this Order of Colonial Governors wrote: "This Order is a social order. . . . This Order is the only society in the United States that can claim any degree of aristocracy. One may, in the Colonial Dames or Mayflower societies, be descended from a gentleman, but entrance into either does not prove it. For instance, The Colonial Dames receive descendants of a sheriff. It does not follow that sheriffs were gentlemen. They may have been but not necessarily. A Colonial Governor was a man of social position, wealth and education."

The Founder, when appointing Miss Treat Governor-General, wrote, "I beg you to accept. I am ill." She afterward declared that had she died, she had planned to bequeath the Order to Miss Treat to carry on. Miss Richardson stated the Order would close in two years and no more members would be admitted. This was co-incident with advice of men Governors and others who believed its distinction would thus be enhanced. The Founder wrote to Miss Treat, "I am so anxious to incorporate the Order and close it. You are fortunate in keeping it exclusive." Until then the Founder had retained the headship of the Order; all questions were referred to her; all decisions made by her; all officers were appointed by her, including Governor-General, Vice-Governor-Generals and six Governors, as National officers, and two chairmen at large, and one officer, a chairman, in each state, to issue invitations and sign permits. Membership was purely honorary and by invitation only. No national books or records whatever were kept. Each chairman was instructed to record names of all to whom invitations were issued; they were no lineage papers, the descent from Governors was certified by Registrars of the Societies of Colonial Dames, Colonial Wars and Mayflower and professional genealogists.

The Founder had reversed the usual procedure of elective societies, which is that a few persons obtain a charter, frame by-laws, including membership rules, and then admit members; she, in the first circulars for this hereditary order, stated: "The total number of invitations issued will be limited and when the limit is reached, the order will be closed. The Order will be incorporated under a National Constitution, and a National Membership Book will be issued." Many years later, upon appointing Miss Treat Governor-General she wrote: "To Miss Treat, Governor-General. If an appointment is not agreeable to the Governor-General or an appointee seeks in any way to violate the rules of the Order by assuming authority, the Governor-General has the power to recall said appointment with the approval of the Founder. I have sent you an Order, the word 'Order' is used in the way we use it in the United States Court. It gives you tremendous power in this case, as you will readily see." And simultaneously, she wrote a man, Vice-Governor-General, of her own appointing, "You will clearly see that no officer has any power in the Order save the Governor-General. I am glad you approve of Miss Treat. I have the greatest confidence in her strength, her clearness, and her judgment, a confidence born of years of experience with her. No officer has the right to dictate to the Governor-General and that officer has all power, even to asking for resignation of an officer who is not in every respect agreeable. This may strike you as a weakness, but the Governor-General has the same power as a United States judge. When an order of court is issued by a judge, it is then entered on the Court Order Book and becomes a law, as it were." This ruling of the Founder was *in accord* with the customs of ancient honorary Orders.

Miss Treat, in accepting the office, wrote to the Founder that she could not agree to the closing of the Order just at the time when it was to have legal birth by incorporation; that she felt it un-American to restrict the membership while there were still not included in the Order so many descendants of governors who had made themselves personally desirable, morally and by good breeding and con-

geniality; that it would be wrong not to include them, especially as from the first the Order had rested not on ancestry but upon personality.

The Founder replied that she would leave all to Miss Treat's judgment and appointed Miss Treat to frame the charter and incorporate the Order. Miss Treat made a thorough study of ancient and modern honorary orders of this class: comparing their statutes and government in Europe where the head is usually the sovereign, with our country's Federal and State Laws. As this is an honorary Order in a democratic republic, whose President is chosen from and by the people, Miss Treat incorporated the Order as a National Organization, on the lines of the Executive Branch of our Federal Government. Its President, i.e. the Governor-General, was to be elected by trustees, which correspond to electors, and branches were to be established in the various states of the United States and in foreign countries. She framed the purpose of the Order and defined its work and aims. Miss Treat framed the charter, constitution and by-laws, retaining all the Founder's rules that made for success, amending others and adding new ones necessary for the welfare and progress of the Order. She included an unlimited number of needed officers, and greatly enlarged the scope and power of national officers. All these changes were unanimously adopted by the trustees at their first meeting. She then began compiling the National Membership Books. This took years as no national books or records whatever had been kept. The keeping of records had been delegated to the Chairmen, many of whom had neglected to keep records; or in some cases the records had been destroyed or lost by fire. She appointed Registrars to verify records, and established as a requisite, before honorary membership could be conferred, duplicate lineage papers. These must be properly certified, with proofs based on colonist's own published records or private records acceptable to the Order. She also revised the list of eligible Governors and added many names of acting Governors, and the complete lists of Governors of Southern Colonies. The former Governor-General reported to Miss Treat that she had been unable to obtain this list of the southern governors when she, with the assistance of Professor Channing and Professor Winsor of Harvard, compiled the first lists.

Miss Treat then, by previous appointment of the Founder, chose for the recognition pin, a miniature of the large badge. This badge is composed of a star of gold and scarlet signifying honorary order, surmounted by a crown, symbol of sovereignty, and honorary distinction, and the monogram C. G., in scarlet. It is customary in honorary orders, conferred as decorations, to use the monogram of the Founder, who is usually a sovereign. Hence the initials C. G. were fitting, since it was through the Colonial Governors that this Order came into existence. The Founder wrote Miss Treat that as yet there was no significance attached to the points of the star and left it to Miss Treat to work it out. Miss Treat decided that henceforth they should symbolize the eight Beatitudes as particularly fitting, because the colonists and colonial governors came to found our country for religious freedom, in almost every colony, north and south. Miss Treat also chose this badge to be the official seal of the corporation of the Order.

Miss Treat was appointed to choose the motto for the Order, and she chose "Where the Spirit of the Lord is, There is Liberty," (Cor. II:3; 17), as expressing the motive which brought them to America to establish the governments, which, in 1789, nearly two hundred years after that first colony in Virginia in 1607, were federated into our United States. Miss Treat was also appointed to design the flag. The one she selected was a white field with scarlet border. In the center is the insignia of gold and scarlet, surrounded by the motto.

The Founder, who had never seen Miss

Treat, having appointed her solely on her achievements, wrote upon seeing her photograph: "I didn't know I was making a slip of a girl Governor-General."

In all appeals to it for coöperation and help from patriotic societies, the Order has in every way assisted, too many times to enummerate here. Even the Vice-President of the United States handed down to the United States Senate written requests from Miss Treat which were acted upon favorably.

When the United States entered the World War, Gail Treat framed Resolutions of Support to President Wilson. They were approved unanimously by the Founder and by the War Committee of the Order, and were sent to the President on April 23, 1917. They read as follows:

"Honorable Woodrow Wilson, President of the United States:—As Americans, alive to the principles for spiritual and physical freedom, justice and human welfare that caused the founding of our country, we hereby declare to you our oneness of accord with you in your insistence upon them, and our loyal support to you in continuing them, in our Government and people, the universal recognition of them, the maintenance of our National honor, the safeguarding of American rights against attack, and the establishing of international right and law."

During the war, the Order suspended its own work and affiliated with the Red Cross, by the request of President Wilson, who personally wrote Miss Treat how to proceed. In the Red Cross many of the Order's officers held important offices. Besides this work, the Order by urgent request of Mrs. Bacon, chairman, raised funds to endow beds in the American Red Cross Military Hospital No. 1 at Neuilly, France. After the armistice it endowed another bed there, for the soldiers not then able to be moved home. Later the Order endowed with six hundred dollars a bed in "Carry-on Club No. 1 for disabled Soldiers," and in other ways continued its work for soldiers. Letters of thanks and commendation were received from the President of the United States and the Secretary of State, Surgeon-General, Head of Red Cross, Commandant of the Hospital at Neuilly, and other high officials, as well as from disabled men.

The Order now numbers very many of today's best known men and women, who realize that not only it rests upon the Order to keep the deeds of the Colonial Governors before the people that they may emulate them; but that there also rests on each member individually and collectively the responsibility to prove by their daily lives that their heritage of upright character, religion, principles, patriotism and American ideals has not died out. As an incentive to parents of today the Order emphasizes the axiom that the more the parents develop their own best traits of character, the finer will be the characteristics of their descendants.

Gail Treat was the only head of any American patriotic society who was invited by the Committee to be a guest of honor during the ceremonies of the three days' opening of the celebration of the Three Hundredth Anniversary of the Founding of Jamestown, Virginia. She also received a similar invitation from the State of Virginia, through its Governor. Through her father, then Treasurer of the United States, she was invited to be a guest of the Federal Government and to go on the special boat chartered by "Uncle Sam" to carry his guests: the ambassadors, supreme court, cabinet, and other high federal officials and their families. Miss Treat recalls that on their arrival the Aide of the White House, as "Master of Ceremonies," paid Mr. Treat the honor, as being a distinguished American, of directing him and his family to ride in the first carriage, and directed the Ambassador of Great Britain, Lord Bryce, and Lady Bryce to ride in the second carriage. President Roosevelt, after making his opening address, laughingly said to Gail Treat: "I made my speech directly to you. Did you

notice?"—because of her representing the Colonial Governors.

Beginning in her teens, Miss Treat has always held many offices in philanthropic, patriotic and charitable societies. For this work she has received many interesting letters of thanks. For her work in the Great War she received several personal letters of thanks from the President of the United States, the Secretary of State and the Surgeon-General. From the National Head of Federal Publicity she received acknowledgment for her "slogans and verses of great value in the campaign." Miss Treat also received letters of appreciation for articles in magazines, which she wrote at request of the President of the Authors' League of America from facts furnished by the National Young Men's Christian Association for that purpose; also many from disabled soldiers and officers, the heads of the Red Cross in the United States and Europe, and the Commandant of the Hospital at Neuilly, France.

Gail Treat is a life member of the Author's League of America, Incorporated, and was a delegate from it to the first International Congress of the leading moving picture corporations and authors, to which delegates came from France and England for the purpose of improving moving pictures. This Congress was held for two days at the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel.

She is a life member of the Authors' Guild; honorary life member of the New Jersey Historical Society and New Jersey Society of Colonial Dames. In the other states in which she has lived she has been especially honored by the Colonial Dames. The Colonial Dames of Washington, District of Columbia, stated she was the first person not a Dame whom they honored with invitations to their meetings. The Connecticut Colonial Dames have also honored her by special invitations. Miss Treat was one of the National Committee of the Sulgrave Tercentenary Pilgrim Celebration in 1921. She is Chairman for Connecticut for the George Washington Victory Memorial Building, in Washington, District of Columbia. She is also interested in the Valley Forge projects. Miss Treat was Secretary of the Revolutionary Memorial Society, owning George Washington's headquarters, Somerville, New Jersey.

Miss Treat's book, *Governor Robert Treat, His Influence on Seven American Colonies*, so delighted President Roosevelt as a historical work that he voluntarily wrote a preface to be printed in its fourth edition, three editions being sold in three weeks.

Among her musical compositions, both music and words, are *Sing and Smile*, and *Together*, written in French.

Gail Treat comes of very long and illustrious lines on both sides of the family. Champion, historian, states: "The history of Connecticut is the history of the Treat family." The first trace of the ancestry of this American branch of the Treats—spelled Trott, Trot, Tret, Treate—is found in the Roman settlements of Taunton, Somerset, England. The old calendars and registers in Taunton Manor Court Rolls have almost entirely perished and the records of Vital Statistics, which Queen Elizabeth commanded to be made, were started only about twenty-five years before the birth of Honorable Richard Treate, son of Honora and Robert Trot (Trat), who was the son of Richard and Joanna Trot, of Somerset. Records exist in Pitminster Church, Somerset, England. This Richard Treat, who was baptized August 28, 1584, and died in 1669, brought his family to New England, in 1636, and settled in Wethersfield, Connecticut. He was granted nine hundred acres on the Connecticut River, including the "Farm of Nayog." By later grants and purchases he accumulated two thousand acres, eight houses and barns on High Street. Champion, in his history, states: "There was no assumption of dignity on the part of the Treat family; it was accorded to them as a right." Richard Treat was Royal Charterer of Connecticut, in 1662, by special request of Connecticut Colony; one of Governor Winthrop's special

councils, 1663–1664; magistrate and assistant-governor, 1657–1665; deputy to General Court, 1644–1657; represented Wethersfield in obtaining funds for support of Harvard College.

Richard Treate married on April 16, 1618, Alice Gaylord, daughter of Hugh Gaillard, Huguenot refugee from Normandy to England, whose first home was St. Joseph's Chapel, Glastonbury Abbey (see Castle Gaillard, Normandy). (2) Their son, Governor Robert Treat (1624–1710), was Royal Governor and Deputy Governor of Connecticut for thirty-two years. He was president of the United Colonies of New England in 1684 and for many years held the highest civil and military offices in the gift of the American Colonies and their kings, who addressed him as their "trusted and well beloved Governor Treat." He was Royal Councillor and often Commissioner. Bancroft, in a letter in his own handwriting, stated that he wished to include in his history the letters between Governor Treat and the English kings and queens but lack of time and funds prevented. Robert Treat was Colonel of all Connecticut troops, Chief-in-Command of the Rear in King Philip's War and was a determining factor in seven colonies: New Haven, Plymouth, Rhode Island, Massachusetts, Connecticut, Long Island and New Jersey—going to their defense with his troops when they were attacked by the Indians or threatened by the Dutch. This remarkable man was often one of Governor Carteret's special council in New Jersey. He was also founder of Newark, New Jersey. He was granted many thousands of acres and was original proprietor of many towns. He held until his death all kinds of elective and appointive offices. He was governor at the time Andros demanded from him personally the surrender of the Charter. All the other colonies, including London, had surrendered theirs but he diplomatically delayed for over two years. When Andros came by force to get it, Governor Treat, to prevent formal surrender and record thereof, resorted to the famous ruse of having Captain Wadsworth spirit it to the Charter Oak hiding place. When Andros was deposed, Governor Treat's proclamation to the sovereigns William and Mary that the Charter had never been surrendered, hence no record thereof existed, was upheld by English courts, and enabled Connecticut to continue under that Charter for over one hundred years, until the adoption of the new constitution in 1818. Robert Treat married, in 1645, Jane Tapp, daughter of Honorable Edmund Tapp, Magistrate and Assistant Governor. (3) Reverend Samuel Treat (1648–1716), eldest son of Governor Robert and Jane Tapp Treat was graduated from Harvard College in 1669. This Reverend Samuel Treat of Eastham, Massachusetts, translated the Bible into Indian dialects. He was chosen to preach the election sermons in Boston. He was married (1) on March 16, 1674, to Elizabeth Mayo (d. 1696), daughter of Captain Samuel Mayo, a purchaser of Oyster Bay, Long Island, in 1653, and son of Reverend John, of Boston. Their son (4) Joseph Treat (1696–1756), married, in 1713, Mary Larkin (daughter of Edward, son of John Larkin and wife, Joanna Hale, daughter of Deacon Robert Hale of Charlestown, Massachusetts, an ancestor of Nathan Hale). Their son (5) Lieutenant Joshua Treat (1729–1802), of Revolutionary War fame, married, in 1755 (1) Catherine James (1729–1790). His silverware exceeded any in the Province of Maine. (6) Their son, Joshua Treat, Junior (1756–1826), married in 1780, Lydia Buck, daughter of Colonel Buck (Revolutionary War). (7) Their son, Jonathon Treat (1787–1867), fought in the War of 1812 and married, in 1812, Deborah Parker (1795–1857), daughter of Oliver Parker (Revolutionary War). Their son (8) Captain Henry Treat (1817–1887), married, in 1840, his second cousin, Abigail Treat, daughter of Colonel Egna Treat and Harriet McIntire. This Henry Treat was famed as a wit and a raconteur. He was a graduate of Kents Hill and Bates Colleges. With his brothers

he owned twenty-eight vessels engaged in export and import from the West Indies. Understanding the Spanish language and people, his friend Hannibal Hamlin, Vice-President of the United States, offered to appoint him ambassador to Spain, but ill health prevented. (10) Honorable Charles Henry Treat, son of Captain Henry and Abigail Treat, was Treasurer of the United States in Roosevelt's administration. He was graduated from Bates College and Dartmouth College and was a member of the Union League Club, of New York, of the Order of Colonial Governors, Director of General Grant Monument Association. The Honorable Henry Treat was an eloquent orator. Henry Treat married Frances Emily Huxford. Their children were Mabel, Gail (i.e. Abigail), and Gertrude Treat.

Frances Emily Treat was daughter of Margaret Maria Nesmith Huxford, whose ancestors are famed as ardent patriots of the Revolutionary War. Two of them, when nearly seventy years old, enlisted and served in companies in which their sons or other young relatives were officers.

Frances Emily Treat was also descended from the most aristocratic early royal families of Europe, being descended in twenty-eight lines from Charlemagne and twenty lines from Alfred the Great, including the male lines, through "Saint Margaret" (daughter of Edward, the Exile, last male descendant of Alfred the Great). "Saint Margaret" married King Malcolm III, of Scotland, who was slain by General Macbeth. Through Queen Matilda, the wife of William the Conqueror, a descendant of Charlemagne, Mrs. Treat was also descended from Alfred the Great. She was descended from the first King of Scotland, Kenneth Macalpene, and also from many counts of the middle ages, grand vassals of the crown, more powerful than the kings, including: Counts of Normandy, Flanders, Belgium, Alsace, France, Freesia, Maine, Burgundy, Brittany, Toulouse, Paris, Gascony, Provence, Arragon, Barcelona, Anjou, Hainault, who ruled Holland over fifty-seven years, Vermandois, Beranger, and of Poitu, Garcia, Castile, Dirk I, the first count of Holland, and the Counts Baldwins of Flanders and Belgium. Baldwin I married Judith, the great-granddaughter of Charlemagne, and Baldwin II married Alfrith, daughter of Alfred the Great. Mrs. Treat was descended from the "Great Earls," meaning "noble birth." She was also descended from the Earl of Mercia, father of Easlwitha, wife of Alfred the Great, and the Earl of Norway, through William the Conqueror and Earl Roguwald, viking conqueror and ruler of Isles of Orkney and Shetland, father of Rollo, first Duke of Normandy. The wife of Roguwald was Gisela, great-great-granddaughter of Charlemagne. She was descended from the viking Ruric, founder and Grand Prince of Russia; and from the leaders of the various crusades to the Holy Land, including Count Raymond, Nestor of the First Crusade, who declined the crown of Jerusalem, Count Vermandois and Geoffrey Plantagenet, founder of the royal house of Plantagenet, whose father was Fulc V of Anjou, King of Jerusalem in 1131. She is also descended from Hugh the Great, of France, in several lines from Robert II, King of France, author of beautiful hymns, still sung in our churches, and from Louis VII, who led the Second Crusade, from King Henry II, of England, and Philip Augustus, who together planned the Second Crusade and decided that the French Crusaders should wear a red cross and the Flemish a green cross and the English a white cross. From the Spanish line, Mrs. Treat was also descended from King Alfonso IX, "The Noble" of Spain, who, a descendant of the first emperor of Spain, led the Christian army which conquered the Moslems. Mrs. Treat was descended from Alfonso VIII, of Spain, and from the famous "Le Cid," who conquered five Moorish kings. Through the Greek emperors, including Constantine Porphyrogenitis (meaning born to the purple), the Greek emperor of the East, she traces

back to Philip of Macedon. She also traces her line to James I, King of Scotland, and wife, Lady Joan Beaufort, daughter of the Earl of Somerset.

Mrs. Treat was also descended from Joan the Fair Maid of Kent (later Queen of England) and from King Edward I, of England, and wife, Margaret of France, from King John, brother of Richard the Lion Hearted, who appointed John to succeed him, and from Geoffrey Plantagenet, founder of the Royal House of Plantagenet.

Margaret Maria Nesmith, the mother of Mrs. Treat, was the first of her family since two hundred years to marry outside her clan; in 1838 she married Harry Eells Huxford. She was the daughter of Isaac Nesmith (1779–1846), who married his double first cousin, Mary N. McClure, a brilliant poetess, highly educated, and daughter of Major James McClure, officer in the Revolutionary War and in the famous Boston Tea Party. The McClures were of the Stewart clan and received their name from their ancestor, James I, King of Scotland, for rescuing him by a blow (a cluer) when attacked by a wounded stag. Isaac Nesmith was grandson of Deacon James Nesmith, Senior, a son of James (1692–1767), who married (1714) Elizabeth McKeen, daughter of Justice James McKeen (1667–1756) and first wife, Janet Cochran, daughter of John, descendant of the first Earl of Dundonald. The McKeens' armorial bearings were those of the Cadets of Island Kings as Macdonald's of the Isles, now belonging to the Prince of Wales. Justice McKeen brought, with his own money, a colony of seventeen families, including Pastor McGregor from Scotland, to found a colony in New Hampshire, where they could have religious freedom. His brother, William, became Governor of Pennsylvania, and was a signer of the Declaration of Independence.

The Nesmith coat-of-arms is: "Gules, a a dexter hand, ppr., holding a sword, ar., between two broken hammers." Motto: "Marte non arte." James Nesmith of Dawick Castle, registered these, adding his mother's, Isabella Murrays': "Within a bor., ar., four boars' heads couped, gules, and as many hunting horns, sa."

The Huxford (Hucksford) coat-of-arms is: "Or, an eagle, displ. sa. collared, ar."

The Treat (Trot) coat-of-arms is: "Sa., a horse argent, bridled gules." No Mottos; no crest. The Treat coat-of-arms were in use centuries before the invention of crests and mottoes.

STEWART, ROSALIE, play producer, daughter of Benjamin Stewart and Katherine Effie Wood Muckenfuss, was born in St. Louis, Missouri, October 9, 1890. For business reasons she had her name legally changed in 1917 from Rosalie Stewart Muckenfuss to Rosalie Stewart.

Rosalie Stewart is the youngest woman theatrical producer in America, the first to devote herself exclusively to producing. That is, she does not write plays, nor act in them, as other women producers do. Her name is synonymous with clean comedies, which she has sponsored both in America and in Europe. Starting as a vaudeville booking manager when a mere schoolgirl, she has worked her way to the top of the theatrical producing business. An unconscious psychologist, a believer in the benefic power of clean fun and laughter, her phenomenal success is due mainly to an acute and highly developed intuition and a sympathetic understanding of human nature which enable her to select with unerring precision plays the public will like. To give the audience what it wants she regards as the first duty of the producer. She has neither time nor patience for the production of artistic failures, such as were some of the rare exotics imported and produced in America in recent years, but with a deep-rooted faith in the talents of her countrymen she has encouraged them in their creative work, taking plays written by young and unknown Americans and out of them building enormous artistic and commercial successes.

Combining a keen financial sense with an altruism that considers first the welfare of family and associates, she is regarded as one of America's most stable young business women, whose achievement is due to her own integrity and her faith in others.

Until about fifteen she lived in St. Louis, hers being the uneventful life of the average little girl of that city, made up mostly of school days. Her earliest ambition was to become a teacher. There was something more prophetic than ridiculous in this childish yearning, for it indicated a desire to contact people, to control and direct their activities. Besides, to her the teacher's existence meant freedom and pleasure—did she not see them going away to Europe every summer? And so the little girl dreamed of the future and her own journeys to the enchanted isles beyond the sea, where she too should have a long time to play. Thus the early years passed, the school tasks being lightened now and then by some athletic event in which she took active part. Tennis naturally attracted her, because it was the sport allowing the fullest vent to the spirit of restless energy that possessed her. She became so expert at the game that she attained the enviable position of tennis champion of her school.

All her ambitions were encouraged by sympathetic and far-seeing parents, and even as a very young girl she was allowed to go often to the theatre, where she saw such notables as Ethel Barrymore, Maude Adams, Annie Russell, John Drew, Ada Rehan, Mrs. Fiske and all those great artists who have done so much for the glory of the American stage. Her father had for some time been booking manager of a large Southern vaudeville circuit, and when Miss Stewart was 16 and still in high school a great apparent misfortune visited the family, in the guise of temporary blindness of the father. Miss Stewart promptly left school to become his assistant and secretary, her duties being to write the Sunday advertisements for the attractions each week—advance publicity of vaudeville personalities—engage all the staff in the theatre, change the running order of the "bills" when necessary, pay all salaries, in fact she did everything pertaining to the assistant management of a good vaudeville theatre.

The schoolgirl of sixteen now suddenly found herself a wage-earner and practically the head of the family. She did her work so well that it attracted the attention of the President of the Company, and when her father regained his sight, at the end of a year, and was transferred to Chicago as General Booking Manager, Miss Stewart was offered the position of Assistant Booking Manager and accompanied him. She began engaging talent, becoming a "scout" and going to suburban theatres looking for talent, and assuming all the duties of booking representative for theatres. In one season she and her organization discovered for big time vaudeville, Ina Claire, Al Jolson, Frank Tinney, Chick Sale, Rae Samuels, and Marilyn Miller with the act known as "*The Five Columbians.*"

It was in this work that Miss Stewart began to demonstrate a rare judgment in the selection of plays and talent, and her fame eventually spread East, reaching the ears of J. J. Murdock, head of the Keith Vaudeville Circuit in New York, who offered her the position of Booking Manager of the southern booking time of that circuit, which she accepted. This marked a distinct departure in American theatrical history, as it was the first time a woman ever held such a position. Here was a very young girl, charming, business-like, unafraid, showing her fitness to play in the hardest game in the world—the vaudeville booking business. And because she knew her work and could hold her own with any of the greybeards in the field, she was looked upon with respect and soon won the reputation of being a clear, lightning-quick thinker, with the ability to put her finger instantly upon the weak spot in an argument, business dealing or play.

After a few years with the Keith people she

began producing vaudeville acts, being so successful that she continued for several years. In 1920 she was able to realize the dream of her childhood days—she took her first trip to Europe. London, Paris, Germany, Italy were visited, and each made its contribution to her literary, aesthetic and dramatic education. In England it was Westminster and Stratford that most impressed her; in Italy and France she revelled in the scenic and artistic beauty.

In 1920, she formed a partnership with Bert French, a young man whose generous nature and sterling character had won him the high regard of all who knew him, and who had been many years in the theatrical field. Their aim was the successful production of clean American comedies. It fell to Miss Stewart's office to select the plays to be produced. In reading a play, she saw it first in terms of action, then, by suddenly transforming herself into the imaginary audience, caught the effect of a line or a situation. She knew intuitively the terrific power of suggestion upon assembled human beings, and of the infectious nature of their elemental feelings.

Her breadth of vision and youthful enthusiasm brought to her office open-minded people with new ideas and new plans. She was not interested in those who had already achieved, nor in those members of the profession who had become ossified. She stood for progress, creation—many-sided creation.

Out of the thousands of plays passing under her critical inspection was Lyn Starling's *Meet the Wife*. It was selected as having the ingredients of a successful play. Mary Boland was chosen to play the leading part. It was rehearsed and the opening night came. Long before the end it was known definitely that *Meet the Wife* was a great success. The lines caught and delighted the popular fancy. Mary Boland's blonde beauty never shone to such advantage, the critics hailing her as "the most talented comedienne on the American stage." *Meet the Wife* became the most popular play of the season. Cartoonists and "colyumists" caught the infection of the typical American title, and "Meet the Wife" became a stock phrase, appearing in advertisements, cartoons—heard everywhere.

A young vaudeville actor of Miss Stewart's acquaintance had started writing one-act plays, and some of these she had produced. She saw something in this author's work that gave indication of dormant power, promising greater things for the future. George Kelly knew he had ability, but the rare quality of his creations went over the heads of most of the producers to whom he had taken his plays. Like the poetic primrose by the river's brim, his plays were to them so many words, so much action—only that and nothing more. Always he was seeking the producer who could see what he was trying to convey. Miss Stewart caught the gleam of his genius in the plays he had submitted, and encouraged, persuaded and indeed almost forced him on to the doing of bigger things.

One day he came to the office of Stewart and French to submit a new play which he said had been refused by four of the biggest producers in New York. He was in that dejected mood known at times to every author. It was a simple American comedy, containing a philosophy and based upon a type of individual familiar to every American. At this time New York was, to quote Alan Dale, "stewing in a ragout of Pirandello, Tchekoff, Molnar and others." Aesthetic drama lovers had gone quite mad over intellectual novelties, such as the plays of Benavente and Pirandello, which had been imported at tremendous expense and required such intense cerebration to understand them. Freudian psychology, Shavian satire, Russian pessimism, Czecho-Slovakian philosophy, stage expressionism—what chance had a modest little comedy, written by a young American playwright around a type of human being whose very ubiquity had made him commonplace—what chance had such a mild concoction against plays of writers of world-wide fame?

Rosalie Stewart

When Miss Stewart read George Kelly's *The Show-Off* she realized that he had built even more cleverly than he himself suspected. His was the philosophy of Pirandello and the psychology of Benavente translated into terms understandable by the general American public. In the characters of *The Show-Off* he interpreted some of the deeper things of life. He had given them philosophy predigested. Pirandello required thinking. The average American hates the very thought of having to think. Even the most zealous seeker after "culture" was beginning to suffer from mental indigestion and, subconsciously at least, was longing for a respite. Feeling instinctively that the time was ripe for just such a play as *The Show-Off*, Miss Stewart decided to produce it. In choosing the cast the main consideration was to find characters that fitted the piece, with little regard to fame or length of experience. Her business was play-making, not "star"-making.

The Show-Off was put in rehearsal. The opening night came. Atlantic City had been chosen as the place in which the test was to be made, and before the play had progressed far the audience, producer and author were swept away in the consciousness of a great success. Yet when the final curtain descended Miss Stewart was not satisfied. Her feeling was but a reflection of that of the audience. For, as the play was first written, it had the logical, not the "happy" ending. Through that rare "sixth sense" that never played her false, Miss Stewart knew the audience was vaguely dissatisfied. Sticking to her motto, "The audience must be pleased," she suggested to Mr. Kelly that he add a little more to the play and make it a happy ending. No indeed, said Mr. Kelly. Art was art. It would spoil the whole play. But understanding George Kelly, Miss Stewart kept driving home her point, the two pacing the boardwalk every night. He had created a character in *Aubrey Piper* that became more lovable in each act, she said, and the audience actually wanted to see him triumph at the final curtain. Mr. Kelly finally saw it her way, and when he did, he made the changes instantly.

Louis John Bartels, hitherto little known, sprang into fame through his characterization of *Aubrey Piper*, the "show-off" of the play, a new figure in stage literature. The universality of the type made him easily recognizable. The audience revelled in this "transcript of life" because it was something they could understand.

People flocked to the theatre housing *The Show-Off*. The four venerable gentlemen who had refused the play hid their mortification as best they could, secretly greatly disturbed for having turned away such a hit. They thought ruefully of the great youth of the audacious young lady who had staged it and wondered how she had turned the trick. Men who had been in the habit of discussing business matters with Miss Stewart from behind their own desks now fell into the way of dropping into her office, kindly telling her of various ways in which she could make a million, and she, from her peak in Darien, smiled and thanked them for their neighborly interest. She knew they meant well.

When the Pulitzer prize of one thousand dollars for the best play by an American author, depicting American life and character, was discussed by the committee having that matter in hand, *The Show-Off* naturally came up for discussion as to its fitness for this honor. It was a serious matter to the committee, most of whose members favored the play, but *The Show-Off* had a rival in Hatcher Hughes' *Hell-Bent fer Heaven*, and after a long-drawnout controversy the award was given to Mr. Hughes because, it was said, "he had a friend at Court." A great furore followed the publication of this decision, some of the members of the committee resigning as a consequence of what they regarded as the unfairness of the award. The matter filled columns in the press for days, and there are thousands who saw both plays who felt that the author of *The Show-Off* was cheated out of his rights.

In October of 1924, Miss Stewart took *Meet the Wife* to Chicago, and in November she took *The Show-Off* to London with an all-American cast. The play was an artistic success, but opened during the heated election days and during the period of the closing of the great Exhibition at Wembley, and with no London favorites or "names" in the cast, it could not get started for proper financial returns. It was then planned to reopen later with London actors and the locale changed from Philadelphia to a small Lancashire village. Returning to America, Miss Stewart next took the same players who had made the trip to London on a trip to the Midwest, having as the ultimate destination Chicago. Here it met with the highest favor and columns of favorable criticism were written about the author, the cast, the play itself and the producer.

On her father's side Miss Stewart's first American ancestor was Michael Muckenfuss, who came from Carlsruhe, Duchy of Baden-Baden, Germany, and settled at Charleston, South Carolina, in 1680. Her first known American ancestor on her mother's side was Robert Wood, who came from England and settled in Illinois, where her mother was born. There have been various women in the family who have taken prominent parts in educational work, an aunt, Mrs. L. M. Primer, widow of Professor Primer, of Harvard and Texas Universities, being well known in the South as a lecturer, teacher and special contributor to magazines devoted to sociological subjects.

GERSTENBERG, JULIA (Mrs. Erich Gerstenberg), philanthropist and civic worker, daughter of William and Wilhelmina Schmidt Wieschendorff, was born in Chicago, Illinois. Her parents took up their residence in that city in 1854, preferring a new country to Hanover after it changed from English to Prussian rule.

Mrs. Gerstenberg is a tireless and conscientious worker for civic betterment. Her intense patriotism, generosity and love for all things beautiful in art, literature and the drama have kept her in the forefront of that great body of public-spirited women who have done so much to bring Chicago closer to the realization of its dream of becoming the "City Beautiful" of the Midwest. Knowing intuitively of the great needs of humanity as a whole, she has been content to lay aside her private ambitions and work silently and indefatigably for the greatest good of the greatest number. Disclaiming achievement, being too intent upon her work to take the time to discuss it, it has remained for her daughter, Alice Gerstenberg (who imputes to the influence of her mother much of her own success as a playwright), to supply the following information:

"It was inevitable that my mother's thwarted ambitions to go on the stage should seek expression through me. She has been my wisest counsellor and most encouraging support. I have had the inspiration of her vibrant personality, the elasticity and buoyancy of a spirit which is everlastingly young, and of a character whose good deeds are indelibly written upon the hearts of the many she has befriended. Like most people born on the 31st of August, her bearing is dignified and distinguished. Upon further acquaintance her playfulness, grace and sympathy become a joyous surprise. Her expressive and, to me, beautiful face, and her responsive companionship are a constant delight.

"She started her civic work in the early days of the Woman's Protective Agency. Later she was Chairman of the House Committee of the Chicago Maternity Hospital and a Vice-President, with Doctor Sarah Hackett Stevenson, President. She is one of the early members of the Woman's Athletic Club and the Woman's Club. Her interests in the arts brought her into the Cordon Club, Antiquarians, and she is one of the Directors of the Arts Club of Chicago, of which Mrs. Robert McGann was the first President, with Mrs. John Alden Carpenter its President in 1925. She has served as Chairman of its Musical,

House and Library Committees. She has been an active member of the Friends of Opera and the Opera Box Committee since its inception at the home of Mrs. R. T. Crane, Junior. Other interests have been the Chicago Little Theatre, Children's Memorial Hospital, Passavant and Grant Hospitals.

"Her dramatic and artistic talent found expression in 1907 in reading her own translation of Wildenbruch's *Das Hexenlied* (The Witch's Song) to Max Schilling's music before the Friends in Council, of which she was a member. Here she scored a success unequalled by David Bispham's rendition, in the opinion of critics of that day. She was also Chairman of Stage Settings that year for the plays produced by the Alliance Française, and won special praise for her staging of *Les Pattes de Mouche.*

"Aside from her interests dramatically, she attended the Art Institute for a course in drawing, and studied, privately, music and painting in order to gain fundamental knowledge of those arts. As a young woman she was much admired for her classic grace in Delsarte, which she studied with Anna Morgan. When Adelina Patti came to Chicago, about 1891, she was eager to learn about Delsarte, who had been a pioneer in aesthetic cultivation of the body as a means of expression. In Paris, Rachel and other famous artists had been his pupils. In Chicago, Miss Morgan had her pupils give a performance of the method so that Adelina Patti might have it visualized. In a copy of her book on the subject, Miss Morgan incribed the following lines: 'To Julia Gertsenberg, who was one of the graceful interpreters of the principles set forth in this book.'

"In 1915, Nancy Cox-McCormack, sculptress, asked permission to make a statuette gratis of my mother, because enthusiastic about her figure. Her life-size portrait in oil is among the first painted by Neale Ordayne, who has been highly recognized in Paris.

"Her appreciation of art and artists has had weight in many an artist's struggling life. One encouraged author called her 'Americana' because she typified for him what patriotism meant. She would not travel to Europe until she had first seen her own country, the United States. When finally in Europe and buying a ticket for a tour of the Rhone Glacier, the English clerk selling the ticket said, 'You are an American. Why don't you see your own Muir Glacier in Alaska?' She asked him what he knew about Muir. He replied, 'It is the greatest glacier in the world. I have been there.' 'So have I.'

"During the war she was a tireless worker, and when the great Victory Loan Drive was in progress she was put in charge of the Victory Loan headquarters in her precinct, with Mrs. Arthur Ryerson and Mrs. Samuel T. Chase on her committee. In 1924 she was appointed by Mrs. Edith Rockefeller McCormick, Honorary President of the Chicago Civic Theatre Association, to the position of Chairman of the Membership Committee, with the task of securing fifty thousand members to help make a Civic Theatre possible.

"My mother is happy in the thought that her life is one of service, and many letters testify the inspiration she has been to individuals where her intuition has discovered their need and her sympathy supplied it with tact. I never shall forget an incident which suggests the color of her feeling. It was in New York City. On a cold winter's evening we entered a brilliantly lighted shop to buy some candy. While waiting for our package we noticed the faces of two tiny newsboys pressed longingly against the window-pane, wide eyes feasting the candy through glass. Mother turned and bought two more boxes to put into their astonished hands as we came out. Off came their little caps in cavalierly gratitude to a fairy godmother.

"It is small actions and deeds of helpfulness and intimate sympathy at the right time that the world needs, more than much money, my mother claims. The personal pleasure she herself gained from the delight of these two

waifs was typical of her daily deeds of kindness.

"Doctor Sarah Hackett Stevenson's tribute to her found phrasing in a letter written in Europe: 'I never see anything that is beautiful in art nor hear the grandeur of music, but I think of you.' "

LANGWORTHY, MARY LEWIS (Mrs. Benjamin Franklin Langworthy), lecturer and executive, was born in Alfred, New York, March 31, 1872, the daughter of Abram Herbert and Augusta Melissa Johnson Lewis. The first American Lewis came from England and settled in Rhode Island. Through her mother, Mrs. Langworthy is descended from John Tanner, of pioneer stock, who came from England to Rhode Island.

Mrs. Langworthy is the president of the Woman's City Club, of Chicago. Her executive ability has been recognized, in many directions. During the war she served as Chairman of Girls' Work in the Illinois Division of the Council of Defense; Chairman Woman's Department of Young Men's Christian Association; the Overseas Service, Great Lake Division; founded and directed "The Jolly Tar," a home club for sailors, near the Great Lakes Training Station. Since the war, she has filled similar positions of responsibility and service. For years, Mrs. Langworthy was a dramatic coach and wrote many pageants, symbolic of patriotism and life. As a lecturer, Mrs. Langworthy has been especially successful in public talks to young women, urging them to the finest standards of womanliness.

Mary Lewis was educated in the district school of Alfred, New York, attending later the Plainfield Ladies' Seminary, Plainfield, New Jersey.

After this following out of the traditions of the women of her ancestral line, who were all home bodies and prided themselves on their exquisite homekeeping, good education, high thinking, active church work and good sized families, Mary Lewis entered Alfred College, New York, as a special student in the study of English literature and languages, and later entered the Delsarte School of Expression under Mme. Eva Alberti for a course in dramatic expression.

In October, 1897, she was married to Benjamin Franklin Langworthy. They have two daughters, Frances Lewis and Marigold Lockhart. In speaking of his sister, Doctor Edwin Herbert Lewis, Dean of the faculty of Lewis Institute, an Engineering College, writes:

"At the time this sketch is written, November, 1924, Mrs. Langworthy is president of the Woman's City Club of Chicago. But she was not city born. She was born, fifty-two years ago, in a village of western New York.

It was Alfred, a college town. It was set in a little valley, between hills robed in maples and rimmed with sounding pines. From beyond the eastern hills came the faint infrequent whistle of Erie trains, but the valley itself lay ever peaceful, as in a sweet Sabbath. And the thought of Sabbath was much in the minds of her parents.

For her father was Doctor A. Herbert Lewis, a professor of church history, and he was descended from a long line of Rhode Island Baptists who differed from other Baptists in one respect—that of keeping holy the seventh day. Himself a scholar, he spent years in convincing scholars that there is no biblical authority for observing Sunday as the Sabbath. He resented Sunday laws. So eloquent was he in defence of religious liberty that he was often referred to, by the late Bishop Vincent, as one of the most distinguished preachers in America. Once an old Virginian said to Mrs. Langworthy's brother, "I've heard Henry Clay and I've heard your father, and I preferred your father." But as time went on, Doctor Lewis laid less and less emphasis on authority in religion and more and more on reflective spiritual life. His message was to men and women caught in the mechanism of industry, deafened by the roar of business, blinded by the glare of prosperity.

Mrs. Langworthy's mother came of Rhode Island stock much given to mechanical in-

vention, but she was utterly unworldly. And she had artistic gifts. In her leisure, which was scant, for she was the mother of six children, she gave herself to the painting of the landscapes that she so dearly loved.

Thus fathered and mothered, Mary grew up with a mingled heritage. Though deeply grounded in religious faith, she felt no special religious mission. Though furnished with natural eloquence, she felt no impulse to use it for sectarian causes. Her natural poetry blended with her natural practicality to make her a teacher of literature, and especially dramatic literature. After a course in expression with Madame Alberti of New York, she easily became a skillful dramatic coach. And from time to time she wrote pageants, such as those called *Independance Day*, *Plantation Memories*, *As the Child Learns*, and *The Soul of Man*.

But she became more deeply interested in the lives of her pupils than in their dramatic performances. After she came to Chicago to live, having married a lawyer husband, B. F. Langworthy, she saw very clearly the dangers threatening womanhood in an industrial age. Though always a suffragist, as her parents had been before her, she was less concerned with votes for women than with womanliness for women. She began to lecture young women about life. She lectured openly, publicly, frankly, sometimes even severly, but always charmingly. And presently she was identified with associations of teachers and parents for the preservation of the finest standards.

Then it was discovered that she had executive ability, and she was invited into executive positions. During the war she was chairman of girls' work in the Woman's Committee of the National Council of Defense, Illinois Division. She was chairman for the State of Illinois, outside of Chicago, of the American Relief Committee for the starving children of Central Europe. Meantime she founded and conducted The Jolly Tar, a home club for sailors near the Great Lakes Training Station.

She is president (1924) of the Woman's City Club of Chicago; chairman of the Department of Education of the National Congress of Parents and Teachers; chairman of girls' work in the Chicago Community Service; and a trustee of the village of Winnetka.

Something of the same effort to unite spiritual ideals with civic and practical life has characterized her sisters and brother. An elder sister, gifted as a nurse, married Doctor William Logie Russell, head of the psychopathic branch of the New York Hospital. Another elder sister married the chemist, James Henry Parsons. Her widowed sister, Louise Lewis Kimball, is an educator; her younger sister, Mrs. Bennet Spencer, a lecturer. Her brother, Doctor Edwin Herbert Lewis, is dean of the faculty in an engineering college, and writes romances that deal with the relations of modern science and modern life.

And in the souls of all these men and women there lingers the problem that began with their childhood—how to reconcile village and city, simplicity and complexity, orient and occident, spirituality with mechanism, Sabbath with week days."

During July of 1924, Mrs. Langworthy went with her husband to England to attend the meeting of the American Bar Association, held in London at the invitation of the English and Canadian Bar. After three weeks in England and Wales, they visited Holland, Belgium, Austria, Czecho-Slovakia, Hungary, the Tyrol, Italy, Switzerland, France and back to England, where a part of the pleasure for Mrs. Langworthy was a close observance of the functioning of these countries in the lines of sanitation, recreation, child protection and development, civic art and music, policing, housing, foods, and justice. In England, Mrs. Langworthy has said, she had a strong home feeling because all her ancestors were British and she felt it truly the mother country.

Mrs. Langworthy's activities are: President of Woman's City Club, of Chicago; member Executive Committee Chicago Council of Social Agencies; Vice-President National

Congress of Parents and Teachers; trustee of the Village of Winnetka, Illinois (second term).

A list of Mrs. Langworthy's pageants, written between 1910 and 1924, include: *The Hall and the Forga* (*Educational*); *Plantation Memories* (*Musical*); *Independence Day* (*Patriotic*); *As the Child Learns* (*Educational*); *Soul-of-Man* (*Religious*).

Mrs. Langworthy is a member of Daughters of the American Revolution; Chicago Woman's Club; Woman's City Club, of Chicago; Winnetka Woman's Club; National Congress of Parents and Teachers.

COPP, MAUD EVELYN FLETCHER (Mrs. Alfred Ebenezer Copp), originator of the Fletcher Music Method, was born in Woodstock, Canada, February 4, 1872, the daughter of Ashton and Anne Stidston Fletcher. Mrs. Copp's grandfather lost an estate that had been in the family since 1066, when his forebears came to England with William the Conqueror, and came to Canada in 1840, settling in Woodstock. Her father was a celebrated lawyer, Queen's Councillor, orator and scholar. Her mother was born in Devonshire, England, and came to Canada as a bride, in 1867. Mrs. Fletcher had a beautiful voice but was not allowed to use it publicly. An aunt of Mrs. Copp's mother worked with Elizabeth Fry in the first attempts made by women to better the conditions of prisoners.

Mrs. Evelyn Fletcher Copp is the originator of the Fletcher Music Method for Children, "converting it from a drill and a drudgery into an inspiration and a life." Mrs. Copp was the first to prove the educational value of music in the curriculum of the schools. As a teacher and writer for musical magazines, Mrs. Copp is known internationally. She has lectured in Leipsic, Dresden, Berlin, Paris, Brussels, London, Glasgow, and before all the leading conservatories and clubs of this country.

Having a marvelous memory, it is probably due to her vivid remembrances of her childhood that Evelyn Fletcher Copp possesses such a sympathy and understanding with children—which opens the path to her unique music method for children.

"As a tiny child," says Mrs. Copp, "I was a dreamer of dreams, and so real were some of these dreams to me that some of my teachers seemed to be unconsciously influenced by my own dreams of what I was. I went to England at the age of eight with my family—just for the summer—and the events of that summer stand out as clearly as though they were the occurrences of last month. One day we were taken to Mount Edgecombe, the home of the Duke of Devonshire, and I must have been most annoying for I kept running back to my mother and insisting that I had seen this place before—every view of the grounds and house were so perfectly familiar. I had seen it all before in my dreams.

"On the way over we spent a day in Montreal and were driven up the mountain. The inspiration of the view forced me to break forth into song and no song I had ever learned could possibly express all my joy so that it had to be my own. I sang it all day long but the next day we sailed and then with the novelty—the mal de mer, the shuffle board matches, and the concert, I forgot the tune. Many times in England my other self said, 'Where is your song? Ha! You see you are not so clever. You have forgotten it.' 'Never mind,' I said one day to the tantalizing voice, 'wait till I get back to Montreal and it will come back again.' And this proved to be true for the day we landed in Montreal on our return, the song came again and this time it came for 'good.'"

Evelyn Fletcher began the study of music at the age of four and a half years. She was educated first at home and later at private schools. It must have been a jolly household; the four frolicing children, the friendly governess, the genial parents. Mrs. Copp's little daughter begs her to tell of those days. Her favorite story is of the time when the

JULIA GERSTENBERG

MARY L. LANGWORTHY

MAUD EVELYN FLETCHER COPP

FLORENCE M. MARSHALL

little Evelyn was five years old, and shows how great to her was the appeal of music even then. It was the custom for the governess to begin the day by giving two of the children a short music lesson directly after breakfast, or directly after the family prayers which followed breakfast. For the other two there was a respite, the school work did not begin until these music lessons were over. The servants always came in for these prayers. Her father would read from the Bible and make a short prayer ending with the Lord's Prayer while they all kneeled. During this last every child would quietly get one leg into position for a rapid exodus and as the "Amen" resounded through the room four children rose and raced out of the room. The governess would rise with as much haste as dignity permitted and follow out to the barn where they were hiding. Benny the stable boy would often lend a hand to tucking a child into the oat bin or among the rugs of a sleigh. But I would invariably hide where I could be found for, although I loved the race, I loved the lesson too.

It was during High School days that Evelyn had the opportunity of attending a fine school in England, "Leigh Court" in Torquay. A little incident of that time shows her originality. There was to be an examination of the entire school on English History. Great lamentation went up because the history master was putting all his classes together and it was expected the big girls would fail before the little ones on the dates of important events. Evelyn had a bright idea—she wrote a funny story which brought in every event. It was the greatest nonsense and she chuckled with amusement as she scribbled. With assistance a copy was made for every girl. In study period each one studied from this "History without Tears," placed carefully inside the history covers. That evening no girl had to be corrected; the teacher on duty marveled indeed at the attention to study. When examination day came several got 100 per cent and none were under the passing mark. The Master could not understand it and carried the results to the Head Master, who sent for two of the older girls. From this experiment Mrs. Copp said she learned that growth should not be painful—that when we learned things, laughing and enjoying ourselves, it is like playing with relaxed muscles instead of stiffened ones.

Evelyn Fletcher seemed to be always laying up things in her mind to be useful later. She tells of one incident that is not only interesting in this connection but significant from the standpoint of psychology as well. It was a geography lesson.

"The day before we had taken our little books home and learned the answers to the questions on France. I could not have been more than nine. After successfully answering my question, I stood waiting for the turn to come again, and fell to musing on the teacher's manner.

"How is France bounded on the south?" she was asking, as though she had not an idea.

"That's acting," said I to my self. "You must know. Last year my sister was in this class and was answering your same questions, and the year before my big brother."

"And what is the capital?" the questions droned on.

"No," said I to myself, "you can't possibly forget your geography with four Fletchers coming to school and teaching it to you each year—and yet it is you who should be teaching us! Have you taught us? Have you taught me? No, I taught myself this lesson last night—why? Did I want to know how France was bounded? No! Why did I learn it then—to be a good girl and to teach it to you today. But my parents pay you to teach me—silly—and not only silly, but not honest, for you never teach me anything. You only ask me things you have known a long time! Why! you should have taken my book home last night and done what I did—and I should be doing what you are doing, asking the questions. When I grow up I shall tell that teacher just what I am thinking!"

The Fletcher Method is literally a fulfillment of this resolve. "No mother needs to help her child practice—nor to drive her child to practice—the child knows what she is trying to do—because she wants to know and because the teacher can answer her every question not over her head—but so that she not only understands but is inspired with the knowledge to—DO."

The losing of her melodies used to cause the little girl some concern. One day she dreamed an apparatus attached to the piano which would record one's improvisations as the typewriter reproduces ones thoughts. This was long before any mechanical musical reproducer was known to the public and the whole thing was so clear and reasonable that later she talked it over with a gentlemen who knew a great deal about electricity and was something of an inventor and he went so far as to make a diagram and figure on the cost of an experimental building of the machine. The report that the initial expense would be at least one thousand dollars put an end to this, and years later at the exposition in San Francisco, Evelyn saw her machine among the marvels of that day. However, in the meantime she had come to the decision, that it was just as necessary for the musician to understand his thought so clearly that he could write it, as he would a thought in English; and that harmonies were not more complicated to transfer to paper than thoughts and aspirations in the mother tongue.

Her urge to service came also through the dream voice that was her inspiration and her mentor. She grew up with great ambitions, thinking that success must depend upon being educated beyond the reach of ordinary mortals. She must "play down" every other piano student in the conservatory. She must play the violin so well that every one would be "green with envy." But her dream friend was whispering right along a different philosophy, quite the reverse of everything she was learning in Belgium and Germany. At first, just because the ideas she was getting were "made in Germany" and were costing her parents so much, she would not listen to the contrary advice. Finally the voice was ringing very clearly and had to be heard. "Real success, YOUR real success will depend upon how much you can lift others as you lift yourself. Music, if you have the real thing, must not separate you. Music must not generate envy, nerves, hate, heart-ache. If your motive in Music Study is false everything else will be false."

Evelyn Fletcher studied under famous teachers in Canada, Belgium, England, Germany. She studied piano under Doctor Orlanda Mansfield; Brucknier, in Germany; violin under Sadony, in Germany; Klinjenfeld; Doctor Hugo Riemann, in composition. For two and a half years she was a classmate of the famous Doctor Max Reger.

Miss Fletcher found Europe full of adventure. She enrolled for no less than twenty hours a week and had many a spicy time with her temperamental teachers. She could not see why pupils should be abused. She recalls an incident when she illustrated to her violin teacher what, in the way of manners, American girls expected even from an important professor.

"One day the Herr Professor was in such a towering rage that he knocked the bow out of the hand of the young man who shared my lesson hour and had to ask for mine. When I began to play I saw two fists waving about my head. I had planned what to do. I stalked over to my violin case and began putting away my violin. The Herr Professor asked what I thought I was doing. I replied that I was going home; that when he behaved in such a way he upset my musical temperament and complete relaxation was necessary to restore me. He countered with 'Bitte, play again.' 'No!' from me. 'I will apologize, I do not wish you to lose your lesson,' from the Herr Professor. I regretted and went. Never again did he lose his temper with me."

Miss Fletcher wrote exercises for Doctor Hugo Riemann before she was ushered into

the composers class. Here she found herself the only Fraulein. At first the boys were simply interested and tolerated her, but presently the idea that a woman should think she could compose—and a foreigner at that, was too much!

The conviction was growing in her that students have no right to rate themselves by copying, parrot-like, Beethoven, Bach, Chopin, Schumann as much like the Master as possible. It did not seem to her a true estimate of what she was musically. She must stand or fall by her own thoughts in music, no matter how trivial they might be. This was a very radical view point thirty years ago when Evelyn Fletcher was writing in Doctor Hugo Riemann's composition class.

"There was many a hearty laugh over my ridiculous ideas," declared Mrs. Copp. "There are men in the City of New York who are very polite today, but did not hide in those days their opinion that my educational aims were unthinkable. I can remember when the word 'bromide' first came into use. To my mind it quite aptly expressed the effect of the ordinary musical education."

In her twentieth year, Miss Fletcher's father sent for her to come home. He had not been well and wanted his three daughters with him. The three had been together in Germany and even by this time were playing trios together—one sister the 'cello, the other the piano while Evelyn played the violin. It seemed a pity to leave when success seemed theirs, but home they all went. Only a little over two months later their father passed away very suddenly.

Although their mother was left comfortably provided for, there was not enough money to send the three daughters abroad again and they began to teach with the idea of earning the money themselves.

Evelyn Fletcher took a position in the Bishop Strachan's School, Toronto. She taught fairly advanced piano and violin students, but she had beginners as well, and as she studied hour after hour trying to get these beginners to know what they were trying to do she began to realize that to know music was one thing, to apply it to an instrument quite another. She recognized the best thing she had learned in Europe was how not to teach. At least, however effective the orthodox methods for adults might be, they were certainly not right to use for children.

"They must be wrong," she would protest to herself, "because no one thing, that a child learns to do, does he so rebel at putting into practice as music."

It began to take shape in her mind that it is the system of teaching music and not music itself which is responsible for the nervous musical temperaments and other objectionable traits.

Here again Miss Fletcher's mentor spoke and she obeyed. She gave up her position although offered a high salary and began experimenting with children. Against the protests of friends who thought it beneath her dignity to "descend to teaching children" she formed groups charging less than any other music teacher—just enough so that the parents would feel that they were paying something. She describes her method of operation at this time.

"I threw over the conventional ideas on music teaching and let the children question and lead." Presently I began dreaming and 'seeing things' while I was talking to the Manager of the Metropolitan Conservatory of Music, who had heard of my success and came with the suggestion that I should teach some classes in their school. Suddenly I saw stretched upon the floor a set of staff lines with big black wooden notes, rests, and clefs. I looked at my visitor and then again at the floor, but he did not see. Again I looked on the floor and again at him—he followed my eyes but when he looked at me again I saw that he had not seen. Now there lived in Toronto in those days an editor and a poet by the name of Bernard McEvoy and as soon as my visitor had gone I hurried to the office of the *Mail and Empire* to tell Mr. McEvoy.

Thank God for the poets! He did not laugh nor disbelieve but quoted in confirmation that verse from the Bible 'Where there is no VISION—the people perish.'"

"How can I make them?" I asked.

"With a scroll saw or jig-saw," he proposed. "Let us go to a hardware store!" We did—we bought the saw—it took the last money in my purse.

"I must have wood and black paint," I cried.

"I will order it sent C. O. D.," he promised. An empty bedroom on the third floor of our house was turned into a work shop and here came into existence all the musical apparatus which makes this system so natural, so constructive for children. My young brother a medical college student ran the jig-saw and helped out in a dozen ways, and the 'cello sister who was clever at designing helped with many a clever idea."

When the Fletcher Music Method first became known, like many other reforms, it was laughed at. Real musicians soon saw its possibilities, however, and were not slow to accept its advantages.

This unique Fletcher Method reverses the orthodox mode of teaching music. Instead of stuffing the child's mind with music he cannot read, understand or enjoy, then teaching him harmony, and last of all telling him he can compose, the Fletcher Method begins with ear training, thinking and understanding music as a language. The child is lead to express himself first.

Only those who have Mrs. Copp's original apparatus can obtain the desired results. These musical tools and apparatus, eminently child-like and necessary, lead to the spontaneous building of the child's constructive imagination.

Miss Fletcher came to the United States at the invitation of Doctor George W. Chadwick, of the New England Conservatory, and taught 122 teachers her first year.

Evelyn Fletcher in 1901 married Alfred Ebenezer Copp. There is a pleasant little sentiment that goes with this marriage. Mr. Copp's father was introduced to his wife by Evelyn Fletcher's great uncle and they were married at his house—because of the opposition of the bride's family. They were unwilling to have their daughter go to the wilds of Canada. Some years later, this bride introduced Miss Fletcher's father to this maternal uncle who invited the young man to his house, where he met Anne Stidson, whom he married and took back to America. In later years it was a family tradition that since Mr. Copp owed his parents to Evelyn Fletcher's great uncle, and she owed her parents to Mr. Copp's mother, they should square things by marrying. When the marriage materialized both families were pleased —everybody was happy. Mr. Copp was interested in gold mining and had lived many years in the West. He was a firm believer in Suffrage and helped give the Colorado women the vote.

Mrs. Copp received the greatest help and inspiration in her work from her husband. She declares that she believes if every woman had "this freedom," as she had, to carry on her own particular life work, or hobby, for her own development and could realize that this *self*-development should be the first and foremost duty, there would be few unhappy marriages.

"We should still have time," she predicts, "to have our precious children and enjoy them and bring them up properly too."

The children of this marirage: Theodore Bayard Fletcher, May 22, 1902; William Colin Fletcher, January 4, 1906; Margaret Evelyn Fletcher, May 5, 1907; Alfred Eric Fletcher, January 8, 1910.

After her marriage Mrs. Copp continued to give her time and money to the advancement of her method—to liberate children in music. It is said of her that "she rescues the child for music and music for the child." It is generally admitted by educators and musicians that the Fletcher Music Method is directly or indirectly the incentive to every

later educational reform; that it is, as Doctor Lyman Abbott, late Editor of the *Outlook*, wrote: "It is more than a method. It is a revolution. . . ." It has also been said that Mrs. Fletcher Copp has done more to bring educators and musicians together than any one person or even half a dozen persons. She has proved the educational value of music, which the old-fashioned methods of teaching were completely obliterating.

So great has been the success of Mrs. Copp's Method that she has been in great demand as a lecturer in leading cities of all but three states in the Union. She has spoken before practically all the colleges and universities in this country, including: Wellesley, Vassar, Cornell and Ann Arbor. She has made addresses to the National Federation of Music Clubs, International Council of Women's Clubs, New England Conservatory of Music, Peabody Conservatory, and innumerable others. A lecture under the auspices of Lady Minto, at Government House, Ottawa, lead to an invitation to go to England to teach the children of the Duchess of York (the present Queen of England) but the demand was so great for her services as a trainer of teachers that she had to refuse.

For some time Mrs. Copp went every second year to Europe to lecture, ending up with a Normal Class in London, England. So great was Mrs. Copp's fame that teachers followed her from Leipsic to London, and wonderful things were said of her lectures, her music, and the system she evolved, patented and gave to the world. Arthur Nikisch, famous Leipsic conductor, said, "God has given her a great work for humanity." Sir William Cummings, of the Guild Hall School of Music, said to an audience of 500 musicians, "I know I voice the silent conviction of every listener when I say every musician must recognize this as a God given gift to humanity through the instrument of Miss Fletcher."

During the World War, Mrs. Copp made the supreme sacrifice. She lost her husband the first year through the shock of the terrible news during that winter. Thirty men of her immediate family were fighting on the allied side, two of whom died in action or as a result of wounds. Throughout the five years she had the anxiety of having her only brother Major Ashton Fletcher in active service from the first month after England declared war until two years after our American men returned.

In her work Mrs. Copp found her solace. She has had a very full life. She has trained over 900 teachers and has had as many as 455 children under her direction. Although she had two assistants she knew every child, and what is far more important, she knew just what each child knew of music.

Mrs. Copp has written *The Education of the Children in Music*, 1899; *What is the Fletcher Music Method*, 1915; a text-book on *The Fletcher Music Method*, 1905; and a large number of articles on the subject of music as an educational means for magazines and music journals.

Mrs. Copp's clubs and societies include: Incorporated Society of Musicians of Great Britain; Twentieth Century Club, Boston; Manuscript Music Club; Composers Verein, Germany; Lyceum Club, London; and honorary membership in numerous music clubs and societies. Mrs. Copp was at one time a member of the Massachusetts Woman's Suffrage Association.

MARSHALL, FLORENCE M., educator, daughter of William Henry and Ruhamah A. Walker Marshall, was born in Shirley, Kansas, not now existing. Of English ancestry, her earliest American forebears were numbered among the stern and hardy stock which came from the mother country and settled in New England during the seventeenth century.

Miss Marshall is the pioneer in vocational education for girls. To her belong the honor and distinction not only of establishing the first girls' trade school to be recognized and added to the public school system of any

State, but of aiding in securing the adoption of vocational education by the Federal Government. Her activities have been confined chiefly to Boston and New York. In the former city, she organized the Boston Trade School in 1903, the first girls' trade school in Massachusetts, and was its directing head for five years. In New York her work has been chiefly with the Manhattan Trade School. She also has served on many committees and her high ability as an organizer was utilized by the Government during the World War.

When she was about seven her parents moved from Kansas back to Massachusetts. As she grew older she began seriously to consider the vexing question that more than one ambitious girl was asking herself, at a time when woman's sphere was circumscribed and narrow—what could she do to earn a living? What did other girls do? Interested in everything pertaining to employment for women, she began to read all she could find on the subject, supplementing the knowledge gained in this way by first-hand observations whereever possible.

The problem of choosing a life-work was being pondered seriously during the days of her attendance at preparatory school, and a visit to Manchester, New Hampshire, led to observations and conclusions which practically decided her choice. Here she noticed great crowds of girls passing early in the morning, returning after dark. Upon inquiring, she found them to be girls of the locality who worked in the mills and factories. She grew so interested in them she often rose before daybreak to watch them pass. To her it seemed a pity that these girls should be confined all day in the factory, never seeing the sunlight. What could life hold for them under these conditions? Why should they have to submit to it? She noticed the hardened faces of the older women and wondered if eventually the pretty little girls would look like that. These girls and women had never had a chance, she thought, and wondered why. Were they never to have opportunities? Somehow, somewhere, something had gone wrong with the scheme of things. These girls were being cheated out of their birthright. No girl should be forced into toil which robbed her of all womanly charm, into a work devoid of all cultural value.

From these observations and the sympathetic interest thus aroused, Miss Marshall received the inspiration for her life-work: as a teacher she would help the girl who wanted to earn her living.

On entering college she took up economics, began the study of factory conditions and started gathering statistics concerning the girls who left school. She discovered that children were allowed to quit school at will; that they left because they did not like books; schools were reaching only those who wanted to go on to higher education—nothing was being done for those who wanted to work with their hands, those who left school because they did not like what was being taught —algebra, geometry, Latin. The schools were not doing things for the girl that helped her.

This deficiency may indeed have been dimly sensed by a scattering few individual teachers and keenly felt by many who had looked in vain to the schools and colleges to prepare them for the battle of life, but as yet it was not openly acknowledged by educational authorities as a body. As Miss Marshall's investigations progressed she began to find others who were thinking along the lines of vocational education, but mostly it was the masculine side thus represented. There were fewer advocates of vocational education for girls.

Her ambitions gradually formulated themselves in a definite objective: as a teacher she must eliminate the hiatus and establish a closer link between the existing educational system and the girl who worked—the girl who was interested in something besides books. She couldn't change the girl, so there was nothing to do but change the system of education. This then became her goal,

and it was never lost sight of during the years of preparation for her chosen field. It was not until after she had earned her degree at Boston University in 1899 and was specializing in teachers' work in Columbia University in New York in 1901–1903 that she conceived a definite plan of action, and found the opportunity to proceed along the lines of her own original thought. It had come to her attention that a few philanthropic women of New York had raised funds and established a small trade school for girls. She visited this little school and became greatly interested in it. In the meantime, certain Boston friends of advanced views had also become interested observers of the New York school, had raised money for a similar institution in Boston, and now asked Miss Marshall to return to that city and take charge of it, knowing that she had both the vision and the executive ability to show what a girls' trade school could do.

To understand fully the pressing need of vocational education both for boys and for girls, we must glance a moment at the activities of other countries in this field. At this period the great cry was, "We are not going to be able to hold our own with Germany!" Germany's system of education—training the hand as well as the brain—threatened to make her a dangerous rival in the field of commerce. Manufacturers were becoming alarmed, and their clamor eventually reached the ears of public officials, who gradually arrived at the conclusion that something must be done about it. Up to the time Miss Marshall entered the field, scant notice had been taken of the claim of the girl to be trained for a life-work—all the attention had been given to the boys.

Under her guidance, the schools for girls grew and flourished, so that when the whole subject of vocational education came up for consideration by the State, resulting in the appointment in 1904 of a Commission to study the need for industrial education as a part of the public school system, Miss Marshall was appointed by Governor William L. Douglas as a member of the woman's section of this Commission. The Governor himself was an industrialist, the owner of many shoe factories, and naturally his coöperation was easily obtained. The outcome of this survey was the complete reorganization of the State Board of Education to include vocational education, and the adoption of the system by the State.

Thus Massachusetts, the home of Emerson, of Lowell and of Holmes, the first State to introduce the kindergarten and cooking courses into the public schools, was the first to salute the Girl Who Works; the first to acknowledge that the girl who must earn her living has a right to be trained by skilled teachers for her life-work—the first to acknowledge it and do something about it. And in so doing, Massachusetts paid tribute to the shy but determined girl from Shirley, Kansas—a town no longer on the map.

Miss Marshall's experimental work covered a period of five years. The State authorities took over as their first vocational institution the little trade school which had served as a laboratory to demonstrate her theories, and in 1908 she was appointed to the newly-created State Directorship of Vocational Education for Girls, her duties calling for the establishment of new schools and broadening the curriculum of other institutions to include vocational work, a task requiring organizing ability of the highest type.

At the end of one and a half years as State Director of Vocational Education she went abroad to study the subject in Europe, visiting England, Belgium, France and Italy. While on this trip she received a cablegram from New York asking if she would accept the principalship of the first Girls' Trade School to be operated under the public school system there. The message was either carelessly worded or garbled in transit, so that its full meaning was not entirely clear until Miss Marshall again reached America, when it was explained that New York had become so impressed with what she had accomplished

in Massachusetts that it was decided to incorporate vocational education in its public school system, taking over the little institution established by philanthropy, which she had visited eight years before. They induced her to accept the principalship and she took charge in September, 1911.

The school then was housed in a rented building on East 23rd Street, which the vision of Miss Marshall saw was quite inadequate, and she stressed to the city authorities the pressing need of a separate building for trade school purposes. This suggestion met with horrified protest on account of the great expense involved, but she persisted. It was not with the city coffers she was concerned, but with the girls clamoring to get into the school. When she saw the long waiting list, or caught the look of wistful disappointment on the face of some girl as she was turned away, she felt emboldened to fight for what was so woefully needed, and the result of her persistence was that a site was purchased at 129 East 22nd Street and the great million-dollar building which was to become known as the Manhattan Trade School for Girls was begun.

Meanwhile, the subject of vocational education for both sexes throughout the country had been brought to the attention of President Wilson, who became so impressed with the need of specialized training as a part of the school system that, in 1914, he appointed a Commission to study the subject as applying to the needs of the entire nation. This Commission consisted of seven men and two women, one of the latter being Miss Marshall. After an exhaustive survey, the Commission made its report to Congress, formulating and presenting to that body a bill which provided for Government aid for vocational education throughout the country. Through the efforts of the friends of this movement the bill became a law in 1917 under the title of the Federal Vocational Education Act. This law provided for grants to the States in aid of vocational education, and resulted in the establishment in each State of a Board to administer the provisions of the Act, beginning with a distribution of seven million dollars a year among the several states.

After her work on the Federal Commission was ended, Miss Marshall was again pressed into service on the commission appointed by Mayor Mitchel of New York for the study of vocational education in its broader application to the schools of that city.

When the United States entered the World War and it was deemed necessary to find a woman capable of taking the mass of feminine volunteers eager for war service to organizing them into a systematic working body, the frantic inquiries which the harassed authorities in Washington sent out over the country for such a woman brought the almost unanimous response that the best person in America for that particular position was Miss Marshall. She was appealed to and agreed to accept this great responsibility provided the school board of New York would release her for the work. The arrangement was made and she hurried to Washington to get the Women's Bureau running smoothly there before going to France.

Almost upon the moment of her arrival in Washington she was besieged by a multitude of individuals of both sexes clamoring for the appointment of women friends to posts abroad, and it was then that Miss Marshall's firmness of character and courage were put to the test. It was a delicate matter for a woman in her position to refuse any request of those in high political circles, whose influence was sought to secure some foreign berth that would permit a woman perhaps utterly incompetent to make the coveted trip to the scene of the greatest excitement the world had ever known, but with a singleness of purpose born of the seriousness of the task thrust upon her, she made her appointments and selections with complete disregard for anything but the qualifications of the appointees. The result was a smoothly running organization operating at high pressure in record-breaking time,

and Miss Marshall's early departure for France to start the personnel work there. Her mission was only to organize the corps of workers at different points, and turn the machine thus created over to some one else. In this manner her six months' leave of absence passed, and she was obliged to return to her duties in New York.

Soon after her arrival there she encountered a condition that might have floored a less courageous mortal. The great building which the city had been constructing for the Girls' Trade School, and which was so desperately needed, was practically completed, and Miss Marshall and her pupils were looking forward with eagerness to its occupancy when word was received that the War Department at Washington had commandeered it as a temporary hospital for wounded soldiers. It was a staggering piece of news. Already working under a heavy handicap by reason of lack of space and equipment, the prospect of limping along under such conditions for a further indefinite period was almost unthinkable. She appealed to the school authorities. Was it true? Was it necessary? Could nothing be done about it? The gentlemen in authority pulled long faces and said that it was the will of the Powers at Washington and they were helpless. Miss Marshall must show her patriotism and get along as best she could, they advised, with a kindly, superior air. Surely, they added reproachfully, she would not refuse so small a boon to the wounded warriors who were coming back from the battlefields of France. When she persisted, they shrugged their shoulders and suggested that she appeal to Washington—a bit of sarcasm, as they never dreamed that a mere woman would have the courage to question the authority at the Capital.

There was something about the aspect of the case that led her to suspect that it was the result of petty jealousy, and she resolved to go to Washington to investigate. When she laid the case before the War Department, outlined the struggle to get the vocational school movement as far along as it was, explained the difficulties under which they were laboring, and stressed the great need of the building, it was that body's turn to be aghast. Miss Marshall emphasized the fact that while she was indeed a friend of the wounded soldier, she felt she was doing as patriotic a deed in training the young girls of New York for industrial work as those who were caring for the hundreds of young men being sent back, disabled, from France. She ended by pointing out the possibility of securing any number of other buildings for hospital purposes. The War Department lost no time in assuring her that her school building should not be subjected to any such drastic action, and stated that the whole matter was the result merely of the haste and confusion of the times. So she returned to New York in triumph, and, soon after, she and her pupils moved into the new building.

Her long years of service in the Manhattan Trade School for Girls have been more far-reaching in their results than could be believed by one not familiar with the difficulties of dealing with the polyglot citizenry of New York City. Through its laboratory have passed as raw material young girls whose ancestry may be traced to every country of the globe, inefficient, untaught girls, who go out upon graduation equipped with such a high degree of technical skill as to make them desirable for positions of trust in every field of industrial life. In training the hands, Miss Marshall did not lose sight of the cultural side of life. In all her instruction she stood for character first. It was her constant aim to develop character through work. Pupils were taught the high duty of loyalty to the trust to be reposed in them after graduation; they were taught never to shirk; they were still kept feminine, and the home side of life stressed.

The result of this careful teaching was that the graduates of Manhattan Trade School for Girls were much sought after and well liked by their employers. Many, in a few years,

have advanced to the dignity of owning and operating businesses independently. One outstanding example may be cited. A young Italian girl entered the school when she was sixteen, after working a short time at three dollars a week. When she was graduated, she obtained a position as designer, and before she reached the age of twenty-three she had advanced to a position paying a salary of $8,500 a year. Many of the graduates of this school have become trusted employees of large New York firms, commissioned with business matters often taking them to the great cities of Europe.

Miss Marshall's inherent love for the outdoors and for gardening as a pastime led her to organize one of the first girls' camps, in Maine, in 1906, and later resulted in the purchase of a farm near Stamford, Connecticut, to be used by the pupils of Manhattan Trade School for study and recreation. Her interest in activities combining outdoor and educational life did much to popularize this movement also, and led to her connection with the Girl Scouts, in which organization she served on the National Education Committee and as a member of the Manhattan Council of Girl Scouts in 1924, in this same year serving as Chairman of the Camp Committee of Manhattan Girl Scouts.

Always much sought after as a club member, she has been a member of the Twentieth Century and College Clubs of Boston; served as Trustee on the Women's Educational and Industrial Union, and as Trustee of the North Bennett Street Industrial School, both of Boston. In New York she has been a member of the Metropolitan Board of the Young Women's Christian Association; Chairman of the Educational Committee of the National Board, Young Women's Christian Association and was President of the Cosmopolitan Club, New York, from 1919 to 1922. She has enjoyed great popularity as a lecturer on vocational education before women's clubs, social organizations and educational institutions.

KINNEY, FLORENCE ELIZABETH, social worker, was born in Springfield, Ohio, the daughter of James and Marietta Enoch Kinney. On her father's side, Miss Kinney is of Holland ancestry. The first American of the name came over in the Eighteenth Century. Her maternal grandfather was John Enoch, of Welsh descent. He was a man of powerful physique, strong will, keen judgment, a noted stockman and farmer. His wife was Elizabeth Kelly, a Virginian. The Enochs, coming to America late in the Eighteenth Century, were pioneers of Ohio.

Florence Kinney is a distinguished teacher, an experienced club woman, an enthusiastic musician, but most of all she likes to be known as a devoted assistant of Billy Sunday, a member of his campaign party with special charge of the work for young girls of High School age.

Miss Kinney's earliest recollections are of her grandparents' home in West Liberty, Ohio, and of the dominant grandfather and the beloved grandmother. The Enoch home was a spacious old farmhouse planned like the homes of the southern plantations, situated in the middle of a large and beautiful farm east of the little village. It was here that Florence Kinney spent much time as a child, and here her love for nature was early awakened. This love continues one of her greatest sources of pleasure and inspiration. Birds especially have claimed her attention of later years, their economic as well as aesthetic value being her study, with a desire to bring others to appreciate the great work the birds accomplish for man when let alone. It is also to those happy days on the farm that she attributes much of the physical strength and good health with which she has always been blessed. Her life has been simple, unconventional, always filled with tasks of various kinds.

Florence Kinney received her education in the public schools of her native city, supplemented by special work in English at Wittenberg College, also in Springfield. After

going into Christian work she spent two summers at the Biblical Seminary of New York in the study of the *Bible* and kindred subjects.

For twelve years, Miss Kinney was a teacher of English and history in the Springfield Seminary, a private school conducted especially for girls by Miss Anna B. Johnson. Miss Kinney had unusual gifts that made her successful and popular. Devoted to the profession, she considered it the most important work to be done outside the home. A close and sympathetic friend of her girls, she was able to get gratifying results both in the classroom and in the wide field of cultural and ethical development.

Always passionately fond of music and a good pianist, Miss Kinney took during these years an active part in the musical life of the city. For several years she conducted a chorus choir in her church, St. Paul's Methodist Episcopal, Springfield.

Miss Kinney has always been an ardent club woman. She recognized the advantage of such organizations to the average home woman, who, finding little time or opportunity for social life or the lectures and concerts that took her out in the evening, could find an outlet for her energy and aspiration in the culture study classes in various lines and in the broadening effect that the contact at the general club meetings with other women in varied professions and activities would produce. She threw herself with heart and soul into this first awakening of the women to the benefits of organization and worked for years in the Woman's Club, of Springfield.

It was when Miss Kinney was president of the Springfield Woman's Club that she first began to do work for "Billy Sunday." She conducted a six weeks' campaign in Springfield in the fall of 1911. And at its close Miss Kinney was put in charge of what is known as "follow up" work and conducted it for three years. Miss Kinney has often said that such work was about the last thing she ever expected to do, for her taste and training seemed to fall more in the direction of the classroom.

Miss Kinney's first campaign with Mr. Sunday was in Philadelphia in the winter of 1915. She assisted in the department of "business women."

The next campagin was in Baltimore in the spring of 1916, when she became director of the student work, which she still directs.

In Baltimore Miss Kinney became a regular member of Mr. Sunday's party. She makes a special study of girls of High School age. She believes that these are the crucial years in character forming when girls will respond to the right-teaching and education. Miss Kinney's early period of teaching youth splendidly equipped her for this work.

PEABODY, JOSEPHINE PRESTON (Mrs. Lionel Marks), poet and dramatist, was born in Brooklyn, May 30, 1874, the daughter of Charles Kilham and Susan Josephine Morrill Peabody. Her father was a descendant of Lieutenant Francis Peabody, one of three Peabody brothers of St. Albans, England, who came to this country in 1636 and settled in and about Salem, Massachusetts. On her mother's side, Mrs. Marks is descended from the Jacksons, Prestons and Simonds, this latter name probably the same family as the English Symonds.

As poet and dramatist Mrs. Marks ranks among the very first in her own land and abroad. She was actively interested in such progressive movements as Woman's Suffrage and Child Welfare, but it is chiefly as a writer that she is known to the world. Her accomplishments as poet and dramatist cover a wide range and display spontaneity and power. Her *Piper*, a poetical play, brought her more generally before the public. It was awarded the prize in a competition announced by the directors of the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre at Stratford-on-Avon in 1910, and subsequently produced there, later repeating its triumphant success in both London and New York.

Josephine Peabody's first school was St. Mary's Episcopal School for Girls in New York City. At the death of her father in 1884, she removed with her mother to Boston and entered the local grammar schools. Mrs. Marks, in speaking of her childhood, said to an interviewer from the *Boston Transcript:* "As other children run, jump, shout, sing songs and tell things to one another—I wrote. It was a part of each day—this scribbling one's feelings, ideas, little plots and stories, onto paper; no more to be wondered at or questioned than eating one's supper or saying one's prayers. . . . . but what I wanted to do and be—what was the real goal of my existence then, making life a fairy-tale to me always, and worth planning for and denying for—was to become a musician."

Throughout her early girlhood, she wrote voluminously, plays, poems and stories. Her earliest printed work was a poem in *The Woman's Journal* at the age of fourteen. It is said that her first contribution to the *Atlantic Monthly* so attracted Horace Scudder that he wrote to her asking her to call relative to writing for him. The extreme youth of the writer amazing him.

Josephine Peabody's high school work was done at the Girls' Latin School in Boston, followed by special studies at Radcliffe College, 1894–1896. *The Wayfarers*, her first collected book of verse, contained poems written at this time, mainly between the ages of sixteen and twenty-one. It had a remarkable reception and a number of the poems were used by Edmund Clarence Staedman in his *American Anthology*.

Not long after this her next book *Fortune and Men's Eyes* appeared, containing a one-act poetry play with Shakespeare as the principal character and a number of lyrics. Richard Henry Stoddard, reviewing this book in the *The New York Mail*, declared that "It placed her in the fore-front of living poets." This was followed by a five-act poetry play *Marlowe*, which was proclaimed by the same critic as "not a book of the week or of the year, but a lasting contribution to the glory of American letters." This play was first produced at the opening of Agassiz House at Radcliffe.

In 1901, Miss Peabody accepted an appointment as instructor in Poetry at Wellesley College and served in this capacity until 1903. It was while lecturing at Wellesley that she was writing the lyrics which were contained in her next volume, *The Singing Leaves*. Of these poems Ezra Pound wrote in *A Lume Spento:*

"Your songs? Oh! The little mothers
Will sing them in the twilight,
. . . . Then the little rabbit folk
That some call children,
Such as are up and wide
Will laugh your verses to each other,
Pulling on their shoes for the day's business,
Serious child business that the world
Laughs at, and grows stale;
Such is the tale
—Part of it—of thy song-life."

On June 22, 1906, at Cambridge, Massachusetts, Miss Peabody married Professor Lionel S. Marks, of Harvard University Engineering Department and they established their home in that city. Mr. Marks was born in Birmingham, England. They were the parents of a daughter, Alison Peabody, and a son, Lionel Peabody Marks.

Mrs. Marks became involved actively in questions relating to equal suffrage and child welfare and gave devoted service to them, especially along inspirational lines. Her professional work as author and dramatist involved many ramifications of artistic and educational interest.

The Piper, a poetry play whose theme is a development of the story of *The Pied Piper of Hamelin*, was written in Europe in 1907. This play won the Stratford competition over 314 competitors of all nationalities and was produced in the Memorial Theatre at Stratford-on-Avon by Sir Frank Benson in 1910. A most interesting review by Abbie Farwell Brown in the *Boston Transcript* of December

7, 1922, describes the presentation of the prize as follows:

"How amazed those English men of letters who were the judges must have been when they found that rainbow of idealistic drama—so much better than any other submitted—to be the work of an American! And of an American woman at that. The Stratford theatre was crowded with a distinguished, delighted audience. Having followed *The Piper* to the touching finale, all were waiting to see the author come out and receive her prize. And what a second surpise for everybody! I could almost hear them hold their breaths, I, unseen and proud, sitting high and looking down on that great occasion. 'Author! author!' Then she appeared—so small, so exquisite in the lace which had been her wedding gown, her beautiful eyes shining with happiness, her cheeks flushed, and with that inimitable smile of her accepting the applause as her due, yet modestly withal, and with her native dignity.

'So that is what an American blue-stocking may be! That sweet and simple young creature! How prettily dressed, how gracious and petite, with such tiny hands and feet!' They had not thought the New World could furnish a type like that. . . . . Then began again—astonishment for the British audience. Her voice! No Yankee twang, no nasal drawl, no accent. Magnetic and musical, clearer and less nervous than the manly tones that had introduced her, penetrating to the fartherest seats, began the most graceful, significant little speech it has ever been my good fortune to hear."

The immediate success of *The Piper* resulted in its further production in London and by three companies on the road throughout England. In 1911, it was staged by the endowed New England Theatre in New York and was the most brilliantly successful production in the two years' life of that institution. Later it was performed in the largest cities of the United States. Sir Edward Russell, in the *Liverpool Post*, wrote of it: "Scarcely any praise can be too high for it. . . there has been no such beautiful child-play for many years. Perhaps there has never been one so beautiful." And the London Academy critic said, "We do not ever remember to have seen anything upon the stage in this country or the Continent so deserving of preservation as *The Piper*.

In this country its reception was equally enthusiastic. *The New York Times* wrote, "We have no other American poet whose muse is capable of such a sustained and inspired flight in the atmosphere of the poetic drama;" while at the other side of the continent, the *San Francisco Chronicle* said, "As the genius of Goethe recreated the Faust legend and made it his own for all time, so Josephine Preston Peabody has set the seal of ownership upon the story of the *Pied Piper of Hamelin*."

In *The Piper*, her sympathy for the outcast, the oppressed, and the disinherited began to show plainly. From this time on her efforts were increasingly devoted to the cause of those to whom life has brought scant happiness and beauty. Throughout her writings everywhere is the wish to share with them. She sums up this feeling in the preface to *The Singing Man* in the statement, "What life itself may be, we cannot know till all men share the chance to know." "This book," said *The New York Evening Mail*, "is the finest example of the poetic treatment of an ethical theme that we have seen for many years. No social poem has approached it since William Morris chanted his songs of labor more than a score of years ago. Its echoes will reverberate long and far." The prophecy with which this quotation ends is being fulfilled; the title poem, in which labor finds its plea for justice clothed with beauty as well as strength, is now a rallying point for the Workers' Education Bureau, the educational division of the labor organizations of the United States.

Her deeply religious, early-Christian spirit, with its insistence on love as the necessary

basis for human relationships and the solvent of all injustices, finds its most complete expression in *The Wolf of Gubbio*, a play in which St. Francis of Assisi is the protagonist. M. Paul Sabatier, the biographer of St. Francis, wrote of this play, "This work, so delicate and so profoundly true, will create a better understanding and a deeper love of St. Francis than a host of learned treatises."

Harvest Moon is a book of poems of war and women and represents her reaction to the horrors of the Great War. Its theme is the burden of war falling on woman, its appropriation of her master work, and its ruin of her "sheltered life." Life that might be is the vision that kindles these poems which spring from an abounding sense of the glory of life and its sacredness.

Her last book, *Portrait of Mrs. W. . . .*, is a prose play illuminating the personality and character of Mary Wollstone-Craft, the author of *The Vindication of the Rights of Woman*, published in 1792. This English pioneer in the enfranchisement of woman, although idolized by the intellectuals of her time, as much for her loveliness as for her courageous social and intellectual ideals, has been largely forgotten. The play springs from an ardent belief in and advocacy of the equality of the sexes; it seeks by implication to indicate what man and woman will become to each other when they emerge onto a plane of clear seeing.

On December 4, 1922, Josephine Preston Peabody Marks, writer, poet, artist, musician, died in Cambridge, Massachusetts. Abbie Farwell Brown, as given by the *Boston Tribune* of December 7, 1922, at a memorial for Mrs. Marks most fittingly said:

"She carried romance in her pocket like a magical glass, and had a way of embellishing life with it, as a child does his play. What a quaint humor she had; how unexpected and delicious its turns and divings. What an irresistible bubbling of spirits made her the most diverting and stimulating of comrades. . .

A teacher declared she had the making of a notable composer, and Josephine Peabody set several of her own lyrics to music as lovely. In painting or sculpture she might have excelled, as her clever portraits and landscape sketches show, and promising bits of modeling. By whatever means, her soul was set to the making of beauty for the world that needs it sadly. She would fain have made over the world itself into a place more fit for beauty.

Unstinted she gave herself. Her spirit was keen on its adventure towards the ideal."

A complete list of Mrs. Marks' works include:

Old Greek Folk Stories: Told Anew (1897).

The Wayfarers, poems (1898).

Fortune and Men's Eyes, poems and a play (1899).

Marlowe, poetic drama (1900).

The Singing Leaves (1904).

The Wings, poetic drama (1904).

The Book of the Little Past, poems (1908).

The Piper, poetic drama (1910).

The Singing Man, poems (1912).

The Wolf of Gubbio, poetic drama (1914).

Harvest Moon, poems (1916), and *The Chameleon*, prose comedy.

A list of Josephine Preston Peabody's clubs included: The Authors' Club of Boston, Tau Zeta Epsilon Art Society at Wellesley College, New England Poetry Club, and others.

Josephine Preston Peabody was the daughter of Susan Josephine Morrill (1849–1911), who was the daughter of Charles A. Morrill and Susan Simonds Jackson. Susan Simonds Jackson was the daughter of Eben Jackson and Susan Simonds. The latter had a brother John Simonds who resembled so strongly the English critic and poet, John Addington Symonds, that the portrait of the latter was mistaken by Susan Simonds as that of her brother. There can be little doubt that they were of the same stock.

Mrs. Mark's grandfather, Francis Peabody, of Wenham, Massachusetts (1809–1886), was much devoted to the fine arts but did nothing

FLORENCE E. KINNEY

Josephine Preston Peabody

Fannie P. Lindeman

EVANGELINE BOOTH

creative, nor apparently did others of her Peabody ancestors. Mrs. Marks' sister, Marion Louise Peabody, is a painter and an extremely talented woman in all artistic fields.

LINDERMAN, FANNIE BEATRICE (Mrs. William C. Linderman), teacher of dramatic art, entertainer and writer, daughter of Robert and Susanna Tripp Fry, was born in Somerset, England, coming to America when she was nine years of age, the family settling near Belvidere, Illinois.

Although Mrs. Linderman is a member of the faculty of Chicago Musical College, of the Department of Dramatic Art, her greatest asset is her own remarkably magnetic and inspiring personality. Through it and her teaching ability she has been able to get close to the heart of youth, making herself a great and lasting benefit to the young folk who have been so fortunate as to come within the radius of her influence. Thus she has become a tremendous factor for good in Chicago and the Midwest, taking the raw material in the shape of the diffident, shy or awkward boy or girl and, by example and precept, transforming it into cultured, graceful, poised and self-possessed manhood or womanhood.

The first nine years of her life were spent in the midst of luxurious surroundings such as an English gentleman of wealth usually provides for his family. Carefree and happy, possessing a naturally buoyant and optimistic disposition, the trip to America was for the pretty little blued-eyed girl only a great new adventure. With a direct lineage dating back to the oldest name and the earliest history of England—her mother indeed being a direct descendant of Henry VIII—she was born with the instincts of the true cosmopolitan, at home everywhere, interested in everything. All the incidents of the voyage were accepted as part of a merry lark. She did not know of the worry and fear lurking in the hearts of her father and mother, for Robert Fry, caught in the maelstrom of financial disaster, had left behind him in England a life of affluence, and was coming to America to seek food and raiment for his numerous progeny.

Existence on the Illinois farm where the family settled was very different from the life in England. Each member of the brood had to forage largely for himself, so that the struggle became almost a survival of the fittest. The little girl Fannie, however, under the sting of adversity developed a strain of sturdy independence which, with the inherent qualities of a dominant personality, not only carried her through many hard experiences but made her a natural leader. At home, it usually devolved upon her to keep the family circle from becoming too serious, stimulating her inventive faculties to devise ways and means of bringing joy where there was so much cause for gloom; in the little country school which she attended she was the ringleader in every sport, prank and mischief.

There was little in the hardship of this early existence to inspire the hope of a radiant future, yet as the child grew on toward young womanhood she became conscious of the presence of a faith so deep and vital, of ideals so lofty and sublime, that she knew somehow, sometime, she would rise above all adverse conditions and realize the ambitions which had begun to take shape in her mind. Daring ambitions these were—to study, to travel, to be of service to humanity, an inspiration to all with whom she came in contact. This aspiration was but the prophecy of which her own rich personality was to become the fulfilment. The very adversities of early life were in themselves shaping her for the future.

She was little more than a girl when she married William C. Linderman, a highly educated man of fine mind whose many commendable qualities gave promise in youth of a splendid fruition, of which he was destined to be robbed by years of suffering from an incurable malady. The young wife now became the mistress of a house on a big farm. She hated housework, farm life and all that it entails, but, possessing the happy faculty of

combining the real with the ideal, the true aristocrat in her rose above the petty details of everyday life, and she set herself the task of devising ways of stimulating the fires of her inherent faith. Utilizing her knowledge of English landscape gardening, the immediate surroundings were beautified through the work of her hands. She found this labor to be a safety-valve, for, said she, in later years, "though Mother Earth may soil your hands she will never stain your soul." While she performed the more arduous duties of the kitchen she made herself forget the drudgery by memorizing a poem or some inspiring quotation pinned upon the wall. One day she saw a copy of Murillo's *The Angels in the Kitchen*, in which every angel is shown performing some menial task, but doing it so beautifully that mean tasks were ennobled, and the great lesson of this painting sank deep into her soul—that it was not what we do in life, but how we do it that counts.

And then one day, near Christmas-time, while a big snowstorm raged about the farmhouse, a tiny girl-baby came, bringing with it a host of new duties, but adding a thousandfold to the joy of life. The arrival of Vivian Willard opened up a great new world to the young mother, giving her the double incentive to strive for a more splendid goal. Instinctively she felt that not only must she herself rise into the greater, nobler womanhood of which she dreamed, but she must see that the life entrusted to her care also developed into the finest, fullest, richest personality. It now became her joy to train this tiny daughter, and through this new duty she found her greatest inspiration. Through her poem, *The Snow-Baby*, written in later years, Mrs. Linderman gives a glimpse of the beauty of companionship, the joy of association, that grew up between mother and daughter. Thus the whole aspect of the universe was transformed for Fannie B. Linderman. Her baby became her greatest inspiration toward striving for the higher education, the travel, the study which before had been but dimly outlined as something she should attain to, some time, somehow. "It would never do to let my baby surpass me in my education," was the way she laughingly put it.

As the years passed, the child began to show artistic talent and was given a chance to develop along the lines of music and art; the mother, beginning with her greatest asset, her own striking personality, gradually grew into the broader, more beautiful womanhood of which she had dreamed. By main force, and without pecuniary assistance, she found a way to realize the benefits of study, travel, development along many lines. With a pronounced dramatic talent, she studied dramatic art and expression; with a gift for writing, she began to make up verse; a deep-seated desire to make closer contact with humanity in the mass led her to become a reader, entertainer, and lecturer. Although she placed motherhood and home above all else in life, she felt that women were happier for being citizens of the world, so she became a student-traveler, visiting the leading art and literary centers of Europe. On one of these trips abroad she found herself in the Louvre, in Paris, one day, and there beheld for the first time the original of Murillo's *The Angels in the Kitchen*. The intervening years rolled back, she saw herself again as a slip of a girl, just married, facing the unending drudgery of the kitchen, and the flood of memory brought its accompaniment of tears. With her last two francs she purchased a copy of this picture, which accompanied her back to the home eventually, to be hung in her kitchen as a constant reminder that the dignity of all labor consists merely in an attitude of mind.

This merry rivalry between mother and daughter resulted, in the course of the passing years, in the acquisition of knowledge and the development of talents on both sides that left them somewhat breathless at the end of the race. The daughter had become an accomplished artist, a skilled musician and composer of note, and had won the degree of Doctor of Music in the Chicago Musical College; the

mother had had the advantage of travel, studied art and literature in England, France, Italy, Germany, and finished with Shakespearean study at Stratford. Each gave the other credit for her own inspiration. Between them there was a bond of sympathy, a community of interest seldom existing between mother and daughter.

Eventually the daughter became the wife of James Rowland Bibbins, and took up her residence at Washington, District of Columbia. Mrs. Linderman became additionally busy then, to fill the void occasioned by the absence of the daughter who had become so close a comrade. She wrote, lectured, gave recitals; she became a member of the faculty of Chicago Musical College, the largest institution of its kind in America, as Director of Public Speaking, Psychology and Self-development. And to her little studio there she took *The Angels in the Kitchen*, to be hung in a conspicuous place on the wall.

And then, without warning, the beautiful young life that had been given into her keeping came suddenly to a close. Those who knew of the closeness of the tie between mother and daughter expressed the opinion that Mrs. Linderman would never recover from this blow; she would never go on again with her work, they said. But they who spoke thus had not taken the full measure of the woman, for in this trying hour she was enabled to draw up from the depths that same unfaltering trust and faith that had been the sustaining influence through past adversity. Refusing to be bitter, the words of William E. Henly's "Out of the Night" echoing in her mind, she found herself eventually in closer touch with the Infinite, more qualified by the experience of a great sorrow to be the guide and inspiration of others. Of her relation to her daughter this was said to her: "To know that you were to her a perfect mother must be no small comfort to you now, for so many mothers do so fail in their duty. You were her ideal. She talked and talked of you, calling you the most beautiful names. I have never known anyone who showed such open devotion to her mother. Your daughter's short life did count for so much and preached so many sermons to all of us, I find myself trying to live up to the ideals of that wonderful girl." In memory of that life so beautifully lived for others has been founded Peck Chapel at Washington, District of Columbia, and a room bearing the name Vivian Linderman Bibbins has been dedicated to girls at Blackburn College, Carlinville, Illinois.

When free from professional duties, Mrs. Linderman may be found at her country home, Marengo, Illinois—"Lilac Lodge," which takes its name from an avenue of lilacs one hundred fifty years old. Surrounded by beautiful grounds, which show her skill in English landscape gardening, this quiet retreat has become truly a "Valley of Avalon" to her friends who go there for rest and healing when sick and weary of the battle of life. Everything about her and her home speaks eloquently of her belief in the gospel of labor, as well as "life in abundance." If asked where she received most of her education she will answer without bitterness or irony, "From the University of Adversity." But though she claims to "hold all the degrees in the School of Hard Knocks," from her exceptional experiences she has gained a vast fund of information, a breadth of vision and understanding of the needs of others, of incalculable value in her work. The same unconquerable soul with which Henly faced life's crises is evidenced in the life of Fannie B. Linderman. Not all the bludgeonings of chance have brought lower the tilt of the proud chin; unafraid, she faced, and still faces, the menace of the years, her fate safe in her own keeping, always captain of her own soul.

Mrs. Linderman is the possessor of a diversified style of writing which functions with equal ease in prose and verse. In her book, *The Home of the Purple Flower*, she tells the story of her beautiful garden, which she says "is a rebuke to all unkind thoughts." Called "The Poet of the Common Place," she has had

published a volume of poems, her verse being characterized by a beauty of language which conveys to the mind an exquisite word-picture. Many of her poems have appeared in the *American Poetry* and in other magazines. She also is the author of *Personality; The Debt That Art Owes to Religion; Pilgrimages to the Homes of the Great*, and of textbooks on dramatic art.

Her studio affairs are intellectually refreshing. She naturally gathers around her cultured people, and as she expresses it, these happy connections are like "threads of gold woven into the tapestry of life." Also the charm and grace of her own personality radiate in and out, illuminating the smaller things of life as well as those of greater import. Her gospel of living is taking the everyday things of life and "weaving them into a fabric altogether lovely." As an entertainer she brings her vivid personality into full play. Devoid of self-consciousness, her ability to present readings, monologues, impersonations and good literature has brought her many warm words of appreciation. It has been said that after one of her delightful programs "there lingers a fragrance of charm and grace and beauty like the echo of sweet music."

Mrs. Linderman is a member of many clubs, among them Poetry Lovers of America; Illinois Women's Press Association; Allied Arts of Chicago; Rockford Mendelssohn Club; and is Vice-President of The Literary Association of America, of which the *American Poetry Magazine* is the official organ.

BOOTH, EVANGELINE, Commander of the Salvation Army, was born in the height of a whirling snow storm on Christmas Day, the daughter of William Booth, the founder of the Salvation Army, and his no less extraordinary wife, Catherine Evangeline Booth. She was born in England and came to America in 1903.

Family feeling is after all in more than one sense a relative term. Blood brethren are not always closest akin, and it sometimes remains for one born of other stock to sound the spiritual deeps of the household and interpret its significances. In the physical sense Evangeline Booth is not native to our national family —she came to us with a name already interwoven with the wrap and woof of humanity's heart, but she has so entered into the profundity of its problems, so shown herself at one with all that is best in its spirit, so made spendthrift of her splendid gifts in the welfare of its neediest that America is proud to claim her as an adopted daughter, without any emphasis upon the qualifying prefix.

Born then of these dynamic parents this younger daughter discovered the family already launched upon their immense life work. There exists abundant evidence of the passionate love breathing in this home in which every member was gifted beyond the ordinary and highstrung to the danger point, but it cannot be said that it was a normal atmosphere for the growing child. A friend who lived with the family through those years has sketched for us their rather whirlwind existence. She says: "The bell was always ringing, messengers were forever coming and going, work was incessant from morning to night. . . . one heard the younger children murmuring their lessons in one room, the piano sounding in another, the stormful voice of William Booth booming in a third, and the scratching of Mrs. Booth's unresting pen in a fourth. Someone was always standing on the doorstep, food was always being prepared in the kitchen, bags were always being packed, and cabs were always arriving and departing." No wonder the sympathetic historian adds, "Living in the Booth's household was like living in a railroad station!"

Yet in this hectic, almost official environment grew up a singularly care-free, wholesome-minded child, her big eyes and flying curls out of all proportion to the slender frame, which, despite the daily English inevitable of rice pudding, refused to gather any flesh. The fact is that Evangeline Booth has struggled with more or less physical fragility all her life, although the accomplishments which her

years have recorded have shown no recognition of such hindrance.

The keeping of pets relieved what otherwise would have been a rather drab infancy, bounded by the confines of a somewhat dingy schoolroom and a severely limited garden—scenes holding no foreshadowing of the vast open spaces and rolling distances over which the young feet would one day travel on their ministries of love. Evangeline never remembers her home without a supplementary family of dogs, cats, and birds, their number constantly augmented by strays in states of more or less decrepitude.

At the age when most girls begin to put up their hair, let down their skirts and generally think about beaux, Evangeline Booth unostentatiously began her life service for mankind. To reach the people at society's lowest ebb and to gain their unreserved confidence, she made sacrifice of every comfort and congenial surrounding. Her father's home was almost severe in its plainness, but it was too far away, even the Salvation Army was too fine to gain the equal footing with the miserables of London at their worst. Her home became one room in a tenement and her clothing rags. The full story of her sojourn in the foetid depths of that great city has never been told. She trod her errands of mercy alone through streets which policemen avoided, she was called up in the dead of night to separate drunkards locked in murderous quarrels, she snatched bewildered, beaten babies from inhuman cruelty and nestled them in her own bed. She fed and cleaned and cheered the sick, she comforted the dying with her prayers and song, and stood the only mourner at the pauper's grave. Amusing incidents remain to show how complete was her disguise as a flower-girl or match seller. Once in a crowded street car a gentleman slipped fifty cents into her hand, whispering audibly to his companion, "Poor little thing, it's easy to tell she's seen better days!"

To those among whom she lived and loved and gave the very flower of youth's strength and sweetness she was known simply as "The White Angel."

It was not long, however, before this girlish bit of valiant stock flashed into public eye—a crusader in the cause of religious freedom. In those days the Salvation Army was still menaced by opposition to its open-air preaching and street parades, and the action of unfriendly magistrates in several English towns brought matters to a crisis. Evangeline Booth threw herself into the thick of the fight and led her soldiers through a baptism of blood and tears to final victory, personally leading the march when the persecution was at white heat, and never resting until she finally carried her cause to the House of Lords, where, by the aid of that veteran friend of the people the Earl of Shaftsburgh, she won the organization a liberty, despite all disputing.

Miss Booth's next appointment was the dual position of Principal of the Army's International Training College, where many of the four hundred students were dedicated to foreign missions and the oversight of the Army's activities in the city of London. At the onset of this herculean task for one of her slender strength and years, Miss Booth suffered serious injuries in a carriage accident which kept her on crutches for many months. Refusing to consider herself an invalid, she went to public engagements in a wheel chair and delivered some of the most remarkable addresses of her life. Her love of humanity and understanding of the destitute, with her dauntless courage, made her the idol of London's "submerged tenth," and a formidable bodyguard of toughs, transformed through her ministry, followed her everywhere. Even after many years the heart of the great metropolis remains true to this great affection, and her occasional visits to the scene of her first labors have been attended by such tremendous outbursts of crowds and enthusiasm as to call forth the reflection that for this woman even the unemotional English are not ashamed to wear their hearts on their sleeve.

In 1896, Evangeline Booth became leader

of the Army's work in Canada, and from that time she has only crossed the Atlantic for brief business visits—the New World has claimed her and of it she has become a very vital part. Permanent memorials of her eight years across the border are the best comments upon the signal advances made under her leadership. She built hospitals, industrial homes, and swayed hugh, sympathetic audiences for India's famine, Armenia's atrocities, stranded men swarming to the Klondike mines in the gold rush of '98. It's impossible not to tell of how she outfitted a company of officers and nurses and herself took them as far as Alaska, lying on the ground in her sleeping bag, and sharing the meagre, primitive comforts of those pioneer days. Later Miss Booth followed to Dawson City and established the work in the Land of the Midnight Sun.

In the outposts of civilization Evangeline Booth and her secretary were often the only women among thousands of disreputable characters drawn from every nation under the sun who showed her without exception a deference close bordering upon reverence.

In 1903 her sister, Emma Booth-Tucker, met a tragic death in a railway accident, and the following year Evangeline Booth followed her in command of the Army's work in the United States, and from that date she has been reckoned every year more and more "America's own."

Current history is of all most difficult to tabulate, and in this case the chronicle is embarrassed by the extent and diversity of the events which have characterized this remarkable woman's career among us. Her accomplishments have traveled every avenue of religious work and reached out into the abysmal depths of human need.

The young Commander's first signal undertaking was the entire reorganization of the Army's scheme of Christmas charity. In her argument for righteous citizenship, Miss Booth puts strong emphasis upon home life and with this in view she swung the Christmas dinner, served to a typical breadline, to the now familiar family basket, by which 400,000 every year are fed in their own homes and encouraged to keep Christmas there. Miss Booth usually personally participates in the distribution of these baskets, always a moving spectacle. One old lady, honored to receive her gift at the Commander's hands, was so flustered by the gentle voice which said "Here's a nice Christmas basket for you" that she rejoined hastily "The same to you Miss Booth, I'm sure, and thousands of 'em!"

In times of national stress and emergency Miss Booth has been on the spot within the hour with her trained workers behind her, ready to fill the country's need whatever it might be. When the news of the San Francisco earthquake was flashed to New York, she hurried West and arrived in the stricken city while the ground was still shaking. Before she left Salvationists were policing, nursing and feeding the gigantic refugee camp in Golden Gate Park—a city in itself.

It is the personal touch of her infinitely tender woman's heart that has endeared her to the hearts of suffering communities the Union over. There was, for instance, the part she played among the agonies following the frightful Ohio school tragedy in which over a hundred children were burned or suffocated. It was not so much the eloquent pity of her platform utterance, or the tenderness of her voice in prayer over the long row of little white caskets at the burial service of the unidentified dead—it was her arm around the bereaved mothers' shoulder in the little cottage, her whispers of cheer to the overwrought father, and the smile that shone like April through her tears upon the stunned little faces of the boys and girls that were left. These things Ohio will never forget.

Miss Booth's is a wide as well as a deep heart, and her compassion knows no national boundaries. Before the full story of the destruction of Tokio and Yokohama reached here, her plans for help were under way. Immediately following the news she had

interviewed the Japanese Consul, despatched two carloads of clothing, and arranged to flood the streets with Salvation Army cherry blossoms by means of which thousands of dollars went out to the work of rehabilitation.

Equally enthusiastic and characteristically fearless has been Miss Booth's championship of causes affecting the moral welfare of the people. Her defense of the Eighteenth Amendment may have made her a handful of enemies, but it has won for her thousands of friends. With her intimate knowledge of the woes and crimes charged to the account of alcohol tragedies of the underworld; the iniquity she herself had seen it perpetrate on helpless children, blighted before the chance to bloom; with the memory of drunkards' homes, and drunkards' wives, and drunkards' graves which had bestrewn her own ministry, Miss Booth has given her voice and her pen to the unequivocal support of prohibition.

But it was during the World War that Miss Booth wrote her Army's name in letters of undying gratitude upon the soul of America. Even before America was actually in the conflict, Miss Booth devised the highly original war auxiliary known as the "Old Linen Campaign." She solicited and secured vast quantities of old linen, with the one stipulation that it must be clean. She kept a corps of workers stripping and rolling into regulation bandages, then into the sterilizer and away rolled bale after bale of provision for the wounded. The welfare work that she organized for the boys in their training camps over here, and the welfare work she outlined for the boys on active service over there, might all be covered by one word "mothering." It was not by chance that those picked workers should have included with the ministries of mending and nursing and soul-counselling, the apparently incongruous item of home-cooking. Again Miss Booth's emphasis was upon the home thought, and she knew just how much it would mean to the tired, dirty soldier boy, just out of the trench or on his way to it to find the typical American cookie in the Army's cheery hut. "Sure, it was mother's face we saw in the hole of the doughnut every time," said one of those who "went over." And it is believed that every doughboy who had eaten them under the same conditions, felt a touch of pride when, the war over, Evangeline Booth was called to Washington, there to receive the Congressional medal in recognition of her service in the country's time of need.

If we look for tangible evidences of Miss Booth's command in her own organization, they are to be found from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Even by those who are ignorant or unsympathetic of the great work she represents, Commander Evangeline Booth is regarded as one of the foremost women speakers of her day. With her natural gifts of oratory and a peculiarly appealing presence, after twenty years in the country no hall is large enough to accomodate the crowds eager to hear her. But of all her public efforts Miss Booth herself cherishes the memory of one brilliant morning at Honolulu when General Summerall massed his whole division in her honor and she had the opportunity of sounding the spiritual note upon the heartstrings of 9000 soldier boys.

No sketch of Miss Booth as orator, organizer, social uplifter and missionary would be complete without some reference to the woman herself. There is nothing of the ascetic or recluse about her either in appearance or outlook. She has strong athletic tastes, is an accomplished horsewoman, riding equally well either side-saddle or astride. She is an enthusiastic swimmer and expert driver, and a passionate lover and defender of all dumb animals. She is devoted to music, her favorite instrument being the harp—but she has been heard to say that she likes best the songs of the birds at dawn as she heard them from her sleeping porch, from which even a snowstorm cannot drive her.

But despite these athletic preferences and proficiences, Miss Booth has little time to cultivate such healthful pleasures. The key-

note of her life is service and every personal consideration is subservient. She loves nature in all her moods, but although she has traveled so much she has done scarcely any sightseeing. Her secretary has put it on record that all the scenery the Commander views is the railway car, the hotel room, the hall or theatre which happens to be the meeting-place, and the motor which carries her back and forth between these objectives.

In June, 1924 the Success Magazine announced the result of a voting contest for the greatest American women. Evangeline Booth's name led all the rest. This is current estimation. What place the future will assign her only its history will show. Her concern has not been to build a name, but to build the character of others, inspired by her limitless faith in the Divine ability to lift the lowest to the highest.

Miss Booth's apt paraphrase of the colloquialism "down and out" has kindled America's heart—"A man may be down but he is never out."

Her ruling passion is that of her illustrious father, who once said to King Edward, "Some men's passion is art, some men's passion is fame, my passion is the souls of men."

Miss Booth holds the honorary degree of Master of Arts from Tufts College.

DRAKE, DULA H. RAE (Mrs. John Adams Drake), philanthropist and Founder of American Free Milk and Relief for Italy, Inc., was born in Cleveland, Ohio. Her earliest American ancestor was John Curtis, who came from England in 1751 and settled in Connecticut. Her father, John Henry Heisel, a graduate of Dartmouth College, was a great-grandson of the John Henry Heisel who came to New York from the Rhine Country in 1777 and later settled in Cleveland. Her mother, Emily Catherine Cogan, was born in Rochester, New York, and was the great-granddaughter of William Dailey, who came to New York from England in 1762, afterward settling in Connecticut.

With an inherited talent for painting and music, her early education was directed with a view to perfection in these lines, but it is as the strongest non-political link between the United States and Italy that Mrs. Drake's name will ever be known. To the people of Italy, she stands for all that is great-hearted and generous and is to them the personification of that true Americanism which passed into tradition during the reconstruction days following the World War.

Mrs. Drake's education began in Cleveland. She attended several private schools, among them Miss Mittleberger's, and the Ursuline Convent in Cleveland, and later, in Chicago, the Sacred Heart Convent and Miss Grant's school. While attending the Ursuline Convent she became converted to Catholicism. Just out of school, she met and married John Adams Drake of Chicago and Iowa, second son of General Francis Marion Drake, Governor of Iowa, and founder of Drake University at Des Moines. Mr. and Mrs. Drake lived in Chicago until 1905, when they went to New York. In 1907, accompanied by her younger sister, Miss Roberta Rae, they went to Paris. Here Mrs. Drake, who was always interested in music and painting, studied singing with Marchesi and Jean de Reszke, and painting at the famous Julian school.

In 1909 the fatal illness of both Colonel and Mrs. Robert Rae, her father and mother, called them all back to Chicago. Colonel and Mrs. Rae died in the spring of 1910, and Mr. and Mrs. Drake and Miss Rae returned to New York. They soon sailed again for Europe, this time for Italy, and settled in Florence, where Mrs. Drake resumed her singing under the direction of Lombardi, the teacher of Caruso, and later studied with Leopoldo Mugnone, the great Italian director.

In 1914, in Florence, Mrs. Drake became actively interested in war relief work for the Belgians and French. Shortly after Italy entered the World War, urgent affairs called Mr. and Mrs. Drake home to America. The

DULA H. RAE DRAKE

generosity of her own people for the war-stricken Europeans decided Mrs. Drake to remain in New York and take an active part in war relief work for Italy.

In the meantime, Henry Marshall Rae, sculptor and artist, Mrs. Drake's brother, had joined the family group in Italy about 1912, and in 1915 he was requested by the Young Men's Christian Association to act as Regional Director of the "Y" at Rome. In this capacity he was in a position to be of great service to Italy, and proved an invaluable asset at the front with his "Y" men, particularly at Monte Grappa, winning the Italian War Cross for heroic service under fire. It was to her brother that Mrs. Drake in America addressed countless crates of knitted garments, and thousands of sweaters, socks, helmets and scarfs were sent to the brave boys in the icy passes of the Italian Alps. This work was continued until the Armistice was signed.

At the signing of the Armistice, November, 1918, word was brought to Mrs. Drake from Italy that eight out of ten children were dying for lack of milk; that mothers were broken with grief and shock and could not nourish their young babies. Helpless children were dying for lack of the one thing that could save them—MILK!

Mrs. Drake realized that Italy's children could be saved only by sharing our abundant and nourishing American milk. She went to Doctor L. Emmett Holt for advice and at once formed a committee among her friends. Four days later, December 4, 1918, with the assistance of Judge Richard P. Lydon, The American Free Milk and Relief for Italy was incorporated. In January, 1919, the first shipment (40,000 quarts), was on its way. Without previous training or experience, Mrs. Drake developed, through her great love for children, the executive ability to push this effort to success. By cable and letter, she formed a receiving and distributing committee in Italy under the auspices and with the help of Her Majesty, Queen Elena. An executive and working committee at Rome was also formed by His Eminence, Vittorio Orlando, then Premier of Italy. Funds in America were raised by letters sent to all parts of the United States. Appeals were read from the pulpits of Catholic churches in various parts of the United States through the earnest coöperation of Cardinal Hayes, then Archbishop of New York, and Cardinal O'Connell of Boston, Bishop Hickey of Rochester, and other distinguished clergy.

A separate fund was collected for sustaining the work. At no time were the expenses in excess of three per cent. All moneys were spent in the United States for milk and relief. No money was sent abroad. For four years, monthly shipments of more than one hundred thousand quarts of milk were made regularly, and large donations of cereals, cod liver oil, and thousands of knitted garments were sent over free for the children. More than 200 different hospitals, war relief stations, dispensaries and day nurseries were supplied, as well as many private homes, and over one hundred thousand children were relieved and saved. All Italy was covered, from Fiume to the Lipari Islands, Sicily and Sardinia.

In October, 1919, Mrs. Drake, as guest of the Italian Government, visited the devastated districts in Italy. She was greeted by the highest government officials and a military escort was provided by Italy. Dinners and receptions were given her, and she was decorated with medals of honor. Yet never for a moment did these demonstrations turn her head nor distract her from her work. There was Fiume. What difference did it make, from the humanitarian point of view, who was finally to get that much contested city? It was filled with children who were starving for milk and must be saved. It was not an easy matter to get milk into Fiume in 1919, but Mrs. Drake found a way. Forced to travel by night along the forbidden road to Fiume, she was accompanied by Mrs. W. B. Thompson, Vice-President of the American Free Milk and Relief for Italy, and by the

Duchess de Chaulnes. Their entry into Fiume was marked with every distinction. Gabriele d'Annunzio and his entire staff came out to greet them, and the soldier-poet gave a great banquet in their honor at the Governor's Palace.

During the dinner d'Annunzio was called out upon the balcony to address the great crowds that had gathered before the Palace. It was at the time when Fiume was the object of controversy between two nations; President Wilson of America had decided against Italy's contention that Fiume should be Italian territory, and the people of that country were smarting under what they considered the great injustice of the Paris decisions. D'Annunzio knew this, as he stood looking down upon the sea of faces below, the three American women by his side.

As he began to speak, a breathless silence hung over the vast multitude. He told them of the "three sisters" who had come from beyond the sea; of the blessed milk for the children they had sent; of the lives saved in Italy through the help of the generous country from which they came. The emotions of the listening throng were aroused by his eloquent words of appreciation for "the land beyond the sea—the land of the Stars and Stripes." And there arose a great, an incredulous cry—"America!" America! The land that would rob them of their beloved Fiume—could it be that this was the land whence came the three women to whom owed such a vast debt of gratitude? Since d'Annunzio had said it, it must be true. The soldier-poet knew his countrymen well. Turning to Mrs. Drake and her companions he presented them to the enthusiastic throng, and cheer after cheer arose. Before they left, d'Annunzio gave Mrs. Drake a manifesto to the American people he had written in English for her, and decorated her and her companions with the Gold Medals of the City of Fiume.

In 1920–1921, the National Information Bureau, organized for the purpose of investigating war relief work, reported the American Free Milk and Relief for Italy as having one of the best records of any foreign war relief work.

Mrs. Drake's work came to the attention of Pope Benedict XV, with whom she had many audiences during the course of her activities. It was he who suggested that she start a dispensary at the Vatican, and when he died in 1922 his successor, Pope Pius, had been in office less than a week when Mrs. Drake, in America, received a long cablegram from him urging her to continue her work. In 1924 the American Free Milk and Relief for Italy was still functioning, and more than eleven hundred children were being supplied. Two dispensaries were receiving consignments of milk,—the Santa Marta, opened at the Vatican by Pope Benedict, and another founded by Mrs. Drake at "La Vignola," a beautiful sixteenth century villa near Rome, set aside by the City Council of Rome to be used by the American Free Milk and Relief for Italy as a permanent dispensary.

Mrs. Drake has recieved from the Italian Government the highest honors in its power to bestow, having been decorated with the Gold Medal of the Sanita by decree of the King of Italy,—the only American ever to receive this honor. The Gold Medal and the Silver Medallion and Medal of the Italian Red Cross; the Bronze Medal, City of Rome, for War Relief, and the Silver Medal, City of Rome, have been awarded her. All members of her working committee were decorated by the Italian Government through the Italian Red Cross as a mark of highest appreciation for their coöperation.

SHURTLEFF, MARGARET HOMER NICHOLS (Mrs. Arthur A. Shurtleff), was born in Roxbury, Massachusetts, October 30, 1879, the daughter of Doctor Arthur Howard Nichols and Elizabeth Fisher Homer, Nichols. Mrs. Shurtleff's ancestry dates back to the Puritan days. The first American Nichols, Richard, came from England to Ipswich, moving afterwards to Wakefield, which became

the home of many descendants. Earliest records name him a Freeman of Ipswich, Massachusetts, 1638. The Homers, her mother's family, are descended from John Homer, who came from Sedgley, England, about 1672 and settled in Boston, Massachusetts.

Mrs. Shurtleff is president of the Boston Guild of Bell-ringers and is unique in being the only woman ringer of swinging bells in America, in fact, one of the first to ring a peal in England. She did constructive work in the Suffrage Cause, and is now treasurer of the League for Democratic Control and an ardent believer in its principles. Mrs. Shurtleff is a practical carpenter and has been teaching boys and girls for twenty years. She is also a noted tennis player, twice winning the singles at the Longwood Cricket Club.

It was when Margaret Nichols was only fifteen, a pupil in Miss Folsom's School, in Boston, that Doctor Nichols decided to have his daughter trained in the art of bell-ringing. He had always been interested in bells. In 1894 the eight bells of the Old North Church (Christ Church), of Paul Revere fame, were rehung for change ringing exactly as they had originally been hung when sent from England in 1750. Doctor Nichols felt that this was his opportunity to teach his daughter to handle the rope. In order properly to throw out the sound, a complete revolution of the bell is necessary for each stroke. That is, starting with the bell, mouth up, the ringer pulls the rope, checks the bell as it ascends and balances it again, mouth up.

When she was graduated from Miss Folsom's School, she entered the Massachusetts Institute of Technology for a course in Chemistry and Sanitation and for a course in carpentry and wood turning.

It was when in the Intermediate department of the Shaw School (founded by Mrs. Quincy Shaw), that Miss Nichols developed her liking for manual and scientific work. The Shaw School was co-educational and progressive. Botany, Biology, clay-modelling and Physics were well taught to boys and girls alike and under excellent laboratory conditions. At that time, Mr. Gustave Larson, a Swede, was introducing his famous sloyd system into America and the Shaw School fitted up a large carpentry shop with Mr. Larson as head teacher. Needless to say, Miss Nichols looked forward to the sloyd period most of all.

In the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, as the only woman under Professor Merrick, she found no difficulty in keeping up with the carpentry class. This thorough training was supplemented by working regularly half-time with the carpenters while an addition was being made to the Nichols' summer home in Cornish, New Hampshire. Miss Nichols taught carpentry to a group of boys at the Ellis Memorial Club and by obtaining orders for the boys' work was able to cover the cost of the tools during the first year. The boys became so enthusiastic over their work that they turned up at the small work-shop not only on regular club nights and all Saturday but also almost every afternoon at the close of school. Miss Nichols, although attending the School of Design, would always stop for an hour or so on her way home and help the boys with their work. A colonial doll-house and a double-runner were among the most ambitious efforts.

Tennis was Margaret Nichols' favorite sport. She was eighteen when she entered, in 1898, the Longwood Cricket Club tournament, winning the second prize in the ladies' singles. The next year she was more fortunate and won the first prize in both the mixed doubles and women's doubles. She was, however, again beaten in the singles finals by Margaret Hunnewell, a brilliant player, after a hot and grilling match; the score being 4–6, 6–3, 9–11, 6–2, 6–3. In those days the finals were a test of endurance as well as of skill. A few years later, the American Lawn Tennis Association decided that three out of five sets were too much of a physical strain for women and limited all matches to two out of three,

much to Margaret Nichols' disappointment. In the succeeding years, she won the women's doubles many times, and twice defeated Evelyn Sears, a national champion, in the singles.

Miss Nichols still persisted in the unique hobby of bell-ringing and Doctor Nichols, finding little opportunity for his daughter to practice in this country took her to London in the summer of 1902. Doctor Nichols' love of bells dated back to his boyhood, when he lived in the North End, of Boston, and helped ring the bell for service in the Old North Church. He could pull a rope as well as his daughter, often ringing the tenor while she was ringing a lighter bell.

They were invited to join several ringing guilds in London. At that time a woman at the rope was a rare curiosity. So much so in fact, that when Miss Nichols rang with the famous conductor, Matthew Wood, he, having sized up her general incompetence after the first few touches, said in a most considerate tone:

"I hope you won't take offense, Miss, if I swear at you, but I'm not used to ringing with a lady."

The great ambition of all ringers is to take part in a peal and Mrs. Shurtleff was as keen to score her first peal as if she had been a native of the "Ringing Isle." As the expression "ring a peal" is so little understood in this country, Mrs. Shurtleff explains as follows: "When sets of bells were first installed in England (in the sixteenth century), the bells were rung in scales or rounds beginning with the highest note or treble bell. Certain fixed changes were sometimes called to vary the monotony until in 1667, Fabius Stedman invented a system by means of which all possible changes on any number of bells could be rung. On three bells there are only six changes. 1–2–3; 2–1–3; 2–3–1; 3–2–1; 3–1–2; 1–3–2; 1–2–3. By following the course of the treble bell, No. 1, one can easily learn the first principle in change ringing. On five bells there are 120 changes. On seven bells there are 5040 changes and to ring a peal every one of these must be rung, no change rung twice, and at the end the bells come into rounds. Each ringer must carry the work of his bell in his head and except for an occasional call, from the conductor, of "Bob" or "Single" no word is spoken in the ringing chamber. With the introduction of scientific changes, bell-ringing became a popular sport for all classes of Englishmen. Ringing guilds were formed and competition became keen. New and complicated methods were invented. Possibilities for record peals, employing heavier bells, and more changes, were always tempting ambitious bands to fresh struggles. In 1767, two bands joined forces and rang 40,320 changes in twenty-seven hours. As recently as 1923 the Ancient Society of College Youths founded in 1637 scored a record peal of Stedman Caters on ten bells, ringing 21,363 changes in twelve hours and twenty-five minutes.

After a month's practice Miss Nichols rang her first quarter peal and was receiving invitations to try for a peal. The first attempt came to grief after two hours. She next tried for a peal of Stedman Triples with a band of the Middlesex Association. After ringing endlessly, as it seemed, the bells came round, and a true and complete peal had been achieved in three hours time—the first to have an American woman at the rope and probably the first with any citizen of the United States. Before starting for America, Miss Nichols rang two more tower bell peals, and also two peals on hand-bells, in one day. Now-a-days there are many English women ringers and one has just performed the astonishing feat of ringing two tower bell peals in one day.

Doctor Nichols started a ringing guild in Boston and a dozen or more Englishmen have come to Boston primarily on account of the bell-ringing opportunities. Sets of English bells are installed in the Church of the Advent

and the Perkins Institute for the Blind and also in Hingham and Groton.

As Miss Nichols was keen for some tennis, she entered a tennis tournament while in London, but was beaten in the first round. The English girls all served underhand at that time but were remarkably steady at the ground stroke. Miss Nichols tried going to the net but was rather wild as she had had no practice for weeks.

When Miss Nichols returned from England, she revived her interest in the Longwood Club and at the time of her marriage had two legs on the first Longwood Challenge Cup, finally won by Mrs. Barger Wallach.

In 1905, Miss Nichols married Mr. Arthur Asahel Shurtleff, son of Asahel M. Shurtleff and of Sarah Ann Keegan. He is a landscape architect and town planner. The first years of her married life, Mrs. Shurtleff devoted to her home, applying her technical knowledge of sanitation and chemistry to solving household problems and her carpentry to the making of cribs for her rapidly growing family. She found the carpentry shop a favorite resource for young and old. Without any conscious effort all the children have become familiar with the use of tools. "Children would rather create than play if an older person is near to help when they get stuck," says Mrs. Shurtleff.

Mr. Shurtleff is a better carpenter than his wife and the Shurtleff home has always found room for a well-equipped carpenter shop. Here Mrs. Shurtleff has held many classes for her own and her neighbors' children. In fact she highly recommends this form of teaching as a source of income for women whose husbands are firm against any possible "neglect of the home."

Through her married life Mrs. Shurtleff has kept up her interest in tennis. She laughingly speaks of one of the most unexpected "upsets" of her tennis career when in 1916 she and Mrs. H. H. Smith, of Philadelphia, playing together for the first time, defeated Molla Bjurstedt (now Mrs. Mallory) and Miss Eleanora Sears 2–6, 6–4, 6–4, in the Longwood Women's doubles.

Mrs. Shurtleff, in spite of her gleeful, all-absorbing attention to the development of her family—three boys and three girls that has kept her a chum among her children—the care of her household her varied avocations, and sporting interests, has found time to extend her splendid outlook on life into the wider field of social service.

She has always been trying to help the lot of the very poor, not through charity but through justice. When as a young girl she assumed the role of carpentry teacher to the boys of the Ellis Memorial Club, it was she herself who was learning most. Being on very friendly terms with the boys, she naturally went to see how the hat-racks and bookcases looked when fastened to their walls. The first shock of the blackness and the smells of the rubbish-filled corners of the passageways of the tenement houses she will always remember. The fate of these children frightened her. Once inside the crowded kitchen the mothers were always cheerful. Mrs. Dugan, mother of five thought nothing of staying up till midnight every night to serve her husband, a cab driver, a hot supper. "It gives me time to do the ironing and make the children's clothes," she explained. Some less fortunate mothers left at five every morning to scrub the cold floors of office buildings and put in a full day's work after that. Something must be wrong, thought Mrs. Shurtleff, if both parents of these children have to work so hard and yet live so near the poverty line.

She early joined the suffrage ranks feeling that the vote was an absolutely necessary tool for the working woman—though by no means a solution for her troubles. The fundamental necessities for any progress are health and intelligence. Under-nourished and poorly developed children can only become drags on the community.

As a contribution to the nation during the war, Mrs. Roland M. Baker, assisted by Mrs.

Shurtleff and a few others, started a food economy kitchen. From meat bones, formerly used for soap and fertilizer only, most nurishing foods were produced. A room was loaned by the Morgan Memorial, and daily this handful of energetic women boiled the bones and picked the meat from them, wept in turn over the chopping of onions and preparation of other vegetables for the delicious soup, which with a generous help of crackers was sold to the school children for two cents a bowl.

Realizing the value of this work, the National Civic Federation offered to carry on the soup-making on a larger scale. The kitchen was moved to larger quarters on North Street, in the center of the market district. More schools became interested in the plan. All the latest science was applied, calories counted, skinny children weighed before and after periods of soup feeding. There was no doubt as to the good effects of this mid-morning lunch. Mrs. Shurtleff continued to help in the preparation and grinding of the vegetables for several years more until the work was almost all done by hired help. Finally the kitchen was transferred to permanent quarters on the top floor of the new building of the Women's Educational and Industrial Union on Broadway. From here during the winter months soup is now shipped daily and sold to the public schools.

Having become interested in the coöperative movement, in 1920, Mrs. Shurtleff started a coöperative store, which she carries on in her own house. A group of about twenty-five have paid five dollars and joined the Argilla Coöperators, a store which handles not only meats and groceries but sheets, towels, blankets, and in fact knows no limitations. A flat ten percent profit is charged on all goods and the original capital has more than trebled in four years. By managing this store, Mrs. Shurtleff has not only provided herself and her neighbors with goods at slightly lower prices than the regular retailer but she is learning some of the difficulties of coöperation and there are times when she feels the retailer fully earns any profit that comes his way. If customers would not all prefer different grades or some new brand! On the other hand, a small group of similar tastes can easily save money and get better goods through coöperative buying.

Before the war, Mrs. Shurtleff had felt that some form of international jurisdiction should be substituted for war. During the war she was sure of it. She early joined the Women's Peace Party and under their auspices attended a course on international affairs. The speakers were generally Americans but often foreigners would explain some particular problem of their nation. It soon became evident that the formation of an international government satisfactory to large and small nations was a most intricate problem. Mr. George Nasmyth, an author and authority on international affairs, started a small class not only with the object of studying that subject but also to turn out a group who could speak in public. Mrs. Shurtleff was urged to join the class and did so feeling, however, that she would be far beyond her depth. The unfortunate pupils had to stand on a platform and give a twenty-minute speech on the Mexican policy or the Russian Revolution or some other current problem. It was a most difficult ordeal for Mrs. Shurtleff, who was afraid even to enter a room full of people, much less to look them all in the face and produce an intelligent sentence. Twenty minutes seemed like an hour. She never talked over time. The class continued for two years until Doctor Nasmyth went to Geneva to take an official position with the League of Nations.

Mrs. Shurtleff is a member of the League to Enforce Peace and the League of Free Nations Association. At the close of the war she was exceedingly pleased to be asked by the latter to try to increase their membership by speaking at meetings of the American Federation of Labor. She was first sent to a plumber's meeting, at the Wells Memorial. There is no need to say how much courage it took to

mount the platform of the crowded smoky hall and face the hundreds of plumbers for ten minutes. At the end, however, they applauded encouragingly and asked only friendly questions. Nearly one hundred signatures were collected.

Through the days of the suffrage fight she gave time and strength to work with the National Woman's Party and the Massachusetts Women's Suffrage Association. She became interested in the League of Democratic Control in 1917.

Mrs. Shurtleff was one of the early members of the League for Democratic Control. This league, which believes in encouraging freedom of speech and getting at facts, has held many meetings in time of strikes, at which both the strikers and the operators are asked to speak on the same platform. One most appealing speech was delivered by the trusted treasurer of a striking union, later found to be a despised labor spy. The League members watch foreign politics closely, following along the lines of the Union for Democratic Control in England, of which Ramsay MacDonald and E. D. Morel were founders. The League, needless to say, does not believe in war. Mrs. Shurtleff feels that the hatred spread by war is more tragic than the loss of human life. She firmly believes war is the greatest danger to Christianity, that the majority of people do not want it and should stand up and be counted to make war among civilized nations a thing of the past. Through contact with the League, which has as members such so-called pacifists as Jane Addams, Doctor Alice Hamilton, Lucia Ames Meade, Alice Stone Blackwell, Elizabeth Glendower Evans, David Starr Jordan, Felix Frankfurter, Manley Hudson, H. W. L. Dana and others willing to strike hard for world peace (better named internationalists), Mrs. Shurtleff has received her inspiration for this strangely unpopular cause. She feels there is no work which will be of greater benefit to her children and all other children than in doing her bit to help substitute justice for war.

A list of Mrs. Shurtleff's clubs include: Massachusetts League of Women Voters; Women's Municipal League; Women's Auxiliary of Massachusetts; Civil Service Reform Association; Ancient Society of College Youths (London); Middlesex County Association, London; Activities Committee of Women's City Club of Boston; Royal Cumberland Youths, London; Winsor School Club; Women's International League for Peace and Freedom; Boston Guild of Bell-Ringers (President); League for Democratic Control (Treasurer); '98 Sewing Circle (President).

FARNAM, RUTH STANLEY, was born in her grandfather's house at Mattituck, September 11, 1873, the daughter of William Henry and Ida Jay Overton Stanley. Through her father, a hero of the Civil War, as well as on her mother's side, she belongs to well-known New England families of earliest Colonial days.

Mrs. Farnam, since 1913, has given devoted service to Serbia, becoming interested during the Balkan War. She served during the typus epidemic, 1915; at the time of the Serbian Retreat she joined in America the Serbian Child Welfare Association. Back to the Balkans in 1916, she was allowed to go actually up into the fighting lines and was the first woman to enter reconquered Serbia. She was awarded the Order of St. Sava, Fifth and Third Classes, The Cross of Mercy, the Kossovo Medal, the Royal Order of the Serbian Red Cross and the Order of the Redeemer from Greece, and has received the Grand Citation of the Serbian Army and its insignia. At the Peace Conference, she presented a set of resolutions bearing upon the protection of women during war-time invasions, signed by 5,000,000 American women. These Resolutions and signatures have been placed among the archives of France as a valued proof of the love of American women for the women of the sister republic, France. Since the Great War Mrs. Farnam has been lecturing and helping in hospital work. She

has written a successful book on Serbia and her articles have appeared in periodicals both here and abroad.

When Ruth Stanley was three years old her parents moved to Southhampton, Long Island, where she was educated in the local schools. At the age of seventeen she went to England with relatives, making her home there for twenty-eight years. In 1899 she married Charles Henry Farnam, Junior, of New Haven, Connecticut, grandson of Henry Farnam, first president of the Rock Island Railroad and donor of Farnam Dormitory at Yale. Mr. and Mrs. Farnam brought Rownhams House in Hampshire, England, where they resided until Mr. Farnam's death in 1909, when Mrs. Farnam bought historic Weeks Manor, near Winchester, and removed there.

In 1913, while visiting a friend in Belgrade, Serbia, she became interested in the wounded soldiers who filled the city following the Balkan War, which had just been won by Serbia (August, 1913). Though quite without experience with sick people, she volunteered and served as operating-room assistant in one of the auxiliary hospitals until it was closed; when she returned to England and sought aid for the hospitals and disabled soldiers of Serbia, in which work she had a large measure of success.

Early in 1915, Mrs. Farnam volunteered for service during the dreadful typhus epidemic which was sweeping through Serbia and worked with their Royal Highness Prince and Princess Alexis Karageorgevitch at Vrnyatchka Banya until July, when she again returned to England to gather more supplies and to try and arrange for a steady stream of dressings, medicines and hospital clothing, all of which were so urgently needed. When the Great Serbia Retreat occured she came to America and, having joined the Serbian Relief Committee, afterwards known as the Serbian Child Welfare Association of America, she began lecturing on the awful sufferings and desperate needs of the refugees. By this means she raised large sums of money, all of which went direct to the Association, Mrs. Farnam paying all of her own traveling and other expenses and giving her service gratis.

In the autumn of 1916, she went again to the Balkans by way of Greece, where she arrived just as Mr. Venizelos left for Crete as the first step in the revolution which dethroned King Constantine. Here, though Salonika was a "Port of War" she received permission to proceed to that city and pursue her work of investigation as to how and where the Relief funds should be applied. Having met Colonel Sondermayer, the head of the Serbian Military Medical Service, she was invited to accompany him to the hospitals near the front and in one of these hospitals met the Prince Regent Alexander, who gave permission for her to go to the Headquarters of Voivode Mishitch, Field Marshal of the Serbian Army, who, in turn, allowed her to go actually up to the fighting line. She was the first woman to enter reconquered Serbian territory; was under fire during the famous Battle of Bröd when the Serbians triumphantly crossed the Czerna River. Mrs. Farnam was made a Sergeant of the Serbian Army by the Field Marshal himself upon the battle field. On her return to Salonika, the Prince Regent sent for her and pinned on her breast the Order of St. Sava in recognition of her services to Serbia. From the Field Marshal, she later received the Grand Citation of the Serbian Army and insignia, consisting of a silver bar and gold star to be worn on the sleeve of her uniform.

During the Peace Conference, she was appointed by the Committee on the Protection of Women under International Law to present a set of Resolutions which had been signed by 5,000,000 American women.

From Paris, Mrs. Farnam again went to Serbia representing the Young Women's Christian Association.

During America's preparation to enter the World War she did a large amount of recruiting and other war work. She was sent by

Ruth S. Farwell

the United States Treasury Department all over the country to make inspirational speeches to the Liberty Loan Committees.

When her work for Serbia came to an end, Mrs. Farnam devoted herself to lecturing for the American Women's Hospitals and other charitable organizations. All of her work was purely voluntary.

Her book, the proceeds from which were given to the Serbian Child Welfare Association, entitled *A Nation at Bay*, was published in 1918 and many articles from her pen have appeared in magazines and newspapers, both here and abroad. The best known of her literary works are *Clouds*, *Women under International Law; War Children; True Tales.*

Mrs. Farnam has traveled more than is the privilege of most. She has visited nearly all the civilized, and many uncivilized countries. Mrs. Farnam is a member of The American Geographical Society, The National Geographical Society, The Sorosis Club, of New York, and the American Women's Club, in London.

WRIGHT, AGNES FOSTER (Mrs. Richardson Wright), decorator, writer and lecturer on decoration, daughter of Albert J. and Cornelia Hull Foster, was born in Boston, Massachusetts, January 29, 1882. The first American Foster was John Foster, who came from Ipswich, England, and the family settled in Petersham, Massachusetts.

Agnes Foster Wright is unique in that she is one of the few woman-owners of a chain of stores. Mrs. Wright operates a line of "Chintz Stores," which extend throughout the country. These stores place the benefits of the services of trained and skilled interior decorators within the reach of the person of moderate income. Agnes Foster Wright is known nationally as a decorator. Her areas of decoration extend from small houses to theatres and restaurants. Through her chain-stores, lecture and pen work, Mrs. Wright has done much to instill a love of the beautiful and harmonious into the lives of her fellow countrymen.

Capacities such as Mrs. Wright possesses are usually traceable to the background from which one springs. And in her background Mrs. Wright was peculiarly fortunate. Her father is Albert J. Foster, who for forty years was one of the leading leather merchants of Boston and latterly was President of the People's National Bank of that city. Mr. Foster is now retired and lives at Newton Center, Massachusetts. Her mother was Cornelia Hull, of Brookline. The Fosters are well known in Boston. One of Mrs. Wright's sisters, Mrs. John P. Bainbridge, is an authority on old lace. She is consulted by the museums and contributes on lace and allied subjects to the magazines. Another sister, Mrs. Charles S. Wing, is an artist.

Agnes Foster was educated in Boston public and private schools and after graduation went abroad. For five years she pursued the study of art, living a year in Venice, a year in Florence, a year in Paris, traveling about England, France, Italy, Spain and Germany. This travel and study laid the foundation for her life-work as an interior decorator. Mrs. Wright says that her father doubled the money that she was able to save for her trips and sometimes it was very little. She has always felt, however, that she received more real help for her profession in her most meagre year in Venice than when she stayed at the Plaza Atheneé in Paris. When she returned to America in 1911 she commenced intensive study at the New York School of Fine and Applied Arts. In order to get this training she lived and paid tuition at the art schools on her dress allowance and she hastens to add that the dress allowance of a girl in Boston was very very slim. Perhaps her very lesson in learning the full purchasing value of a dollar is an important factor of her business success. She was graduated from the New York School of Fine and Applied Arts in 1913.

She entered directly into active decoration. For a time she was employed by the firm of

McBurney & Underwood, which she left to become manager for Olive W. Barnewall, and in 1916 she branched out in business for herself.

In 1914, Agnes Foster married Richardson Wright, now editor of *House and Garden*.

Shortly after her marriage she wrote two books: *Making Curtains and Hangings*, published in 1915; and *Interior Decoration for Modern Needs*, published in 1917. Both of these volumes are books of practical advice and instruction. They have gone through several editions. During these years she was a regular contributor on decoration topics to *Vogue*, *House and Garden*, *Country Life*, *The Ladies' Home Journal*, the *Delineator* and other magazines. She also delivered lectures on the subject of home decoration in Boston and New York. From 1916 to 1917, she was President of the Decorators' League of New York.

Her business increasing, Mrs. Wright moved from her small shop on Madison Avenue, New York, to larger premises on 48th Street, and in 1923 to 447 Park Avenue, at which address are located her offices, showrooms and workrooms, these, with her apartment, occupying the entire house.

Through her writing and decorating Mrs. Wright became nationally known as one of the foremost women in her profession. Her areas of decoration include a palace in Havana, homes in Porto Rico, in Arkansas, Massachusetts, Michigan, Texas, New York, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Illinois and several other states. They have ranged from some of the largest houses to small apartments and shops, from the equipment of a nursery to the equipment of a line of steamships.

Mrs. Wright's success in her purely decorative work was due to a strong flair for color, to a quick sensing of the personality of her clients, and to a lively and keen grasp of business. The two elements—an artistic temperament and a capacity for business, rarely go hand in hand. But in Mrs. Wright's case they work together harmoniously. Her knowledge of people and the things they require in their homes has also been of invaluable service to her in the development of her business. Whereas decorators had been considered luxuries for only the very rich, Mrs. Wright managed so to conduct her business that scores of clients came to look on her as a necessity to the building up of their homes. Her constant trips abroad (Mrs. Wright goes to England and France each year) have brought to her studio large shipments of antiques, fabrics and bibelots that these clients readily appreciated.

In the course of her business development Mrs. Wright took especial interest in fabrics and the handling of them in the decoration of rooms. This, together with her genius for color, and her quick sense of business opportunities, had its natural outcome in the opening of a subsidiary line of decoration which has given her establishments in various centers of the country. In 1922 she opened The Chintz Shop on Madison Avenue in New York City. This shop, in charge of two trained decorators, was planned to take care of the needs of that vast number of women who make their own courtains, bedspreads and lamps. Heretofore this group of clients had no especial, trained service offered them in the selection of their fabrics and color schemes. The first Chintz Shop was a success from the beginning. Here were gathered together and conveniently displayed the pick of all the best fabrics being offered. The ready demand for this service encouraged Mrs. Wright to open a second Chintz Shop in Morristown, New Jersey. It was patterned after the first, the two being uniform in color treatment, business precedure and method of service. The next year she opened a Chintz Shop in Philadelphia. From this beginning started her chain of Chintz Shops which have now developed into a nation-wide business, with shops in Cincinnati, St. Louis and Kansas City. This application of the idea of the chain store to interior decoration was novel. Its success is a testimony to Mrs. Wright's business vision and acumen. Hun-

dreds of women the country over have availed themselves of the service of her trained decorators. This demand for her service and fabrics was stimulated by the fact that each year Mrs. Wright has brought out her own exclusive patterns and color lines, in addition to the offerings of the wholesale houses. Factories in England and France are kept busy supplying the fabrics that Mrs. Wright designs for her Chintz Shops. Mrs. Wright feels that the keynote of success is studying the wants of the people and then doing ones best to give it to them in the finest form.

Although engrossed by her decoration interests Mrs. Wright has found time to develop two country houses, both at Silver Mine, Connecticut, an artist colony near New Canaan. Her larger place is "Three Elms," an 1841 example of Greek Revival architecture, which Mr. and Mrs. Wright acquired in 1918 and completely remodeled for their occupancy. The gardens around "Three Elms" and the house have been described in Mr. Wright's two books of essays—*Truly Rural* and *A Small House and Large Garden*, and in his larger works, *Flowers for Cutting and Decoration* and *The Practical Book of Outdoor Flowers*. This house has the distinction of being an early American home which is not furnished in the early American manner, since Mrs. Wright chose English, French and Italian furniture of the period in which the house was built, rather than furniture of the early Republican days. The smaller place, "The Pink 'Un"—so-called because it is painted pink in contra-distinction to the usual white and green houses of New England, is a picturesque cottage which Mr. and Mrs. Wright remodeled in 1924. It also has a garden of unusual abundance and beauty for its size.

Mrs. Wright's sports are tennis, motoring, gardening and travel. She goes to the Caribean each winter and to the Continent each spring. Her intelligent interest in gardening has been the stimulating factor in the development of the grounds at "Three Elms." To her business interests and her country interests are added the management of her home in New York, where she lives during the winter months.

A list of clubs and societies in which Mrs. Wright has membership include: Interior Decorators' League of New York; Gamut Club; Pen and Brush Club, New York; Coin D'Or, Philadelphia.

SWIFT, ALICE MAYHEW, decorative artist, was born in New York City, the daughter of Henry and Caroline Parks Swift. She is of New England ancestry, being descended on her father's side from the Mayhews of Massachusetts and through her mother from Nathaniel Gorham, signer of the Constitution, through whom Miss Swift can claim at least four Mayflower ancestors: John, Bridget and Elizabeth Tilley and John Howland. All of them were occupants of that first little ship that landed at Plymouth Rock.

Miss Swift is a pioneer woman decorator of New York. Starting with very small capital in a very small way when it was a new thing for a woman to go into business, she has proved her fitness. Her business has grown to fine proportions. She was quick to realize the advantage of moving up-town and is located on East 55th Street in spacious quarters. She has been successful in the decoration of club houses but her particular bent is toward making a home-like, rich and colorful home.

When Miss Swift decided to go into business as a decorator many of her friends discouraged her, not that she didn't possess artistic talent and great taste, but it was such a new thing for a young woman of social standing to do. Many were the predictions of its failure or mistaken interpretation of her purpose.

The doubting Thomases were proven wrong. She has not only succeeded herself but has opened the way to numberless other women who have ventured out because she dared.

Alice Swift was educated in the private schools of New York City, finishing at a well-

known boarding school on the Hudson River. As a young woman she had the usual social diversions.

In 1898, Miss Swift and Mrs. Fred Lehman, now Mrs. Charles S. Gutherie, started their business career by taking a little cottage shop at Southhampton, Long Island. In these days when the modern young decorators ask their families and rich friends to back them it is interesting to know that these courageous young women asked no one to back them and that the amount of capital they put into the business consisted of $32.50 each, which was invested in materials for cushions, picture frames and lamp shades. Before the date of their "opening" these were all sold, and the number of their orders encouraged them to take a shop on Thirty-third Street, New York City, where the business rapidly developed into interior decorating in all its branches.

Two years later, when Mrs. Lehman retired and married, Miss Swift moved to 13 East 36th Street. Miss Swift was one of the first to realize the advantage of moving up-town. She leased and remodeled the former residence of Mrs. Henry S. Redmond, 11 East 55th Street. There, with a number of able assistants, some of whom have been with her since she started twenty-five years ago, Miss Swift has developed one of the best known decorating establishments in the country. She has clientele all over the country.

Aside from the private houses and apartments, Miss Swift has decorated various clubs: the Piping Rock Club, where the women's sitting-rooms and all the bedrooms are notable examples of her ability to give a livable touch to even the most impersonal room; Rumson Country Club; International Garden Club; the Playhouse Club at Washington, which she decorated and furnished throughout. The latter club is in Georgian style.

But Miss Swift does not hamper herself with "periods" unless her patrons ask for a favorite one. In which case she designs everything from carpet to ceiling in strict accordance with the date.

Her color sense is strong and she likes to create home-like atmosphere where one can live with beautiful, comfortable surroundings.

One of the outstanding features of Miss Swift's work and that of her assistants is that they have developed and executed the ideas of their clients, bringing to the task their own experience and trained taste. Miss Swift has trained many young women who have later gone into business for themselves.

Unfortunately, so her friends think, Miss Swift decided early in her business career that she could not combine society with her profession and so has lived very quietly. Her favorite sport is motoring. Whenever business will allow it she slips off to her little country place in Connecticut.

Miss Swift's career is a noteworthy illustration of the fact that artistic feeling, together with natural good taste and perseverance, can achieve the highest success without requiring large capital. However, she does not hesitate to say that to start with capital is a very great advantage.

COMFORT, ANNA MANNING (Mrs. George Fisk Comfort), physician and surgeon, was born in Trenton, New Jersey, January 19, 1845, the daughter of Alfred G. and Elizabeth Price Manning. The first American of the name was Joseph Manning, a brother of James Manning, who was the founder and first president of Brown University. They came to this country from England late in the Seventeenth Century. Through her mother, Doctor Comfort is descended from the Quaker families of Philadelphia. On both sides, she traces back to early American ancestors. The dominating taste of the family of Doctor Comfort seems to have been medical and educational; several of the members have been institution founders. At one time, Doctor Comfort had seven women members of her family practicing medicine in New York City, besides her sister, Doctor Emily Manning Smith, and

ALICE MAYHEW SWIFT

her aunt, Doctor Clemence Lozier, all doing most earnest and creditable work.

Doctor Anna Manning Comfort, as Doctor Manning then, graduated with the first class of that very first woman's medical college of the entire world, in 1865. She was a pioneer practicing physician. During the Civil War period she actively pioneered the "Woman's Rights Movement." She not only appealed and protested but demonstrated and actualized it in her pioneer practice. Doctor Comfort has also pioneered in Abolition, Peace, and Dress Reform. She has lectured on the League of Nations and in recent years has contributed articles to the Peace Award Contests. Doctor Comfort is the author of *A Book on Woman's Education*, and *Woman's Health*. She has contributed to medical journals and done desultory writing in prose and verse.

When Anna Manning decided to become a physician there was scarcely a half-dozen regularly graduated medical women in America —in the world, for that matter—and those few intrepid spirits had fought doggedly for every fragmentary bit of their education. Denied admission to this college and that, it was Elizabeth Blackwell, the valiant, that finally won admission to the Medical College at Geneva, New York (now Hobart). In spite of the fact that she graduated in 1849, the head of her class, the doors swung shut again, in 1851, in the face of her sister, and Emily Blackwell also made the weary round to ten others, until she was received at Rush Medical College, at Chicago; a year there and the State Medical Association put her out. It was the Western Reserve College in Cleveland that finally graduated this younger Blackwell, in 1845. This college also admitted Marie Zakrzewska, the Polish woman of such vision and energy, and these three later established the New York Infirmary for Women and Children, pioneer of the social welfare work of the modern hospitals.

A fourth of this limited group of path-finders was Doctor Clemence Lozier, an aunt of Anna Manning herself. Through blood and fire for her degree, Doctor Lozier was the first woman physician to open an office in New York City. Just as her niece was growing up into young womanhood, she was perfecting plans for founding the New York Medical College for Women. Doctor Comfort remembers the herculean endeavors and persistent rebuffs in the long conflict at Albany for procuring its charter, and it was through the influence of Doctor Lozier that she was drawn into the profession.

Anna Manning had received her early education in Boston, to which city her parents moved when she was a child. It was there that her father directed her into a special study of the piano, which she continued after the return to New York. At sixteen she was achieving recognition as an unusual performer. She was the pride of her music-loving father. He was destined, however, to see his plans go awry. The clear visioned bombarder of men's prerogatives, who was aunt to the young musician, was manoeuvring a broadside. In Doctor Lozier's home Anna Manning was finding books that intrigued her curiosity. Soon they absorbed her time and friends began to notice that her music was overstrewn with medical pamphlets. Eventually her father recognized the alien force and remonstrated with his daughter as to the why of this swing toward science. She responded with the fact that it was interesting, it told what was going on "inside of her" and she liked to read about it.

It was the early days of the Civil War. The financial world was toppling. There came a time when Mr. Manning told his daughter that there was grave news from the front which was ruining his business. He had decided to move up into New England. Would she go with her devoted family or remain in New York and study medicine in her aunt's new fangled school. He gave her a week to decide. The choice was not easy for the girl of sixteen. Finally Doctor Lozier, seeing her agony of indecision said: "You are just the type and character to make a

splendid physician, Anna. Enter the first class, and tell your father that you are going to live with me while you are taking the course." Her father talked very gravely to her, warning her that a physician's life was one of hard labor and great responsibility. She must think well.

It was thus that Anna Manning entered the first class of the New York Medical College for Women, the first women's medical school. She graduated in 1865, and began an almost unbelievable fight for the right to practice medicine, and for a recognition of her fitness. Even after sixty years, the stately, gray-haired woman of eighty is aroused to indignation as she recalls those early scenes when the fifteen young women of the New York Medical College for Women, as per their charter, began to attend the clinics at Bellevue Hospital. With blazing eyes she tells how that crowd of men students, five hundred of them, as if in a college rush, would surge forward and lift the women almost bodily from their feet along the corridors leading to the amphitheatre. Persistent indignities were heaped upon them by even the operating surgeons. Nothing was left undone whereby to cow them. A fiery ordeal it was for the dauntless little band, who were told to go home and stay there, that they should be but "little birds in the nest." The abuse became so overwhelming that an appeal was made to Elizabeth Cady Stanton and her Suffrage Association, which resulted in a hearing on the case before the State Legislature. As a result, Bellevue Hospital was threatened with the withdrawal of its charter, and subsequently women students were civilly treated.

The New York Medical College for Women of those first years was located at Broadway and 4th Street. The residence of the girls was at West 34th Street and Ninth Avenue. Bellevue Hospital was at 26th Street and East River. Anna Manning for years traversed this distance on foot; there were no trolleys, automobiles, or even bicycles known then but in the glory of her young strength and irrepressible ambitions these pedestrian feats were one of the delights of her student life.

And the full years rolled around that led to graduation day. It was a notable occasion, this first class of medical women of the first medical college for women. Doctor Comfort says of it:

"After violent press debates for and against the movement, we were graduated in 1865, with much éclat. The commencement exercises were held in Doctor Osgood's church on Broadway, from which we proudly emerged with our hard-earned sheep-skins. A distinguished company of men and women graced the platform. The dean and founder of the college, Doctor Clemence S. Lozier, Elizabeth Cady Stanton, Lucretia Mott, Horace Greeley and Henry J. Raymond (the then great war horse of the New York press), the Reverend Henry Ward Beecher, S. S. Cox and Peter Cooper made addresses and congratulated us on our admission to the ranks of medicine. Not only was I the youngest member of my class, but the youngest woman medical graduate in the world, being somewhat under age, which fact by the way subjected me to a second and very rigorous examination by the board of censors; but, passing the severe ordeal triumphantly, I was awarded my diploma."

Because her family lived in Norwich, Connecticut, at this date, the young Doctor Manning chose to open up her practice there, the first woman medical graduate in the old blue-law State of Connecticut. The press attacked her ruthlessly; throughout New England people gazed at her and commented openly; small boys shouted, "Hey! There goes a real live doctor. She's just like a man," or "Can you cut up dead folks? Can you cut off a man's leg?"

In this connection, Doctor Comfort tells of the one other woman who stuck it out at Bellevue until graduation. "On that day she seized my hands, and said: 'Anna, you and I know men for what they are. After what they have made us suffer here, let us

vow that we shall never be bound into marriage with one of these gross and terrible beings.' I vowed the vow with her. After graduation she went west and did rough surgery in a mining town. She wrote me, of course half in jest, that she was never so happy as when she was dismembering men. You see, she was really proving what they so often yelled after us in derision, both in Bellevue and afterwards, 'Can you cut off a man's leg?' "

Doctor Comfort tells of the innumerable and unnecessary irritations to which she was subjected. Male physicians declined to consult her, druggists refused to put up her prescriptions, her signs were torn from her office doors, she was often summoned on false calls. Her early patients would ask to see her diploma and catechise her on irrelevent subjects, and, the most vital of all, would exclaim: "What! Do you mean to say that you ask me as much as a man doctor?"

And then in dress, habits, manners, she was the subject of inconsistent hypercriticism. If she shortened her skirts a trifle, took off the crinolines, wore sensible shoes, she was too shockingly masculine for words. A ribbon at her throat or an ornament on her hair, and she was too frivolous to be professional. "What can one expect?" was the continual cry, "A woman doctor!" But Doctor Comfort tells of another side of those pioneer days.

"None has known better than I the ins and outs, the ups and downs, the trials and triumphs of a medical woman's career through a pioneer epoch; for within brief spaces of time varied situations and eventful experiences were my portion—scorn and misjudgment, adulation and flattery—I know it all. In the midst of my Connecticut history I was the favored guest one winter at Washington of our Congressman, whose wife and family were among my first patrons. On this visit to the national capitol I found myself to be a novel subject of interest and scrutiny by such men as Generals Butler and Burnside, Speaker Colfax, Senators Chase, Conkling, and Blaine, President Johnson and General Grant—I being the first woman physician they had personally met. They bestowed upon me many marked courteous attentions, which but for other disciplinary experiences might well have spoiled me."

After conquering an enviable practice, succeeded to by her sister, Doctor Emily Smith, she returned to New York to take up a practice left by the death of a cousin. She became a lecturer in her own college and entered upon an impressive social and professional life, numbering many celebrated women in her clientele.

These were the days of the beginnings of women's clubs. Sorosis was in its infancy, 1870, when the young Doctor Manning was elected to membership. Those were wide-visioned, earnest and clever women who projected that "bold" venture: Jennie June (Mrs. J. C. Croly), Celia Burleigh, Charlotte P. Wilbur, Madame Demorest, and many others of their distinction. Their original thought was to give the opportunity for an enlarged culture to home women who had been too busy with household duties to take advantage of the new periodicals or the increasing opportunities of the growing libraries. It was for the exchange of helpful thoughts and sympathies. Most of all it was to unite for the encouragement of those talented women who were struggling to elevate the sex and open business and professional careers to women.

At this time Doctor Manning met the cultured gentleman, Professor George Fisk Comfort, who became her husband. Professor Comfort was the principal founder of the Metropolitan Museum of Fine Arts. He drew up its charter, embodying the plan which he had originated, and worked unceasingly at Albany until it was assured to the city. He was a Trustee, and member of the Executive Committee, first Secretary, and as such, its first Director.

In 1871, these two workers were married, and soon after Professor Comfort was called

to Syracuse University as Professor of Modern Languages, History and Aesthetics in that newly founded institution.

It was a crisis for the young wife to leave a large practice; but after some deliberation she gave up her career for his and determined to be a great helpmeet and mother. The Comforts had three children and adopted two others: Ralph Manning Comfort, Frederic Price Comfort, Arthur Sterling Comfort, Silas and Grace Comfort. With these nursery cares and the duties of a prominent professor's wife, she filled her time. It was through her husband's founding efforts that, in 1873, Syracuse University opened the College of Scholastic Fine Arts. It was a new departure in education in America and in some respects different from any School of Art in Europe. There were three four-year courses: music, architecture, and painting—with graduating degrees—these were taught systematically in their theory, history, and practice, to which a judicious selection was added of such liberal subjects in literature, general history, natural sciences, and modern languages as bear upon the history and criticism of the Fine Arts. Doctor George Comfort was its first Dean and inspired developer, its Dean for a quarter of a century. The interest it attracted from America's educators brought to the home of the interesting pair many brilliant men and women, and in turn the Comforts traveled extensively throughout Europe.

When the babies outgrew her arms and gradually were scattered in their school life, again there came to the woman physician the call of her profession and the active career. She could not interest herself in the vapid life of society. Doctor Comfort speaks of it with illumined eyes. "It was one continuous round of calling and reception life, which was so at variance with my ideals of vital service that I wearied of it. I could not stand it.

"So, I resumed study to the end of specializing in Gynecology, and practiced for nearly thirty years thereafter, and seemingly honored my record thereby.

"The resumption of my medical practice excited much remark among the University people, among whom I had about an equal number of friends and critics.

"Thus my husband and I pursued two distinctly different lines of activities, science and art, and each lived alike for our causes. No less we admired each other in our differences, nor was there any neglect of our children. They were dearly loved, highly college bred, and all fine characters.

"And through those struggling years we pooled our incomes. We lived for other than monied gatherings and accomplished much in the line of our endeavors.

"Doctor George Comfort was the scholastic founder of American Fine Arts institutions and museums, and the recipient of many doctorate titles in recognition of his great works. And I, serving, medically, suffering women, was additionally blazing the trail for women into their manifold professions of today. Great numbers of University women students were my patients, many of whom avow that my example inspired them to wider choice of public works than they had previously purposed."

And thus, as she says, we radiate often an impetus beyond our conscious understanding.

Since retiring from her active practice, Doctor Comfort has written both prose and verse and is now engaged in biographical writing, and who can tell so well the story of woman's phenomenal advance in the last sixty years as she. When she entered medicine there were the half dozen women physicians and not a single graduate nurse in the entire world, and no other women in professions. There were only half a dozen industries open to women where now there are 389. And indeed, women represent, with high ability, every profession of our times.

Doctor Comfort has reason to be proud of her many sided activities. On her fiftieth medical anniversary, men and women alike of the profession tendered her a complimentary banquet. On the fiftieth anniversary of her

joining, Sorosis, that famous club, honored her with a luncheon and Fifty Year-Badge. She is the oldest medical woman and, the oldest club woman now living, in date of graduation and membership, and in spite of her eighty years, takes an active interest in this world's advance. She is an ardent admirer of the present day activities of woman, feeling confident that they will work their way out of life's remaining perplexities and problems. Of her own contribution she says:

"The strain and sacrifice of most of the early workers in medicine was laid upon the altar of principle, that of caring for their own sex and to prove woman's mental fitness and moral stamina. To prove this, one has only to point today to the hundreds of successful women physicians and that practically none in the ranks of medical women have rendered illegitimate service or yielded to opportunities for unprincipled money making."

Doctor Comfort further affirms that medical work is one of the most understanding and humanizing of professions, for mental anguish so often accompanies the physical and in such states more soul confidences are poured into the ears of physicians than are said to be given spiritual confessors. It is, therefore, at its best, eminently ennobling.

A list of the organizations in which Doctor Comfort still holds membership include: New York Woman's Medical Society; Honorary Membership in the Lozier Medical Club; fifty-five years membership in Sorosis.

CATHCART, JANE R., musician and composer, was born in New York City, June 18, 1874, the daughter of George R. and Jennie M. Cathcart.

Miss Cathcart is the founder of the Washington Heights Musical Club. It is an unique organization, the aim of which is to develop music in America and encourage native composers and artists. Miss Cathcart is the author of the charming songs, *A Song in Spring*, *My Climbing Rose*. She has many songs now in manuscript form.

Miss Cathcart was educated at a private school in New York City conducted by the Misses Grinnell. She showed musical talent when very young and began her formal education with Miss S. C. Very at about ten years of age.

She was an only child and had been the constant companion of her parents. The family were inseparable until the death of Mr. Cathcart when this daugher was eighteen. Mrs. Cathcart died in less than two years and Jane found herself entirely without relatives. The effect on her music was disastrous and she was given her "conge" by her teacher, whose pupil she had been for some years, and with whom she had, up to that time, done excellent work, although as yet she had shown no especial signs of talent as a composer. For many years after that the study of music was distasteful to her although she made some spasmodic efforts to study with different well-known teachers both here and abroad. Finally through her efforts to find a satisfactory teacher for a young protege she got in touch with John Mokrejs, with whom she worked both at theory and piano for several years with great benefit. Miss Cathcart is now supplementing those studies by working with Carolyn Beebe of the New York Chamber Music Society.

Miss Cathcart's most outstanding achievement is the founding of the Washington Heights Musical Club, a unique organization that aims to develop music in America by giving support to native composers and artists, in order that they may have a proper hearing and thereby stimulate both to greater energy in order to create, for our country, an art medium of expression worthy of those high ideals and sterling qualities that have made her so powerful and prosperous a nation.

Miss Cathcart says she started the club because she personally felt the need of close association with other persons studying music. The first year it was a strictly private affair. It proved to be of such benefit to all the members that it seemed a shame not to open

the doors, and it has just developed naturally since then.

"Its purpose is to provide a congenial atmosphere, free from criticism, wherein artists, amateur musicians and students may enjoy each other's accomplishments, while at the same time, establishing a point of contact that makes for mutual benefit and amity.

"The club gives subscription concerts, to which members and friends have access. These, together with the intimate recitals afford exceptional opportunities for members to appear before sympathetic and cultured audiences.

"Moreover, the vocal and instrumental units, formed from time to time, provide a means of giving works of all kinds. Financial aid and support is supplied, whenever possible, to American music and musicians, while the Junior Branch, for young folks under seventeen, enables teachers to present pupils at the open meetings of that branch, to which both active and honorary members are invited.

"Persons of American birth and of recognized standing in the musical world are eligible for Honorary Membership. Their privileges, of necessity, are limited, but they may acquire full benefits through active membership. The Junior Branch is composed of young people, under seventeen years of age, who may appear at open meetings of the branch under certain conditions.

"There are many advantages that accrue to members. They appear each season on programs on which they legitimately belong, among which are the Subscription Recitals and the Organists' Open Meeting at Aeolian or Town Hall and the Intimate Recitals at the Club Studio, either singly or jointly. The benefit of such appearances is obvious. The club is working in the interests of members for big musical connections and has compiled a complimentary list of composers, managers, artists, and publishers, to whom invitations are sent. In this way desirable persons, who may be of use to the members, are brought to the concerts together with others whose contact may be beneficial. The advertising and publicity in musical papers and dailies, done with a generous hand, puts these events into the general category of the city's musical affairs, which are usually attended by critics and reporters. The selling of tickets is secondary to the promotion of the artist and the club further backs its members in their own recitals through invitations to members to occupy seats at the expense of the club.

"The club does not push any member to the disadvantage of other members, but provides the composite push so essential for harmony and progress.

"Students profit through this unusual contact with musicians on a higher stratum. When they are ready to appear, an opportunity is afforded before a friendly audience, as a preliminary to public appearance before a critical one. Artists, amateurs and students frequently coöperate, to the satisfaction and benefit of all.

"The government is in the hands of the Board of Directors. The Honorary Members to date are Mrs. Edward E. MacDowell, Mrs. H. H. A. Beach, Augusta Cottlow, Louise Homer, Carolyn Beebe, Charles Wakefield Cadman and Henry Holden Huss. The active membership is about fifty, numbering some prominent American singers, instrumentalists and composers."

Miss Cathcart's works include: *Two Madrigals; My Climbing Rose; A Song in Spring;* a set of children's songs, manuscripts, set of troubadour songs, manuscripts.

Miss Cathcart's clubs are: The Musicians Club; The Society for the Publication of American Music; International Society for Contemporary Music; Washington Heights Musical Club.

FREEMAN, ELLEN BURROWS (Mrs. W. Winans Freeman), was born in Brooklyn, New York, the daughter of Chester David Burrows, Junior. The first American ancestor of the name came from England and settled

JANE R. CATHCART

in New London, Connecticut, in the year, 1738. Her mother was Emily Pratt Phillips Burrows. Her mother's first American ancestor was Captain Henry Pratt, who came from England in 1620 and settled in Roxbury, Massachusetts. Another maternal ancestor was Lieutenant William Lyon, who came over in the "Hopewell" in 1635, and settled in Massachusetts. DeGory Priest and Sarah Allerton, who came over in the "Mayflower," were also ancestors of Mrs. Freeman on the maternal side. Some of her ancestors were "Minute Men" of Lexington, Massachusetts. In the generations that followed were many professional men who took a prominent part in the affairs of their state.

Although she has helped in innumerable charities, especially along the line of the new philanthropy, which she regards as the only way to help people to help themselves, Mrs. Freeman's outstanding work has been the founding, with Mrs. James Waterman, of Brooklyn, of the "Red Christmas Stocking," which began in a small way in 1910 and has so grown that thousands of the poor receive its benefits every year. During the war, Mrs. Freeman gave herself, conducting the knitting for the Cincinnati Division of Engineers, and in other lines, by her magnetic personality, inspiring into active service many willing but less ingenius women.

Born into the delightful and cultured social life of Brooklyn, into her childish memories are woven the practical philanthropical activities set in motion by Henry Ward Beecher and other prominent divines, whose influence and leadership won prestige for Brooklyn as a brilliant intellectual center, as well as one of the most charming social sections of Greater New York. In this life of Brooklyn, Mrs. Freeman's father, Chester D. Burrows, Junior, took a prominent part in philanthropy and was greatly beloved. Miss Burrows was educated at the Packer Institute of Brooklyn and, as the mode demanded, finished her education and training at Mrs. Backus' Upham School, at Canandaigua, New York. Her school days ended, as a young debutante she carried her alluring vivacity into the social life that opened before her.

Miss Burrows married W. Winans Freeman, of Listowel, Ontario, Canada. Mr. Freeman's father, was Ashel Davis Freeman, of Georgetown, Ontario, Canada, and his mother was Louisa Rachael Winans, daughter of Doctor Henry B. Winans and Milicent Ann Carson Winans, of Exeter, Ontario, Canada. Mr. Freeman's grandfather was John Freeman and his grandmother was Catherine Black Freeman, of Ontario, Canada.

Like many young mothers, her hands were full with home-making and her children: Louise Phillips, Burrows, and W. Winans, Junior. Mrs. Freeman, however, became increasingly active in the social service work of her church and community. Of forward vision, she advocated many improved methods and as the "new philanthropy" began to gain headway, she was quick to see its advantages. The idea of spending personal effort in studying the conditions of individual families and applying common sense to solve their problems of self-support, instead of doling out alms, appealed to her. Her sane outlook could reach farther than the relieving of an immediate need, and her sympathetic interest and that ever present magnetic force of hers aroused latent ambitions and strengthened weakened wills.

In 1910, this found expression when, with Mrs. James Waterman, she founded the "Red Christmas Stocking."

During the World War, of course such an ardent worker for others was one of the first in the field of woman's service. Mrs. Freeman was in Cincinnati at the time and entered with her usual alacrity into the work for the soldiers. Mrs. Freeman had charge of the knitting for the Cincinnati Division of Engineers. Her daughter, Louise, was a licensed radio operator in the Signal Corps, working at the Western Electric Company, in New York, and in the Bureau of Standards, Washington, District of Columbia. Mrs.

Freeman's two boys were in school, too young to "go over."

Louise Phillips Freeman attended the Brooklyn Heights Seminary, Brooklyn, New York, and later graduated from the Ogontz School, Ogontz, Pennsylvania. Miss Freeman is a member of the Junior League, Daughters of the British Empire, Mayflower Association, American Woman's Association, Incorporated, York Club, New York Water Color Club. Burrows Freeman, eldest son, attended the Hoosac School, Hoosac, New York; Taft School, Watertown, Connecticut; Williams College; Caius College, Cambridge, England. He is a member of the Alpha Delta Phi and Williams Club, New York. W. Winans Feeman, Junior, attended the Hoosac School and Taft School, and is at present preparing for an engineering university course.

Mr. and Mrs. Freeman have a delightful home, Listowell Farm, at Westhampton Beach, Long Island, New York, and live, when in Cincinnati, at the Cincinnati Country Club. They also spend several months each year in New York. Wherever they are, their home is thrown wide to their friends with open-hearted hospitality. With her personal gifts of lovable charm and vivacious activity, it is natural that friends would not allow her to give all her time to philanthropies but demand that they have a share. All the Freeman family are communicants of St. Thomas Episcopal Church, New York City; and St. Paul's Cathedral, Cincinnati.

Mrs. Freeman is a member of the following clubs and societies: Society of Mayflower Descendants; Colonial Daughters of the Seventeenth Century; Daughters of the American Revolution; Society of New England Women; a life member of the Brooklyn Women's Club; Civitas and Kosmos Club, of Brooklyn; York Club, of New York; Women's National Republican Club; Associate Member Amateur Comedy Club, and Girl Scouts of Cincinnati.

TOWNSHEND, HANNAH DRAPER OSGOOD (Mrs. Henry Hotchkiss Townshend), suffragist, politician, was born in Boston, Massachusetts, December 27, 1882, the daughter of Edward Louis and Hannah Thwing Draper Osgood. Mrs. Townshend is a descendant of old New England families. The first Osgoods came to America from England early in the history of the Colonies. Her father's mother was a granddaughter of Israel Putman. On her mother's side, she traces back to the Drapers and Thwings, who were prominent in the affairs of eastern Massachusetts, both in Colonial and Revolutionary times.

Mrs. Townshend gave a devoted service to the fight for woman's suffrage. All over the state her voice was raised wherever needed. Mrs. Townshend is known as an ardent Republican worker but as an unequivocal opponent of machine politics. Almost alone in her county she has made her courageous stand against the powerful Republican machine and will not compromise for partisan advantage. Although slowly, her influence and honesty are surely winning converts. Mrs. Townshend is a loyal member of the League of Women Voters.

It was when little Hannah Osgood was but twelve years old and, with her twin sister, Fanny, trotting along old Beacon Street, in Boston, to Miss Flint's Private School for Girls that she declared herself in favor of woman's right to vote. The idea struck the child with the force of an inspiration that women were intelligent and capable enough to vote; all about her in those inchoate '90s women were asserting their ability in professional and business lines. "Weren't they citizens," she reasoned. "Of course they should have the right of citizens," and from these conclusions she never swerved. She was never slow to express her loyalty. One day she had a controversy with an older brother who wound up his argument with true masculine superiority.

"Well, I think so anyway," to which she quickly and characteristically replied:

Ellen Gertrude Sewall

"If its a question of thinks, my thinks is as good as your thinks, so there!" This has been a by-word in the Osgood family to this day.

As she grew into her teens, Hannah Osgood, with her twin, Fanny, attended Miss Winsor's School, also in Boston, where her education was along the conventional lines of the languages and literature, mathematics and history, and of course appreciation of the arts. But she always showed an ability to think independently. She was a born leader and her originality and earnestness carried weight with the girl companions. Looking back to the old school days, those school mates declare that although they were not always convinced, they were impressed and sometimes awed by her daring adventure into deep subjects. As a very young woman Hannah Draper Osgood showed the quality of character, so prominent in later years, that ignored what people might think of her if she knew her convictions were unbiased and sincere. Sincerity, that was the firm ground on which she stood. When the arguments swung around from the right of women to vote to the special plea against its expediency she stood by her colors.

When the twin girls were graduated they went to Europe for a year's traveling, their parents feeling that it was a more broadening experience than a finishing school and neither sister cared to go to college. And when they returned to Boston it was just as a society girl that she occupied her time until she married.

At 221 Beacon Street, Boston, Massachusetts, January 21, 1913, Hannah Draper Osgood married Henry Hotchkiss Townshend, of New Haven, Connecticut, and went to the latter city to live. She became a prominent figure in the social life there but began to demand something more for her energies. She was attracted into various welfare activities, and with her naturally logical mind soon began to try to figure out why there was so much lost effort and time in bringing about reforms that were clearly needed.

Suffrage was becoming a live question in Connecticut at this time. In New Haven she found a demand and scope for her services in the cause. Although a suffragist in conviction and sympathy, she had not been drawn into it actively but when she once saw that there was need for her she went into it with all her "heart and soul." Most of her intimate friends in her social life were indifferent or actively anti-suffragists. They were the class of women, who, having most of the good things of this world, did not recognize the need for any change. Mrs. Townshend saw that if certain admittedly necessary welfares in the city and state government were to be carried through with the minimum of effort, it was necessary for women to have behind them the force of the ballot. From the first she wanted the vote for its effectiveness in political and social reforms. From the time she became interested in New Haven she recognized that women must work themselves into the political structure, and, long before she had the vote, she began the study of the political game. With the fearlessness so characteristic of her she publicly criticized the methods of the machine until the "Bosses" noticed that here was an influence to be reckoned with. These straight-forward, unembellished, fine public uttterances of hers were arousing comment and investigation.

The sophistries of her friends among the opponents of suffrage came to disaster against her unanswerable premises that women were human beings, hence with equal rights to the duties and privileges of democracy. And the ridicule, good natured in the main but sometimes bitter, boomeranged to their own chagrin before her calm, reasonable and honest conviction.

When the fight for suffrage was won, Mrs. Townshend, as a natural sequence, threw her influence and energy into the service of the League of Women Voters, that non-partisan organization which educates the new woman citizen to cast her vote intelligently and help-

fully, whichever party the individual may decide to support.

It was a critical time in the history of our experiment in democracy. Everywhere was disillusion and unrest. The male voter was increasingly discouraged or indifferent. The twenty million new women voters must be innoculated against this microbe of apathy and impotence. It seemed to Mrs. Townshend, as to many of the valiant fighters in the old suffrage ranks, that the women who had worked so indefatigably and unselfishly for suffrage should take the initiative and form the nucleus of an organization which could take the lead in forming not a woman's party but a woman's political school. She became one of the leaders in her state. She took an active part in organizing the New Haven League, which under her enthusiastic drive for membership became the largest in the state. This impetus extended through the New Haven County and there were a number of local leagues formed in the smaller towns. Mrs. Townshend says that to be "without the League of Women Voters in politics is like being without religion in life."

"The League of Women Voters," declares Mrs. Townshend, "has two valuable avenues of helpfulness." First, it is for the information and education of citizens, primarily women, but it is at the disposal of all voters. Through its citizen schools, in coöperation with colleges and universities when possible, and under the auspices of the local leagues, it directly teaches the institutions and standards of government, the problems of efficiency and growth, and presents the questions of the hour from every angle. But its service has another side. As a body of women with such a background, it not only opens an avenue for women to work for wise legislation on matters for which they feel directly responsible, as, for instance, welfare, living costs and social hygiene, but it brings the pressure to bear on legislators of a tremendous body of intelligent and informed opinion.

If there is any part of the policy and program of the League of Women Voters that Mrs. Townshend stresses it is the efforts of the League to get out the voters; to impress upon the new women citizens that to neglect to live up to their responsibility at the poles is to be just as much a slacker as to dodge a draft. She endorses the postulate of the League that "the neglect of the ballot is the most serious problem of our political life." "The very act," she maintains, "of deciding between two evils, if that were necessary, makes for a feeling of responsibility and a resolve to take a more vital interest at the next election."

From the first Mrs. Townshend went into politics, perhaps with not so much enthusiasm as steady determination and her always fearless sincerity. She possesses the spirit of the true pioneer, who is willing to be knocked down in his course if only an appreciable advantage has been gained. She paid no heed to the men who tried to tell her that the individual could put up no fight against the machine. She knew a beginning must be made if the machines was ever to be put out of running and the government handed back to the people. So she took her stand. In her absolute integrity she could do nothing else.

In November, 1924, Mrs. Townshend led the ticket for state representative; she even outran President Coolidge. New Haven went over ten thousand Republican majority. A month later Governor-elect Hiram Bingham signified his intention to run for United States Senator from Connecticut. Mrs. Townshend came out with the statement that she would vote against him. In announcing her intention to vote for Hamilton Holt, democratic nominee for United States Senator, Mrs. Townshend, then Vice-Chairman of the New Haven Republican Town Committee, declared:

"I cannot believe that Mr. Bingham was the choice of free Republicans. I resent having the United States Senate treated as personal party patronage and I protest against having the high office of Governor of the State

Hannah D. Townshend

treated with contempt." In this connection it is significant to note that the city of New Haven went six-hundred and fifty majority for Holt, the opposition candidate.

In 1924, Mrs. Townshend was appointed by the Mayor as a member of the Board of Directors of the New Haven Public Library.

As a legislator, Mrs. Townshend is very earnest and high-minded in her ideals. She does not regard a man or woman, elected to represent a certain body, as a sounding board to reflect every cry or clamor or demand from groups back home, who are uninformed as to all the circumstances or biased from purely personal outlook. She believes that a legislator is elected because of the trust his fellow-citizens have in his honesty of purpose, his broad sympathies, his calm judgment and in his ability to handle fairly and justly the legislative problems as they arise. For her it is unthinkable that a representative of the people should place his desire to be reëlected above his conviction of what is right; or that he should continually keep his ear tuned to the demands of party bosses. When once elected she feels that she is not responsible to her party but to the community, that a legislator is on his honor to act for the whole people, and for the future of the commonwealth.

Mrs. Townshend is as ardent an Unitarian as she is a politician. In speaking of the controversy in the churches she says that to her it is redeemed from the triviality and absurdity it seems to so many because it is carried on by men who do not treat lightly or thoughtlessly the things of the spirit. The way the controversy has spread proves how terribly important at this time "the things of the spirit" are becoming.

In an article published during the winter of 1923 Mrs. Townshend states her angle of vision.

"The physical divinity I do not believe. It is abhorrent to me. That is why the Virgin Birth has no place in my religious feeling. If it doesn't mean what it says, why say it? To me it is like contamination to take a miraculous and spiritual thing like birth and connect it with an untrue phsyical condition like Virginity. Those of us who are mothers know that birth is a holy experience because it comes from the uniting of the divine elements that make it infinitely more precious and marvelous than the ancient doctrine does. Birth is miraculous but in our understanding of the word there is nothing virgin about it. I do not believe in lip-service before one's Master. Nobody of honor and integrity will serve his God falsely. If it isn't believed it should not be said by any sincere person."

For the other side Mrs. Townshend has an intense sympathy. She appreciates what a terrible menace it is to their conception of life to have an accepted tenet questioned.

"For some of those on the other side," she affirms, "I have great sympathy. Some honestly believe that if one point is conceded, there must be another and another until finally no authority is left. Then comes chaos. These people live by the emotions, minus thought, not by emotions through thought."

Her ambition for women is that they shall learn to think in order to do constructively. Women have so much more time than men that they can divert to the good of the community either through politics or through religion by learning to think; learning to live by the emotions through their thinking. She would not have them afraid to think nor afraid to follow whither their thinking will lead. She argues that the intellect and spirit cannot be separated, they belong together. Intellect the lesser, because partial. God invites investigation. He has given a right to think whatever thought comes into our brains.

"I would be only too glad," contends Mrs. Townshend, "for some one to do my thinking for me if that person could do my feeling for me. But that is one thing the conscious soul must do for itself. It has to feel for itself. There is no escape. We Unitarians believe that we are meant to think, for what the mind can think the soul can feel. The mind is our

relation to humanity and the soul our part in eternity. Mind working through our emotions is what we mean by 'salvation' through 'character'."

On March 27, 1920, was born Henry Hotchkiss Townshend, Junior, the only child of Mr. and Mrs. Townshend. Mrs. Townshend adores children, not only her own little son but all children. "They are not only," she declares, "the hope and joy of the world, but to me they are the pledge of immortality. Love and truth cannot die, they carry on eternally. That is the reason that struggling is worth while."

Mrs. Townshend's clubs are: Connecticut League of Women Voters; New Haven League of Women Voters; New Haven County League of Women Voters; Business and Professional Woman's Club; Consumers League of Connecticut; National Republican Woman's Club; Massachusetts Republican Woman's Club; Connecticut Society Colonial Dames; Daughters of the American Revolution (Eve Lear Chapter); New Haven Garden Club; Alliance Française; Graduate Club of Miss Winsor's, Boston; The Vincent Club, Boston; The Little Theatre Guild; The New Haven Lawn Club; The New Haven Country Club, and The Forum of Litchfield, Connecticut.

Volume II—INDEX

A

PAGE

ALLIS, Annie Gibson, volunteer worker 89
ALFRED COLLEGE 256
AMERICAN BIRTH CONTROL LEAGUE 126, 218
AMERICAN FREE MILK AND REFUGE FOR ITALY, *Drake* 281
ANTHONY, Susan B., *Harper* 52
ARMSTRONG, Helen Maitland, artist 48
ART STUDENTS' LEAGUE 12, 165, 223
ASHLEY, Jessie, lawyer, writer, suffragist 123
ASSOCIATED ARTISTS, *Wheeler* 188

B

BAILEY, Florence Merriam, ornithologist 206
BAKER, Elizabeth Gowdy, portrait painter 137
BARNARD COLLEGE 230
BARNES, Helen Florence, sociologist 87
BARRINGER, Emily Dunning, physician and surgeon 15
BASCOM, Florence, geologist 29
BASSETT, Karolyn Wells, composer, singer 219
BAYLOR UNIVERSITY 170
"BILLY SUNDAY," *Kinney* 269
BOOTH, Evangeline, social welfare 276
BOSTON TRADE SCHOOL FOR GIRLS 161, 264
BOSTON UNIVERSITY 265
BOYLE, Virginia Frazer, poet, philanthropist 54
BOYNTON, Catherine, psychotherapist 44
BROWN, Helen Gilman Noyes, philanthropist 128
BRYN MAWR 30, 133, 229
BUSINESS WOMEN'S UNION, *Dike* 195

C

C. A. I. L., *Keyser* 213
CAMP FIRE GIRLS, *Woolman* 102
CANNON, Annie Jump, astronomer 7
CARNELL, Laura Horner, educator 173
CATHCART, Jane R., musician 297
CHELSEA DAY NURSERY, *Mygatt* 133
CHICAGO ART ACADEMY 121
CHICAGO ART INSTITUTE 72
CHICAGO HISTORICAL SOCIETY 68
CHICAGO NORMAL SCHOOL 3
CHICAGO PUBLIC SCHOOLS 6
COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY 108, 170, 229, 265
COMFORT, Anna Manning, physician and surgeon 292
CONSUMERS' LEAGUE, *Wells* 106, 160
COOPER UNION 138, 190, 212
COÖPERATIVE EXPERIMENT, *Shurtleff* 283
COPP, Maud Evelyn Fletcher, musician 258
CORNELL UNIVERSITY 17
COX-MCCORMACK, Nancy, sculptor 73
CRAWFORD, Mary Caroline, writer, social worker 83

D

PAGE

DAY, Katherine Beach, suffragist, reformer 216
DELSARTE SCHOOL OF EXPRESSION 257
DEMOCRATIC NATIONAL CONVENTION 1924 ..... 112, 157
DENNETT, Mary Ware, art-craftsman, lecturer, writer 236
DIKE, Jeannie Dean Scott, philanthropist, suffragist 194
DRAKE, Dula H. Rae, philanthropist 280
DREIER, Dorothea A., modernist in art, social worker 228
DREIER, Katherine Sophie, artist, social worker 225
DRYDEN, Helen, artist 233

E

EVANS, Elizabeth Gardiner, social reformer 103

F

FARNAM, Ruth Stanley, war-relief worker 287
FAVILL SCHOOL OF OCCUPATION, *Monroe* 208
FLETCHER MUSIC METHOD, *Copp* 262
FORD HALL MEETINGS, *Crawford* 85
FREEMAN, Ellen Burrows, philanthropist 298
FRY, Georgia Timken, artist 153

G

GENERAL FEDERATION OF WOMEN CLUBS 63, 139, 141, 201
GERSTENBERG, Julia, philanthropist, civic worker 254
"GET OUT THE VOTE" 46, 139, 302
GIRL PIONEERS 83
GOLDEN, Norah, advertising expert 240
GOUVENEUR HOSPITAL, *Barringer* 20
GRISWOLD, Edith Julia, lawyer, patent expert 25

H

HAMPTON COLLEGE 121
HAGUE CONFERENCE, *Mead* 197
HARPER, Ida Husted, journalist, writer, lecturer 50
HARTLEY, Rachel, artist 222
HARVARD UNIVERSITY 8, 108
HATTONCHÂTEL, *Skinner* 32
HEREDITARY ORDER DESCENDANTS COLONIAL GOVERNORS, *Treat* 241
HISTORY OF WOMAN SUFFRAGE, *Harper* 50
HOME FOR RECREATION OF WOMEN AND CHILDREN 226, 228
HOWES, Edith Mary, artist, practical sociologist 160
HUSE, Sibyl Marvin, author, Christian Science practitioner 91

I

IGHAM UNIVERSITY 192
ILLINOIS EQUAL FRANCHISE LEAGUE, *Trout* 62
INDIANA UNIVERSITY 50, 148
INTERNATIONAL WORKING WOMAN'S CONGRESS 227
ISAACS, Lucie Fulton, suffragist writer 41

J

PAGE

JACOBI, Marie, *Barringer* 17
JOHNSON, Grace Mott, sculptor 165

K

KENT COLLEGE OF LAW 147
KEYSER, Harrietta Amelia, industrial reformer 211
KINNEY, Florence Elizabeth, social worker 266

L

LANDIS, Bertha E. Knight, politician, philanthropist 148
LANGWORTHY, Mary Lewis, lecturer, executive 256
LEAGUE OF WOMAN VOTERS 112, 126, 141
LEWIS, Janet Cook, librarian, "book doctor" 190
LEWIS, Margaret Cameron, author, psychologist 75
LINDERMAN, Fannie Beatrice, educator, writer 273
LITTLE ITALY NEIGHBORHOOD ASSOCIATION 226
LUCY STONE LEAGUE, INC. 241

Mc

MCILVAINE, Caroline Margaret, librarian 68

M

MANHATTAN TRADE SCHOOL FOR GIRLS 101, 226, 269
MARSHALL, Florence M., educator 263
MARY THOMPSON HOSPITAL 6, 186
MASSACHUSETTS INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY 10, 283
MASSACHUSETTS MINIMUM WAGE COMMISSION, *Evans* 104
MASSACHUSETTS LEAGUE OF GIRLS' CLUBS, *Howes* 166
MEAD, Lucia Ames, lecturer, reformer 196
MONROE, Anna Hamill, philanthropist 200
MOREY, Agnes Hosmer, organizer, suffragist 199
MOSKOWITZ, Belle Lindner Israel, politician, social worker 157
MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS COLLECTION, *Skinner* 24
MYGATT, Tracy Dickinson, sociologist 132

N

NATIONAL EDUCATIONAL ASSOCIATION, *Young* 5
NATIONAL SCULPTURE SOCIETY, *Yandell* 122
NATIONAL SOCIETY OF MURAL PAINTERS 11
NATIONAL SUFFRAGE PUBLICATION COMPANY 238
NATIONAL WOMAN'S PARTY 124, 199, 217
NATIONAL WOMAN'S SUFFRAGE ASSOCIATION 124
NEWBERRY LIBRARY 69
NEW YORK MEDICAL COLLEGE FOR WOMEN, *Comfort* 294
NEW YORK NORMAL COLLEGE 25
NEW YORK UNIVERSITY LAW SCHOOL 26, 123
NICHOLS, Claribel, pioneer business woman 117
NINETEENTH AMENDMENT CAMPAIGN 53

O

PAGE

OAKLEY, Violet, artist 11
OGILVIE, Ida Helen, geologist, argiculturist 229
OLD SOUTH CHURCH FORUMS, *Crawford* 86

P

PAN-AMERICAN EXPOSITION 97, 122
PANAMA-PACIFIC 14
PEABODY, Josephine Preston, poet, dramatist 269
PEACE CONFERENCE 197
PEN AND BRUSH CLUB, *Lewis* 82, 191
PENNSYLVANIA ACADEMY OF FINE ARTS 15, 233
PENNSYLVANIA STATE CAPITOL, *Oakley* 13
PHILADELPHIA ART ALLIANCE, *Stevenson* 151
PORRITT, Annie G., reformer, educator 124
PORTER, Florence Collins, editor, politician 200
PROTECTION OF WOMEN IN INTERNATIONAL LAW, *Farnam* 288

R

RADCLIFFE COLLEGE 10, 82, 270
REPUBLICAN NATIONAL CONVENTION 200
ROBERTSON, Graziella Ridgway, pianist, concert singer 38
ROSS, Gertrude, composer, musician 163
RUNKLE, Bertha, novelist 115
RUNKLE, Lucia Gilbert, journalist, poet 113

S

SALVATION ARMY, *Booth* 277
SCARBOROUGH, Dorothy, educator, novelist 170
SCHMIDT, Minna, costumer 142
SERBIAN, Child Welfare Association, *Farnam* 288
SETON, Grace Gallatin Thompson, writer, sociologist 79
SHURTLEFF, Margaret Homer Nichols, bell-ringer, sociologist 282
SKINNER, Belle, philanthropist 31
SMITH COLLEGE 107, 204
SOCIETY OF DECORATIVE ART, *Wheeler* 187
SOCIETY OF INDEPENDENT ARTISTS, *Dreier* 227
SOLARI, Marie Magdelene, artist 64
SOROSIS CLUB, *Comfort* 295
SPRINGS, Lena Jones, politician 110
STEVENSON, Christine Wetherill, dramatist 151
STEWART, Rosalie, play producer 250
ST. LOUIS EXPOSITION (1904) 15, 27, 65, 119, 121
ST. LOUIS SCHOOL OF FINE ARTS 72, 156
SWIFT, Alice Mayhew, decorator 291

T

TEACHERS' COLLEGE 100, 157
TEMPLE UNIVERSITY, *Carnell* 176
TEN LOST TRIBES OF ISRAEL, *Huse* 95

PAGE

TERHUNE, Albert Payson, *Terhune* 35
TERHUNE, Anice Morris Stockton, composer, writer 35
THE DESERT VISION, *Boynton* 48
THE HENRY DRAPER CATALOGUE 8
THE HOLY EXPERIMENT, *Oakley* 11
THOMPSON, Mary Harris, physician, surgeon 176
TOWNSHEND, Hannah Draper Osgood 302
TREAT, Gail, writer, organizer 241
TROPICAL RESEARCH STATION, *Hartley* 224
TROUT, Grace Wilbur, lecturer, suffragist 59
TUFTS COLLEGE 280

U

UNION SETTLEMENT, *Brown* 129
UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO 5, 30, 69
UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA 99
UNIVERSITY OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA 163
UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN 30
UNITED STATES GEOLOGICAL SURVEY, *Bascom* 30

V

VASSAR COLLEGE 14, 32
VOLUNTARY PARENTHOOD LEAGUE, *Dennett* 239

W

WASHINGTON HEIGHTS MUSICAL CLUB, *Cathcart* 130, 230
WASHINGTON UNIVERSITY LAW SCHOOL 127
WELLES, Mary Crowell, reform specialist 106
WELLESLEY COLLEGE 9, 10, 270
WHEELER, Candace Thurber, artist 186
WHITE, Martha E. Davis, writer, lecturer 139
WHITEHEAD, Reah Mary, judge 126
WHITING, Lillian, *Fry* 157
WHITING, Sarah F., *Cannon* 10
WOOLMAN, Mary Schenck, textile specialist 98
WRIGHT, Agnes Foster, decorator, writer 289

Y

YALE UNIVERSITY 108
YANDELL, Enid, sculptor 120
YOUNG, Ella Flagg, educator 1
YOUNG WOMEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION 87, 130

Z

ZAKRZEWSKI, Marie 179, 293

Volume I—INDEX

A

PAGE

ADAMS, Abigail Brown Brooks 4
ADAMS, Abigail Smith 1
ADAMS, Annette Abbott, lawyer 376
ADAMS, Evangeline Smith, astrologer 240
ADAMS, Louisa Catherine Johnson 3
ADLER, Helen Goldmark, philanthropist 352
AGASSIZ, Elizabeth Cabot Cary, educator 9
ALDEN, Cynthia May Westover 377
ALEXANDER, Frances Gordon Paddock 102
ALLEN, Eleanor Whitney 334
ALLEN, Marion Boyd, artist and portrait painter 259
ALLWOOD LIME CO., *Squire* 87
AMBRINE TREATMENT FOR BURNS, *DeWolfe* 72
AMERICAN FRIENDS OF MUSICIANS IN FRANCE, *Tuttle* 136
AMERICAN FUND FOR FRENCH WOUNDED, *Bangs* 355
AMERICAN MEMORIAL HOSPITAL, *Bangs* 355
ANDERSON, Elizabeth Milbank, *Hooker* 74
ANDERSON, Elizabeth Preston, temperance reformer 146
ANDERSON, Isabel 51
ANDREW, Harriet White Fisher, manufacturer 380
ANDREWS, Fannie Fern, educational and economic expert 335
ANGLIN, Margaret, actress 201
ANTI-BASEMENT CIRCLE, *Hammond* 25
ART ALLIANCE OF AMERICA 28
ART WORKERS CLUB FOR WOMEN, *Hitchcock* 195
ASSOCIATION OF CATHOLIC CHARITIES, *O'Donohue* 293
AUBERT, Marion Bragg, philanthropist 252
AUSTIN, Mary, author 191

B

BAKER, Charlotte Alice, educator and author 345
BAKER, Katherine, army nurse 326
BANGS, Edith, philanthropist 354
BANNING, Margaret Culkin 326
BARBER, Elsie Yandell 322
BASSETT, Sara Ware, author 231
BATCHELLER, Tryphosa Bates, author and musician 175
BATES, Emma Frances Duncan 174
BEECKMAN, Eleanor Thomas 318
BELMONT, Mrs. Oliver H. P., *National Woman's Party* 48
BENTLEY, Augusta Zug 197
BINGHAM, Amelia, actress 230
BIRD, Anna Child 281
BISHOP, Mary Agnes Dalrymple 282
BLASHFIELD, Evangeline Wilbour, author 143
BLATCH, Harriot Stanton, reformer 67
BLIND, NEW YORK ASSOCIATION FOR THE, *Holt* 108
BLIND, NEW YORK LIGHTHOUSE FOR THE, *Holt* 108
BLODGETT, Daisy Albertine Peck 328
BOARDMAN, Mabel Thorp, Red Cross Officer 104
BOISSEVAIN, Inez Milholland, suffragist 19
BOND, Carrie Jacobs, composer and publisher 157
BOND, Mabel Cornish 243
BOOTH, Elizabeth Knox, suffragist 158

PAGE

BORG, Madeleine, philanthropist 283
BOSTWICK, Helen Celia Ford, philanthropist 348
BOWEN, Louise de Koven, philanthropist 15
BOYNTON, Helen Augusta Mason 229
BRADLEY, Susan Hinckley, painter 207
BREITUNG, Charlotte Kaufman, philanthropist 264
BRENT, Margaret 9
BROOKLYN HOME FOR CONSUMPTIVES, *White* 255
BROWN, Emily Lynch 223
BROWN, Olive Marie McIntosh 159
BURKE, Colonel Kathleen 203
BURLINGAME, Lillian M., physician 159
BYRNS, Elinor, lawyer 205

C

CABOT, Ella Lyman, educator and author 294
CALLAN, Estella Folts 114
CALLENDER, Estelle Victoria Hudgins 206
CAMERON, Mabel Ward 62
CANDEE, Helen Churchill, author 159
CARPENTER, Alice Caroline, organizer 207
CARROLL, Caroline Moncure Benedict 382
CASWELL, Caroline Matilda, social settlement worker 222
CATT, Carrie Lane Chapman, suffragist 76
CERCLE, LAFAYETTE, *Rice* 302
CHANNON, Vesta Miller Westover 160
CHASE, Elizabeth Hosmer Kellogg, philanthropist 275
CHATFIELD-TAYLOR, Rose 233
CHILD STUDY, FEDERATION FOR, *Gans* 397
CHILD WELFARE ACT, *Einstein* 393
CHILDREN'S EDUCATIONAL THEATRE, *Fry* 212
CITY GARDENS CLUB, *Peters* 344
CITY HISTORY CLUB 69
CLAXTON, Hannah Johnson, librarian and lecturer 336
CLERGUE, Gertrude Alice 376
COFER, Luisita Leland 241
COLE, Anna Russell, philanthropist 105
CONGRESSIONAL UNION FOR WOMAN SUFFRAGE, *National Woman's Party* 47
COOK, Lora Mary Haines, President-General Daughters of the American Revolution 358
COOK, Marguerite, editor and publisher 332
COOLIDGE, Jennie Adelaide Holmes, writer 360
COONLEY, Queene Ferry 75
CORBETT, Gail Sherman, sculptor 221
COTTLE, Marion Weston, lawyer 285
CRAM, Alice Estella, contractor 114
CROSS, Grace Ella, physician 137
CUMMINGS, Mary Augusta Marston 170
CURTIS, Frances Kellogg Small 221

D

DARLINGTON, Ella Louise Bearns 111
DARLINGTON, Hannah Anne Goodliffe 112
DAVIESS, Maria Thompson, artist and author 327
DAVIS, Katharine Bement, sociologist 117
DAVIS, Miriam Maduro Peixotto 248
DAVISON, Kate Trubee 57

PAGE

DAY, Elizabeth Richards 242
DEAN, Suzanne Ella Wood, author and singer 220
DEBRUCHE, Winifred Sackville Stoner 272
DE GORGORZA, Emma Eames, opera singer 388
DE KOVEN, Anna Farwell 234
DE LAMAR, Alice Antoinette 120
DE WOLFE, Elsie Anderson 70
DRAPER, Helen Fidelia Hoffman 257
DREXEL, Mary Stretch Irick 83
DUER, Caroline King, writer 356
DURYEA, Nina Larrey, author and war relief worker 219

E

EAGLE ANVIL WORKS, *Andrew* 380
EAMES, Emma, opera singer 388
EARHART, Frances Elizabeth, librarian 217
EAVES, Lucille, educator 390
EBERLE, Abastenia St. Leger, sculptor 142
EINSTEIN, Hannah 392
EQUAL RIGHTS PROGRAM, *National Woman's Party* 49
ETHICAL CULTURE SOCIETY, *Adler* 352
EVANS, Mary Elizabeth, manufacturer 252

F

FATHERLESS CHILDREN OF FRANCE, *Cofer* 242
FELS, Mary, reformer 121
FIELD, Sara Bard, suffragist 147
FISK, Janette, philanthropist 383
FITZ SIMONS, Ellen French 156
FLINT, Annie Austin, author 211
FOLKMAR, Elnora Cuddeback, physician 394
FORSYTHE, Grace C. Strachan, educator 304
FOSTER, Fay, composer 182
FOX, Emma Augusta Stowell, parliamentarian 210
FRANKENTHAL, Tillie S. 149
FRANKLIN, Laura Merryman 277
FREER, Eleanor Everest, composer 105
FROEBEL LEAGUE OF NEW YORK 26
FROTHINGHAM, Eugenia Brooks, author 208
FRY, Emma Sheridan, educator 212

G

GANS, Bird Stein 397
GEER, Helen Hartley Jenkins 44
GENTH, Lillian Matilda, painter 280
GERSTENBERG, Alice, playwright 196
GIBBS, Winifred Stuart, economist 161
GILFORD, Mary Penrose Hooton 280
GIRLS' PROTECTIVE LEAGUE 126
GIRLS' SERVICE LEAGUE 128
GODDARD, Emma, social service worker 161
GOLDSMITH, Elizabeth Edwards 295
GOULD, Cora Smith 224
GRAVES, Angeline Loesch, journalist 161
GREENE, Helen Culver Kerr 152
GULLIVER, Julia Henrietta 263

H

PAGE

HAMMOND, Emily Vanderbilt ... 24
HARRISON, Mary Scott Lord ... 369
HARTLEY HOUSE, *Jenkins* ... 40
HARTLEY OPEN STAIR TENEMENT, *Jenkins* ... 40
HARTLEY OPEN STAIR TENEMENT, *Geer* ... 44
HARTLEY TRUST FOUNDATION, *Jenkins* ... 43
HASTINGS, Caroline Eliza, physician ... 239
HAY, Mrs. John, *Wadsworth* ... 32
HAY, Mary Garrett, reformer ... 110
HELLMAN, Frances, philanthropist ... 356
HELMER, Elizabeth Bradwell, lawyer and editor ... 162
HELMER, Nellie Fitzhugh, social worker ... 266
HENRY, Alice, editor and writer ... 357
HEPBURN, Emily Eaton ... 68
HIGGINS, Katharine Chapin ... 378
HILLCREST FARM, *Protective Work for Girls* ... 125
HITCHCOCK, Helen Sanborn Sargent ... 195
HOBBS, Mary Everett Marshall ... 164
HOBSON, Sarah Matilda, physician ... 167
HOES, Rose Gouverneur, lecturer ... 167
HOFFMAN, Malvina Cornell, sculptor ... 72
HOLT, Marshall Keyser, chemist, miner and rancher ... 399
HOLT, Winifred, sculptor, author and philanthropist ... 108
HOLTON, Jessie Moon, educator ... 326
HOME THRIFT ASSOCIATION, *Hammond* ... 25
HOOKER, Blanche Ferry, philanthropist ... 74
HORSFORD, Cornelia, archaeologist ... 168
HORTON, Katherine Lorenz Pratt ... 375
HOWE, Julia Ward ... 54
HULING, Sara Hawks ... 237
HULL HOUSE, *Bowen* ... 16
HUTCHINSON, Anne ... 192
HYATT, Anna Vaughn, sculptor ... 23

I

IDE, Fannie Ogden, author ... 233
IMPERIAL ORDER OF THE DAUGHTERS OF THE EMPIRE, *Murray* ... 232
INTERNATIONAL NEW THOUGHT ALLIANCE, *Towne* ... 372
INTERNATIONAL SCHOOL FARM LEAGUE, *Parsons* ... 341
INTERNATIONAL SUNSHINE SOCIETY, *Alden* ... 377

J

JACOBS, Mary Frick ... 169
JENKINS, Helen Hartley, philanthropist ... 36
JEWISH BIG SISTERS, *Borg* ... 283
JOAN OF ARC, STATUE OF, *Hyatt* ... 23
JOHNSON, Content, painter ... 372
JOHNSON, Julia Macfarlane Carson, educator ... 171
JORDAN, Elizabeth, author ... 171
JOY, Helen Hall Newberry ... 258
JUNIOR ART PATRONS OF AMERICA, *Sterner* ... 340
JUVENILE PROTECTIVE ASSOCIATION, *Bowen* ... 17

K

PAGE

KELLEY, Lilla Elizabeth, educationist 238
KENNELLY, Marguerite Amy 153
KESSLER, Cora Parsons, philanthropist 172
KERR, Helen Culver 151
KEYES, Frances Parkinson Wheeler, author 200
KLINE, Frances Talbot Littleton 190
KOHLER, Rose, sculptor and painter 254

L

LAIDLAW, Harriet Burton, suffragist 399
LANG, Margaret Ruthven, composer 179
LEARNED, Ellin Cravin, writer 190
LEARY, Annie, philanthropist 370
LEARY, Julia May Crofton 186
LEAVITT, Mary Augusta, physician 150
LEIGHT, Angelina 106
LESLIE, Mrs. Frank, *Catt* 82
LIGHTHOUSE FOR THE BLIND, *Holt* 108
LINDSAY, Mary Ann Batson 274
LIVERMORE, Henrietta J. Wells 305
LOCKE, Bessie, educator 97
LONGFELLOW, Julia Livingston Delafield 262
LONGMAN, Evelyn Beatrice, sculptor 141
LONGSHORE, Hannah E. Myers, physician 386
LOOMIS, Julia Stimson 254
LUDLOW, Clara Southmayd, scientist 189
LUKENS, Rebecca Webb, manufacturer 12

Mc

MCCORMICK, Edith Rockefeller 130
MCCORMICK, ELIZABETH MEMORIAL FUND, THE 7
MCCORMICK, Harriet Bradley Hammond, philanthropist 5
MCCORMICK, Ruth Hanna 188
MCCULLOCH, Catherine Gouger Waugh 234

M

MANN, Kristine, physician 363
MARTIN, Anna Henrietta, suffragist and politician 235
MASON, Fanny Peabody 281
MASON, Marion Houghton 363
MATHER, Mrs. Rufus Graves, *Holt* 108
MAXWELL, Anna Caroline, nurse 85
MENKEN, Alice Davis, social worker 249
MEYER, Annie Nathan, author 246
MEYER, Lucy Rider, educator and author 369
MILHAU, Zella de 237
MILHOLLAND, Vida, suffragist 22
MINER, Maude E., social worker 121
MINOT, Elizabeth, *Peirce* 342
MORRISON, Abby Putnam, radio operator and singer 107
MORRISSON, Mary Foulke 181
MOSHER, Mary E., physician 183
MURRAY, Ella Rush 187
MURRAY, Margaret Polson 231
MUSSEY, Ellen Spencer, lawyer 385

N

PAGE

NATHAN, Maud, reformer ... 283
NATIONAL INSTITUTE OF SOCIAL SCIENCE, *Jenkins* ... 43
NATIONAL INSTITUTE OF SOCIAL SCIENCE, *Davison* ... 58
NATIONAL KINDERGARTEN ASSOCIATION ... 98
NATIONAL LEAGUE WOMAN'S SERVICE, *Barber* ... 322
NATIONAL LEAGUE OF WOMEN VOTERS ... 60
NATIONAL SPECIAL AID SOCIETY, *Alexander* ... 102
NATIONAL UNION OF PUBLIC CHILD WELFARE OFFICERS, *Einstein* ... 394
NATIONAL WOMAN SUFFRAGE ASSOCIATION, *Stanton* ... 66
NATIONAL WOMAN'S PARTY, THE ... 47
NEAR EAST RELIEF, MEDICAL UNIT OF, *Norton* ... 215
NEWCOMB, Elizabeth Wilmot, philanthropist ... 260
NEW YORK ASSOCIATION FOR THE BLIND, *Holt* ... 108
NEW YORK DIET KITCHEN, *Davison* ... 58
NEW YORK HOME FOR HOMELESS BOYS, *Franklin* ... 277
NEW YORK PROBATION AND PROTECTIVE ASSOCIATION ... 123
NEW YORK STATE REFORMATORY FOR WOMEN, *Davis* ... 118
NORTON, Blanche, physician ... 213

O

OGDEN, Ruth, *Ide* ... 233
O'DONOHUE, Teresa Mary Jerome, philanthropist ... 293
ORDER OF BOOKFELLOWS, *Seymour* ... 317

P

PAEFF, Bashka, sculptor ... 140
PALMER, Pauline, painter ... 339
PARENTS LEAGUE OF NEW YORK CITY ... 31
PARSONS, Fannie Griscom, educational philanthropist ... 340
PATTERSON, Antoinette De Coursey, painter and writer ... 357
PAUL, Alice, reformer ... 45
PAUL, Nanette Baker, lecturer ... 341
PEIRCE, Bertha, author ... 342
PERMANENT BLIND RELIEF WAR FUND FOR SOLDIERS AND SAILORS OF THE ALLIES, *Kessler* ... 172
PETERS, Frances ... 343
PLANTZ, Myra Goodwin ... 273
POLLOCK, Hester McLean, educator ... 344
POPE, Abby Linden, philanthropist ... 357
POPE FOUNDATION, Alfred Atmore, *Riddle* ... 311
PORTER, Eleanor Hodgman, author ... 339
POTTER, Frances Boardman Squire, writer, educator and lecturer ... 289
POTTER, Florence Hollister Dangerfield, lawyer ... 247
POWELL, Charlotte Agnes, contractor ... 262
PROTECTIVE WORK FOR GIRLS ... 123
PULSIFER, Adelaide Pennell ... 185
PUTNAM, Brenda, sculptor ... 251
PUTNAM, Elizabeth, philanthropist ... 86
PUTNAM, Mary Nicoll Woodward ... 278
PUTNAM, Ruth, author ... 155

Q

QUINCY, Mary Adams ... 244

R

PAGE

RANSOM, Eliza Taylor, physician ... 218
REA, Edith Oliver, philanthropist ... 162
REID, Helen Rogers, publisher ... 347
REIGNOLDS, Catherine May, actress ... 330
REPUBLICAN WOMAN'S NATIONAL EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE, *McCormick* ... 189
RICE, Julia Barnett (Mrs. Isaac L. Rice), philanthropist ... 296
RIDDLE, Theodate Pope, architect and philanthropist ... 310
ROBERTS, Sara Weeks ... 337
ROBINSON, Corinne Roosevelt, poet ... 338
ROBINSON, Jane Marie Bancroft, historian and philanthropist ... 361
ROCKEFELLER, Laura Celestia Spelman, philanthropist ... 132
ROOSEVELT MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION, WOMAN'S ... 29
ROSEMARY HALL, *Ruutz-Rees* ... 181
RUUTZ-REES, Caroline, educator and author ... 180
RUUTZ-REES, Janet Emily Meugens, author ... 180

S

SAHLER, Helen, sculptor ... 134
SCHUYLER, Georgina ... 36
SCHUYLER, Louisa Lee ... 32
SCIDMORE, Eliza Ruhamah, author ... 321
SCUDDER, Janet, sculptor ... 139
SEARS, Clara Endicott ... 286
SETHNESS, Helga Midling ... 316
SEVERANCE, Mary Frances, author and philanthropist ... 150
SEYMOUR, Flora Warren Smith, lawyer and editor ... 317
SHAINWALD, Ruth Hart ... 266
SHAW, Pauline Agassiz, philanthropist ... 10
SIMPSON, Josephine Sarles, social worker ... 312
SLAVONIC IMMIGRATION HOME, *Jenkins* ... 40
SNOW, Ellen, author and reformer ... 306
SOCIETY FOR SUPPRESSING UNNECESSARY NOISE, *Rice* ... 299
SPELMAN, Deborah Rose ... 133
SPELMAN, Lucy Henry ... 133
SQUIRE, Mary E., chemist and manufacturer ... 87
SQUIRES, Mary Smyth, philanthropist ... 319
STANTON, Elizabeth Cady ... 64
STATE CHARITIES AID ASSOCIATION, *Schuyler* ... 35
STEARNS, Lutie Eugenia, lecturer ... 318
STEPHENS, Kate, author ... 288
STERNER, Marie, art expert ... 340
STEVENS, Doris, suffragist ... 374
STONER, Winifred Sackville ("Mother Stoner"), educator ... 270
STONY WOLD SANATORIUM, *Newcomb* ... 261
SUMMER PLAY SCHOOLS, *Gans* ... 398
SWIFT, Edith Hale, physician ... 236

T

TALITHA CUMI HOME, *Hastings* ... 23[illegible]
TAYLOR, Anna Rowena Goldsmith ... 2[illegible]
THORNE, Gertrude L. Kemmerer ... 3[illegible]
THREE ARTS CLUB OF NEW YORK CITY ... [illegible]
TITANIC MEMORIAL, *Whitney* ... [illegible]

PAGE

TOWN HALL, THE (New York) 89
TOWNE, Elizabeth, author and editor 371
TUTTLE, Mabel Chauvenet Holden 135

U

UELAND, Clara Hampson 320
UNITED HEBREW CHARITIES, *Menken* 250
UNITED STATES SANITARY COMMISSION (Civil War), *Schuyler* 33–34
UPHAM, Elizabeth Greene 204
UPHAM, Mary Cornelia Kelley 320
USHER, Leila, sculptor 323
USHER, Rebecca R., Civil War nurse 325

V

VANDERLIP, Narcissa Cox 92
VAN NESS, Sarah Bowman 364
VORONOFF, Evelyn Bostwick, scientist 351

W

WADSWORTH, Alice Hay 32
WAGSTAFF, Blanche Shoemaker 198
WALKER, Elizabeth Harrison 370
WALKER, Harriet Granger Hulet 313
WALLACE, Elizabeth, educator 315
WALLIN, Mathilda K., physician 151
WAR WORK COUNCIL OF NATIONAL YOUNG WOMEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION, *Davison* 59
WARD, Frances Henrietta White, financier 384
WARD, May Alden, author and lecturer 308
WAVERLY HOUSE, *Protective Work for Girls* 123
WEIR, Irene, artist and writer 333
WENDELL, Edith Greenough 101
WENTZ, Georgie Banyer Nichols 268
WEST, Bina May 267
WEST END WOMAN'S REPUBLICAN CLUB, *Wentz* 269
WHITE, Eliza Matilda Chandler 255
WHITMAN, Olive Hitchcock 91
WHITNEY, Gertrude Vanderbilt 94
WHITTON, Charlotte Elizabeth, sociologist 354
WHITWELL, Gertrude Howard 93
WIDOWED MOTHERS' FUND ASSOCIATION, *Einstein* 393
WILLARD, Luvia Margaret, physician 259
WILLARD, THE FRANCES E. SETTLEMENT, *Caswell* 222
WILMARTH, Mary J. Hawes 312
WINTER, Alice Ames, author 316
WOMAN'S BENEFIT ASSOCIATION OF THE LADIES OF THE MACCABEES, *West* 268
WOMAN'S CENTRAL ASSOCIATION OF RELIEF (Civil War), *Schuyler* 33
WOMAN'S CHRISTIAN TEMPERANCE UNION, *Spelman* 133
WOMAN'S CITY CLUB OF CHICAGO, *Bowen* 19
WOMAN'S EVENING CLINIC OF WASHINGTON, *Folkmar* 396
WOMAN'S ROOSEVELT MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION 29
WOOD, Elizabeth Ogden Brower 100
WUPPERMANN, Josephine Wright Hancox, manufacturer 256